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THE WEST IN THE EAST
FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW

HIS HIGHNESS THE MAHARAJA

By Price Collier
Author of "England and the English from an American Point of View"

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND A DRAWING BY MAJOR EDWARD MOLYNEUX

INDIA is governed by the British, but only part of it is governed directly by them. Of the 1,766,642 square miles of India, 690,000 square miles are under the rule of the native princes, as are 66,000,000 out of the 300,000,000 inhabitants. There are some 6,000 native chiefs, big and little, from the Nizam, the ruler of Hyderabad, with its population of 11,000,000, its territory of 82,698 square miles, and its revenues of $12,000,000, down to a petty chief, with a few square miles of territory, and a few thousands a year of revenue.

There is as much variety in their breeding, and bearing, and ability as in their territories and revenues. Some of them trace their ancestry straight back to the first conquerors from the north; others are descended from Arab, Tartar, or Afghan invaders; others are the descendants of court favorites, and their ancestral right to rank is as illegitimate as some of the proud names in England and France; while others are heirs of rough soldiers who grabbed what they could and held it when the Mughal Empire went to pieces. Some are highly educated, others ignorant; some are Anglicized, some Pariscized, devoting much time, those to cricket, racing, polo; and these to such European travel as they are permitted, and lazy licentiousness both at home and abroad. There are fine gentlemen among them, as chivalrous and as proud as any noble in Europe, and there are others who are mere naughty schoolboys. There are not a few who spend their money on schools and colleges and museums, on irrigation works and tramways, on roads and bridges and model prisons, and who pride themselves on the efficiency and smartness of their Imperial Service troops; and others who throw thousands about on motor-cars, jewels, dancing-girls, or favorite wives, and hideous Brummagem furniture and pictures. There are burly, heavy-shouldered, big-hipped, gross-featured princes, who look like brown caricatures of some of Rubens's women; and there are lithe, muscular, fine-featured fellows, who look fit for a tussel with a tiger, and show their breeding even to their finger-tips.

"The control which the supreme government exercises over the native states varies in degree; but they are all governed by the native princes, ministers, or councils with the help and under the advice of a resident or agent, in political charge either of a single state or a group of states. The chiefs have no right to make war or peace, or to send ambassadors to each other or to external states; they are not permitted to maintain a military force above a certain specified limit; no European is allowed to reside at any of their courts without special

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sanction; and the supreme government can exercise any degree of control in case of misgovernment. Within these limits the more important chiefs are autonomous in their own territories. Some, but not all of them, are required to pay an annual fixed tribute."

His Highness the Maharaja Gaekwar of Baroda.

It can be no easy task to govern these semi-independent princes; not to hurt their pride; not to offend their sensibilities, for they are very touchy people indeed; not to restrict their liberty too much and yet to keep the less self-respecting among them within bounds; not to interfere in social and religious matters, or between them and their subjects and neighbors, and yet to exert a constant influence for rational government; to shoot and ride and play games with them, and yet to keep well aloof from familiarity; to keep constantly informed of their doings at home and abroad, and yet not to appear to pry, or to be suspicious; to be called upon for advice in the most delicate family affairs, as well as in matters of state, and to keep a detached mind and maintain a just neutrality; this calls for a very unusual type of man.

I wish I were not debarred by my own rule of not mentioning names, from giving here and now a picture of one of my English hosts, who is an ideal servant of his country, in a position of this kind. He is the resident or political agent who has under his supervision a number of the native princes, one or two of them of great importance, and it was my good fortune to be his guest, when, by reason of a meeting of the chiefs, I saw him in personal contact with them. It was a revelation of what one quiet man's influence can do, and of the control that can be won without apparent effort, by a man possessing the rare qualities I have described as necessary to cope with such a problem. I sometimes wonder if England knows the value of some of her servants out here.

Many Englishmen, whose fate and fortune and empire are dependent upon the success of their rule in India, seem to be interested in India as sympathetically and as intelligently as the Irishman in the funeral procession. The long line of carriages was obliged to halt at a certain street-crossing. A passer-by near one of the carriages asked an Irishman sitting inside whose funeral it was. "Shure an' I dunno," was the reply, "I'm only in for the roide."

However, my host and others like him are not looking for sympathy and not stopping to think often whether their work is appreciated or not, so long as the British Babus in Parliament do not interfere with them. They probably realize, as do all men who do the hard work of the world, that the ladder on which the angels descend is usually set up in a stony place, as it was in the time of Jacob. I have no brief for this civil service of the British in India, and my praise will probably never reach their ears, but I cannot forbear the expression of my admiration for some of the residents, political agents, judges, commissioners, and deputy commissioners I met and saw at work

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there. They are doing delicate, difficult, and dangerous work, with a coolness, devotion, and uprightness unequalled and unapproached by anything I have ever seen elsewhere in the world, and withal without the slightest attempt to advertise themselves. If I were in such a position, I should be made cynical indeed, by some of the snap criticism from travellers and politicians, and from the Oxford and Cambridge Babus from England and elsewhere.

We Westerners are not the sole progeny of light. Our civilization is only dawning, and big with possible disasters; but some critics from the East assume that our social, political, and ethical weights and measures have been tested and stamped with approval in heaven; and the more crude and unkempt the civilization they represent, the more categorical are the prophets thereof.

Her Highness the Maharani of Baroda.

I was honored by invitations from about a dozen of the native princes, and the story of some of these visits it will be a pleasure to tell, and I regret that I have not space for all.

The journey from Bombay to the native state of Baroda was our first experience of railway travel in India. The train was to leave a little before eight o'clock in the morning, and the railway station was at some distance away. The bearer with bullock-carts piled high with luggage got off before dawn. We had ordered cabs for the early start to the station, but when we appeared there were no conveyances of any kind, no knowledge on the part of any one at the hotel that we were to leave, or that cabs were wanted, and no inclination to solve the problem. It seemed to strike the hotel servants as preposterous that we should be excited, and determined to catch the train we had planned to go by.

We discovered after some months in India, that the Oriental way is to make a pilgrimage to the railway station, settle down quietly on the platform, or at some convenient place near by, cook, eat, bathe, enjoy the excitement of incoming and outgoing trains, not infrequently to try to bargain with the ticket-seller as to the price of tickets, on the assumption that by holding off for some hours they may be had cheaper, and thus to get away gradually somewhere within twenty-four hours of the time one arrives at the station. To pull out your watch, call a cab, and get to the train you intend to go by, and all within an hour, seems to them like rushing to the theatre to see the curtain go up, and then leaving.

It may be impossible to hurry the East along large administrative lines, but it is a mistake to suppose that at a pinch the determined traveller with some power of imperative gesture, and a comprehensive vocabulary of the monosyllabic expletives which England has taught the meaning of to all the tribes of earth, cannot prick this inertia into obedient and rapid motion. At any rate I claim to have done so, not once but many times. The climate is ill adapted

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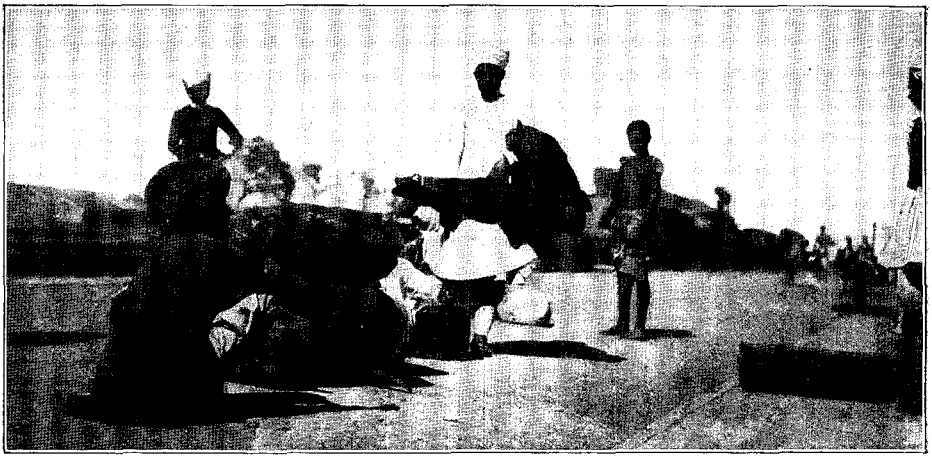

My luggage at the railway station.

to sudden violent expenditures of heat, whether in the form of rhetoric or gesticulation, and the consequent opening of the pores may lead to catching cold, but with a cholera-belt, without which no one should travel in these climates, this danger is largely minimized, and one may undertake to hurry the East, on a small scale, without undue risk.

The cars, or carriages, in the Indian trains are divided into compartments for four persons with the seats facing the sides, and not the end of the train. We usually had one of these to ourselves, and with your folding-table and chair, spirit-lamp, supply of mineral water, and some food, I found the travelling very comfortable. At night these long seats are widened by drawing them out slightly, your bedding is put on them, and I have travelled many nights in this way, and in spite of stifling heat sometimes, and bitter cold sometimes, and the most amazingly penetrating powdery dust—our alkali plains, or Mexican dust are nothing in comparison—I must admit that there was little to grumble at. This is not the verdict of many travellers, I know, and though I believe a man ought to claim comfort when it is his right, I may be, these days, rather an easy-going traveller whose experiences ought not to tempt the finical and the fussy to repeat them.

When your belongings are all in the carriage, hat-boxes, helmet-cases, medicine-cases, gun-cases, bedding, table, chair, bags of all sorts and sizes, food and water, spirit-lamp and night-lantern, cameras, sticks and umbrellas, hold-alls, pillows, etc., etc., you feel prepared to go on, or stop, or to cope with any emergency. These various impedimenta accumulate gradually. If you deviate at all from the main lines of travel you discover that there is no sending out to buy a pen, or ink, or a chair, or a hot-water bottle, or medicine, or a white-tie, or what not that you have forgotten; and not infrequently medicine, or hot-water, or a lantern, or towels makes the difference between discomfort, and even illness, and comfort. And moreover the man or woman who takes any risk of being ill in India, and it is a trying place, will be fully recompensed and severely punished. It is expected that you will travel in this caravan fashion. There are coolies innumerable everywhere, and the more you have the more autocratic and authoritative is your bearer, and the more consideration he receives.

When we were later the guests of His Highness the Maharana of Udaipur, I saw a number of tents pitched near the palace, and asked what they were. I was told that the daughter of the prince was visiting him, she being the wife of the Maharaja of Jodhpur whose capital was not very far away. For her ten days' visit to her father she was accompanied by a retinue of five hundred people! So although our carriage looked rather full when we entered it to start for Baroda, it was really a trifling supply of necessities compared with the usages of polite society in this land. In most of the carriages is a small compartment for native servants next to the first-

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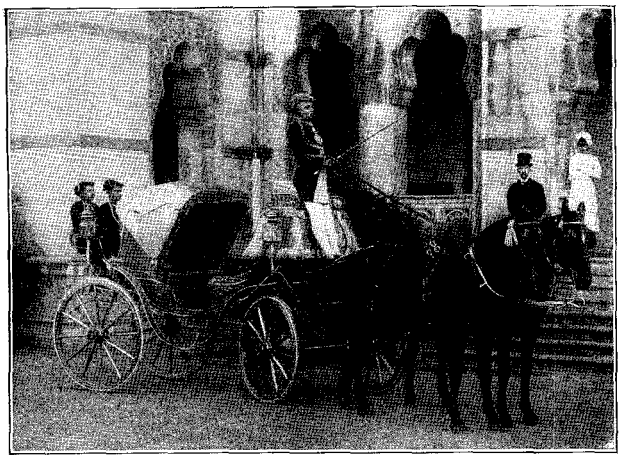
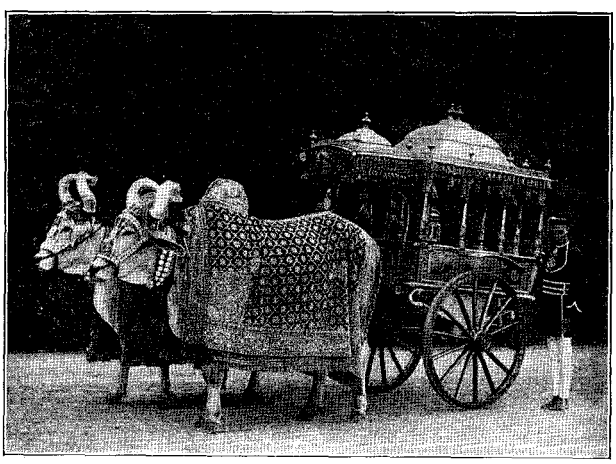


Golden state carriage of the Maharaja Gaekwar of Baroda.

Gold gun and a pair of the famous white bullocks of the Maharaja Gaekwar of Baroda.

class compartment and opening into it. As your bearer is not only servant but interpreter, who must be ever at hand to act as go-between when you want fruit or tea or water, and to ask questions for you in regard to time-tables, tickets, eating-stations, and other matters incident to travel, it is recognized by the railway companies, as by everybody else in India, that he must be provided with accommodation close at hand. At the hotels he sleeps outside your door, when you visit he finds a place within reach of the noise of clapping hands, and as he has never known the luxury of chairs, beds, or tables, and would not know what to do with them if they were his, his choice of quarters is easy and means no hardship.



State bullock-cart of the Maharaja Gaekwar of Baroda.

The railway fares both for native servants and for the natives are cheap, and in this land of pilgrimages, these cheap train journeys are very popular. Here at any rate the rigidity of caste prejudices is softened, and one sees carriage after carriage jammed full of men, women, and children, their bedding, their pots and pans, and all that is theirs, and the more that can crowd into one carriage the happier they seem to be. Many times I have seen carriages only half full while others were

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overcrowded, and I have asked if all the carriages were for the same destination, merely to satisfy myself that these people were really crowding themselves voluntarily.

This question of the treatment of the natives in railway trains is often referred to, and many are the anecdotes one hears of the bad manners and roughness both of English travellers and English railway management. My experience of travel was comparatively limited, though I covered between seven and eight thousand miles, and journeyed from end to end, and twice clean across India. Once or twice native gentlemen travelled in the same carriage, when I was alone, and I never saw any rudeness except on the part of the minor native railway officials to travellers of their own race. Once, sometime after midnight, I saw an English officer pile out of his carriage in his pajamas and slippers and soundly berate a native official who was bullying a third-class native woman passenger.

Steward of guest-house of Maharana of Udaipur.

The manners and habits of even the better class Indians are not as ours, and one would naturally avoid travelling in the same carriage with them. It is to be remembered in this connection that it is of all tests the severest to travel together, and that the Englishman is both shy and selfish. Even in his own country, his reception of a stranger who enters the railway carriage in which he has made himself comfortable is of the most frigid, the most erinaceous. On the whole I think he behaves better in India than at home, when he travels. All great travellers, from Gulliver to Cook, prefer to travel alone.

We arrived at Baroda in the early evening. Late in the afternoon as I was looking out I saw a picture that many times since I have regretted that I could not imprison with brush or pencil and keep as typical of East and West. On the roof of a lightly built staging in the middle of a distant field, where she was standing no doubt to keep the birds from the grain, stood a woman draped in her deep red *sari*, one hand on her hip, the other shading her eyes as she watched the passing train. The sun was setting, the glow of the sky behind her made her stand out like a statue, and I wondered what she thought; whether she liked it, hated it, feared it, despised it, longed to be in it, or wished it away. When the interpreter comes who can make that statue of India talk, we shall know many things that no one has told us.

When we left our carriage at the station at Baroda, we were instantly swallowed up in a pushing, haggling, gesticulating mass of brown arms and legs, with turbans bouncing about on top of them, whom our bearer dealt with as though they were troublesome insects; shortly there was silence and order, and several emissaries from His Highness the Maharaja Gaekwar of Baroda greeted us on his behalf, showed us to our carriage, and we were driven away; later a procession of bullock-carts followed with the luggage, Heera Tall making himself felt as was his wont when our importance and our comfort were to be explained, no doubt with help from his imagination, to those who were to serve us.

We all have our idiosyncrasies as guests no doubt. Personally I care very little what kind of a bed I am given because I can sleep anywhere and on almost anything; I have more than once nodded in a dentist's chair and on horseback; but an open fire in my room delights me, a good tub and plenty of water and towels, a well-furnished writing-table, these seem to me indispensable; and if in addition I find a book or two worth reading that I have not read, my happiness is complete and I consider my host an accomplished provider. But these are trifles to your Oriental host. He takes you from the station in a carriage with two turbaned servants on the box, and two standing on the foot-board behind; he puts a whole

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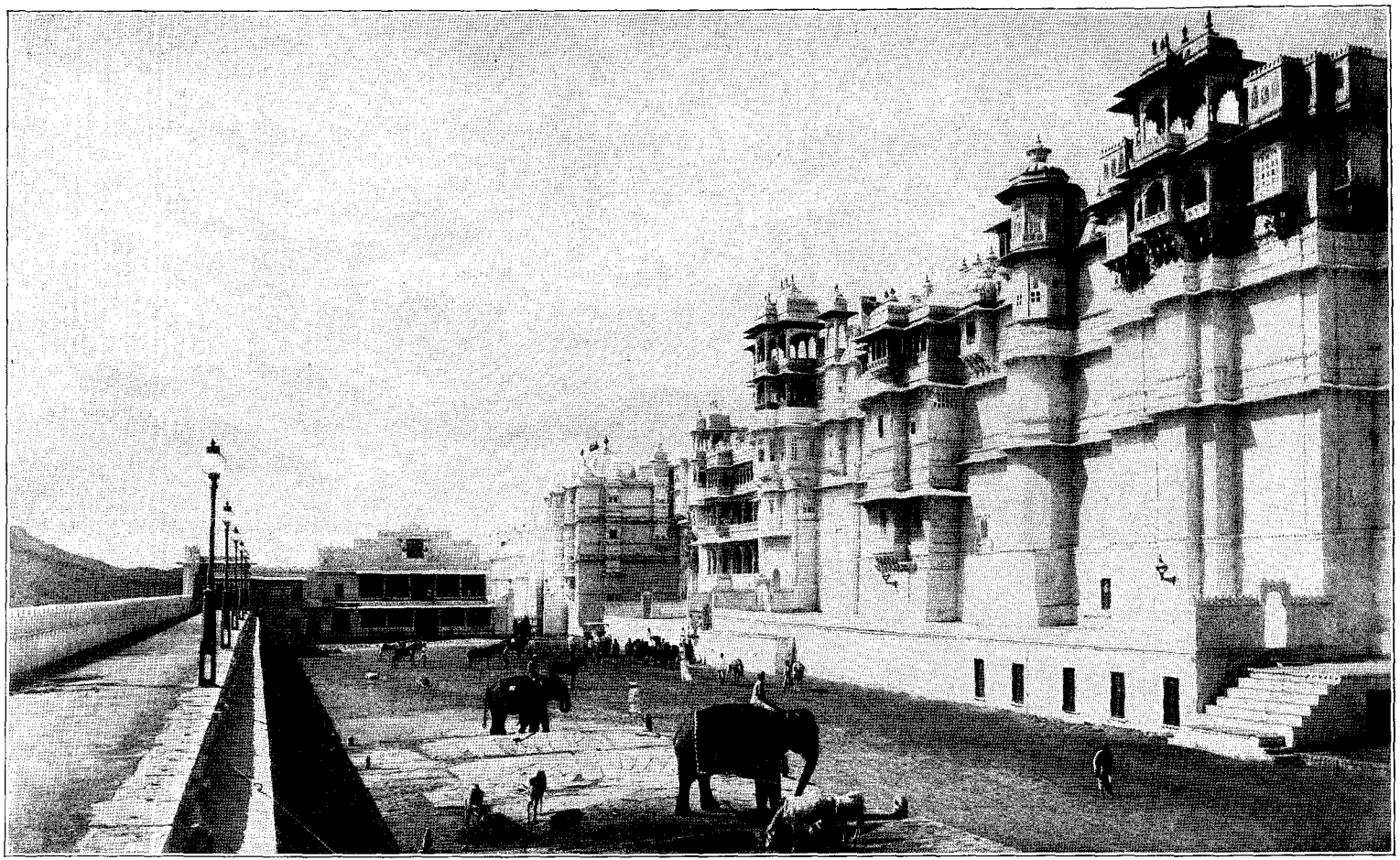

The court-yard of the old palace, Udaipur.

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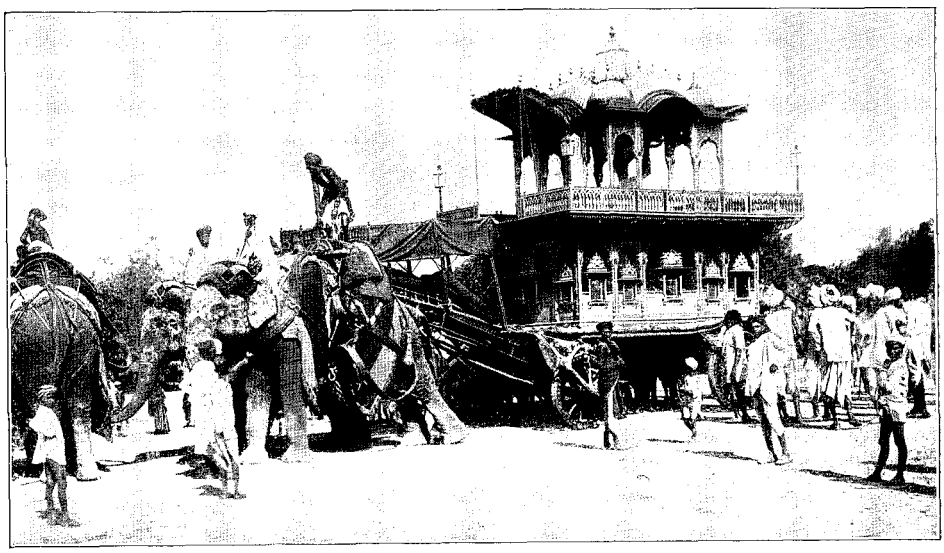
house at your disposal with a steward and a staff of servants; you have but to order your carriage or a saddle-horse when they are wanted; and one of your host's own officers or secretaries is at your beck and call as guide and interpreter. He does not take you to the play, but he sends his whole troop of musicians and singers and dancing-girls to give you an entertainment in your own drawing-room; he orders his athletes and wrestlers, and there were a score or more of them, to perform for you alone; temples, palaces, schools, hospitals are open and ready for you to inspect; his army is called out for you to review; his cheetahs and an army of beaters are there to give you a day's hunting of the deer; his elephants, his wonderful white bullocks, his stable of horses, all these are at your disposal. If you are interested in any or all of these things, he is the more delighted to have you for a guest, and the more willing to show you everything, and the more eager that you should prolong your visit. What puzzles him and those about him, is that you should have fixed dates for other visits, that you should consider time as a factor, permit time to tyrannize over your inclinations. Why not stay on a month with him, and let these other matters regulate and adjust themselves? This is a much to be desired characteristic in a host to be sure, but one sometimes wonders if it does not prove an awkward thing when matters of business, of diplomacy, of administration are to the fore.

The Maharaja of Baroda, or to give him his official title, His Highness Maharaja Sir Sayaji Rao Gaekwar of Baroda, G. C. S. I., governs a state of some eight thousand five hundred square miles, an area slightly larger than Massachusetts, with a population of two millions and revenues of something over four million dollars. My first meeting with him in his summer palace revealed a man about five feet six in height, heavily built, but light on his feet and graceful of movement, and dressed in fine white muslin. He speaks both English and French, has been twice around the world, knows Europe and the United States well, and is educating his sons, one in England, and one at Harvard University. He is, or assumed that mental attitude for my benefit, a frank admirer of American institutions and the American people, and hinted guardedly that if ever a change came in the government of India it might be somewhat along American lines, of a federation of states under a central government.

He is inclined to believe, as do practically all the educated and intelligent Indians, that the exclusive, aloof, and unsympathetic attitude of the British is responsible for the strained relations, so far as they are strained, claiming that distrust breeds dis-



Family carriage, drawn by elephants of the Maharaja of Jaipur.

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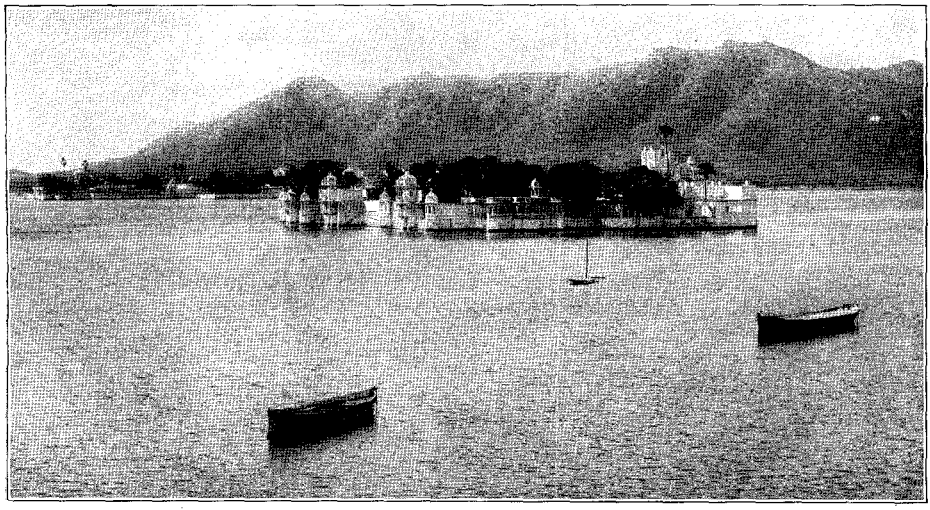

Palace in the lake, Udaipur.

trust. Of his own reforms, and no native prince in India has attempted more intelligently and persistently to better the condition of his people, he said that they were disliked by his people largely through ignorance, and that once they were understood they were appreciated. He said, and profound and true it is, that an autocrat was possible and permissible so long as the people were left largely to themselves, and to their own social and political devices; but that once you introduced social reforms, interfered in their daily lives, tried to change their customs, insisted upon attendance at school, vaccination, hygienic regulations, entered, in short, upon a detailed regulation of their intercourse with one another and the outside world, then autocracy was unbearable and impossible, and that the people must be given a voice in their own government, when their immediate and personal concerns were thus investigated and dealt with. He spoke freely of the ignorance of the people he governed, and said that even his own relatives disapproved of his travelling and of his eating with strangers. He admitted, owing to religious views, daily habits of eating, drinking, and bathing, the fine web of custom and tradition which holds the Hindus in its meshes every hour of the day, that intercourse and sympathy with foreigners was not easy. He thought political autonomy to be a long way off, but again reverted to an expression of the feeling, that progress might be faster if the British were more sympathetic, more trusting.

That is always the master thought, the irritant factor, the beginning and the end of all the scores of conversations I have had with the educated Indians—this criticism of the cold, stolid, self-sufficiency of the British. The Indians do not realize that they are not alone in this feeling, that Frenchmen, Germans, Irishmen, Americans all say the same, that it is the major defect of their great qualities. One can hardly expect the Oriental to hold the balance true in these matters when so few of the Occidental critics have been able to do so. Few of us are big enough to judge others by their superiorities rather than by their weaknesses and littlenesses. Poke fun at the weaknesses if you like, that is the salt of life, that sense that we are all of us, even the best of us, slightly ridiculous when looked at in certain lights, but never forget that it is the power that drives the engine that counts, not the smoke from the escape-pipe. Most criticism seems to devote itself to the bad smells at the mouth of the vent-pipe, hence its slight value. "They but rub the sore, when they should bring the plaster."

Our days were full at Baroda. The Aide assigned to us turned out to be a Brahman gentleman recently returned from the United States, where he had been the companion of the young prince; and his English speech and courteous manners and intelli-

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gence, smoothed the way for my ardent curiosity, which began with a review of the Baroda army on horseback at half-past five o'clock in the morning, and continued through the day with visits to schools, libraries, hospitals, wrestling-schools, elephant stables, armories, state jewels, and ended at eleven at night, with a performance in our drawing-room by His Highness's musicians and dancing-girls.

In the guide-book under the heading *Baroda* it reads: "Good refreshment and waiting-rooms and sleeping accommodation." These words, and my experience in Baroda, mark emphatically the difference between seeing India as a tourist and seeing India as a guest.

Baroda is policed and lighted, the streets are watered, there is a good supply of water brought into this city, which has a population of over one hundred thousand, from a lake eighteen miles away, the schools are well attended, the hospitals clean, and the jail governed in most humane fashion, the prisoners being all kept at work at carpet, or rug, or basket, or rope making. I visited a model farm where experiments are being made in cotton growing, tobacco growing, breeding of silk-worms, and where I saw a guava orchard, and English vegetables, cabbage, cauliflower, and tomatoes growing.

Next to my gallop with Captain Pathak's cavalry, the visit to a native village at some distance from Baroda gave me as much pleasure as anything. Part of the way we went in a carriage, and the last part of the way over the rougher roads, in a bullock-cart drawn by a pair of the famous white bullocks. We were greeted on our arrival by the whole village, with the important men at their head. They conducted me to a covered-in space with a table and chair, and the fathers of the village sat cross-legged on the floor in front of me. The head men of these villages are often office-holders by heredity; in this particular case no one could remember when a representative of this man's family had not been head man. The village seemed to be governed by seven, three appointed by the government, three elected, and the head man. There was a town clerk who explained to me the method of election, the way the accounts were kept, and so on. It should be recalled to the reader in this connection that in India, with few commercial towns and a huge agricultural population, self-government was highly developed in these villages centuries ago. The kings or emperors had absolute power in the empire, but they left the villages with a free hand to govern themselves. The Indians of those days enjoyed more civic rights, more control over their village affairs, than did the villagers of Europe, who in many places were little better than serfs. When British rule came, with its strong central government, village government naturally declined. The villagers became less interested in the police, schools, charities, roads, wells, tanks, small civil and criminal cases, and learned to lean upon the central government. In Baroda, the Gaekwar is attempting to make the villagers more interested in their own affairs, and is putting more and more the control of small concerns in their hands. Compulsory education, among other things, had been introduced, and I asked the assembly in front of me their opinion about it; with the exception of two elders who seemed unenthusiastic, the others thought it wise. When I arose to go out, to walk about in the village, wreaths of flowers were hung about my neck, two bouquets were presented to me, and I was given betel leaf and cardamon seed, which are not bad chewing, by the way. I visited the boys' school and the girls' school, and in both places they were drawn up in line to sing to me. I was allowed to enter two or three dwellings, rough square mud huts they were, with cows, chickens, ducks walking about in the compound, and all with cakes of cow-dung drying on the walls and on the ground, this being their fuel, and consequently a robbery of the land of its natural fertilizer, but there seems to be no remedy for this in a land of no natural fuel.

At the well, which seems to be a sort of village meeting-place, like the railway station at train-time, or a popular corner-grocery in a small New England town, or the Indian trader's store on one of our Indian reservations, the women were coming and going, filling their earthen or brass or bell-metal jars. Each one lets down the rope, each one draws it up, fills her receptacle and walks away balancing her burden on her head. It is a picturesque sight, these scenes at the wells in India, whether it be these face-concealing women with their statuesque poses, or the men with a pair

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of oxen letting down and drawing up the great leather bag and droning their song, as the oxen pull the rope up and the bag is emptied into the narrow channels, which serve as tiny viaducts through the fields. people in many of the villages in India. Life is hard, to be sure, but life everywhere is hard, if it is not soft, and as for that, I have never seen people anywhere so unhappy, so little to be envied, as those who

Tower of Victory at Chitorgarh. Ancient fortress of the rulers of Udaipur.

I have watched these people at the wells in India by the hour; these people and the soldiers are the people you like, feel sorry for perhaps, until you discover that they do not feel sorry for themselves; then you realize that you are pumping up the fantastic sympathies of the West which are not binding here at all, and all too often artificial even at home, a way of making the child cry by so much sympathy over his small bruise that he begins to think it important himself. What a lot of that there is, and how the demagogues of our Western world are making the children cry over hurts that they did not even know were painful, until the political boss discovered that they have a vote value, and the advertising philanthropist discovered what good posters they make!

If appearances count for anything, I have never seen happier people than some of the Ghurka and Sikh soldiers, and the belong to the soft tribe, whether in India or in New York. I left this little village of Gora with garlands of flowers around my neck, with bouquets in my hands, my mouth full of seeds, attempting to reply to the many and profound salaams with the courtesy and dignity they merited.

Another day we were shown His Highness's jewels. One diamond, a pendant to the great necklace, is the sixth largest in the world, and at one time belonged to Napoleon III. There are three pearls said to be valued at one hundred thousand dollars and a pearl necklace well known all over the world to those interested in precious stones. These were merely the choicest things in a collection comprising sapphires, emeralds, rubies, and other jewels. There were inlaid sword and dagger hilts, and scabbards incrusted with precious stones, aigrettes that were showers of diamonds, and richly embroidered coats and mantles.

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At the stables we saw the gold and silver gun-carriages and cannon, which contain each two hundred and eighty pounds of gold, and which are drawn on state occasions by white bullocks, each of which had its own covering embroidered with gold and silver, and even silver cases for their horns.

India has ever hoarded wealth in this form. In a land where securities are unknown, where wealth must be easily portable, where there are no savings-banks and trust companies, the old methods still survive and prevail; and not one, but many of these princes, and other rich men in India, still count their wealth as most secure when it is in precious stones, jewelry, and bullion. Even the poor carry in their ears and noses, on their fingers, toes, arms, and legs, and around their necks and waists, practically all they possess of any marketable value. What else can they do, in a country where there are no doors to the houses, and no locks and keys, and where a brass toe-stud, a gun-metal nose-ring, or a thin silver anklet represents months of saving, and taken all together comprise the total wealth of the family. The princes merely do in a big way what the peasants do in a small way.

Another day was devoted to the college, high-school, and primary schools, with their dormitories, library of thousands of volumes, play-grounds, and class-rooms; and to what interested me very much, a so-called national school. This school had some sixty boys who were being brought up quite apart from the state system and without state aid. The boys live at the school, and their teachers are patriotic volunteers who devote themselves to this work for little or no recompense. The idea is to bring up the boys in their own religion, in their own traditions, and to make and keep them Indian. They are taught swimming, wrestling, club-swinging, and other ancient forms of exercise, some of which I saw in practice. A curious ascetic idealism forms part of their working creed. They have their own temple, study their own literature, and are taught their own history. The head of this establishment was a gentle-spoken, highly educated enthusiast, who would have these Indian youths prepared to work as missionaries to keep India, India; and the Indians, Indians, instead of brown Britishers with bowler-hats, bad manners, a tincture of Western knowledge, and hybrid patriotism. It was pathetic, but no man who loves his own can help lending a little love to the fellow who loves his. It struck me as a forlorn hope, but I sent a small subscription when I left. There was no greed, no gain, no personal ambition in it. Here was a John the Baptist out in this wilderness, with little more to work with than he had, and a dream of converting three hundred millions to piety and patriotism; who could avoid lending a hand!

Some miles away geographically, but latitudes away spiritually, was His Highness's wrestling school. There I found a group of athletes that opened my eyes to the possibilities of muscular development in this climate. The Indians as a whole, except in the north-west, are physically a feeble folk, whose working days are over at fifty, and whose women are haggard and unlovely at thirty. These wrestlers went through their exercises for me, and to my surprise I found the medicine-ball, the sparring-bag, the Indian-clubs, and the catch-as-catch-can bouts of wrestling of my youth. They also showed me wrestling in the Japanese fashion, with the leg and arm-breaking holds that we associate with the Japanese, but which, I was assured, were as old as Buddhism, and must therefore have filtered into Japan by way of China, Burma, and Korea. When these wrestlers lined up that I might photograph them, I thought how an American foot-ball coach's mouth would water at the sight of such material. If I was surprised, they were surprised too that I could swing clubs, play with the medicine-ball, and enjoy a bout of wrestling. How colossally ignorant we all are of one another!

No other town in India, I believe, has a learned Indian musician, with an English degree in music, who conducts a school of native music and devotes himself entirely to a revival of the old instruments and the old music. Baroda is thus fortunate. As a result the musical instruments, and the music and singing at the entertainment given for us, were classic. I admit that the music itself gave me little pleasure, though one feature made me see what I had never seen before. An old, gray-bearded man accompanied by three or four instruments, including a small drum, recited a long tale with sobs and shrieks and violent gestures.

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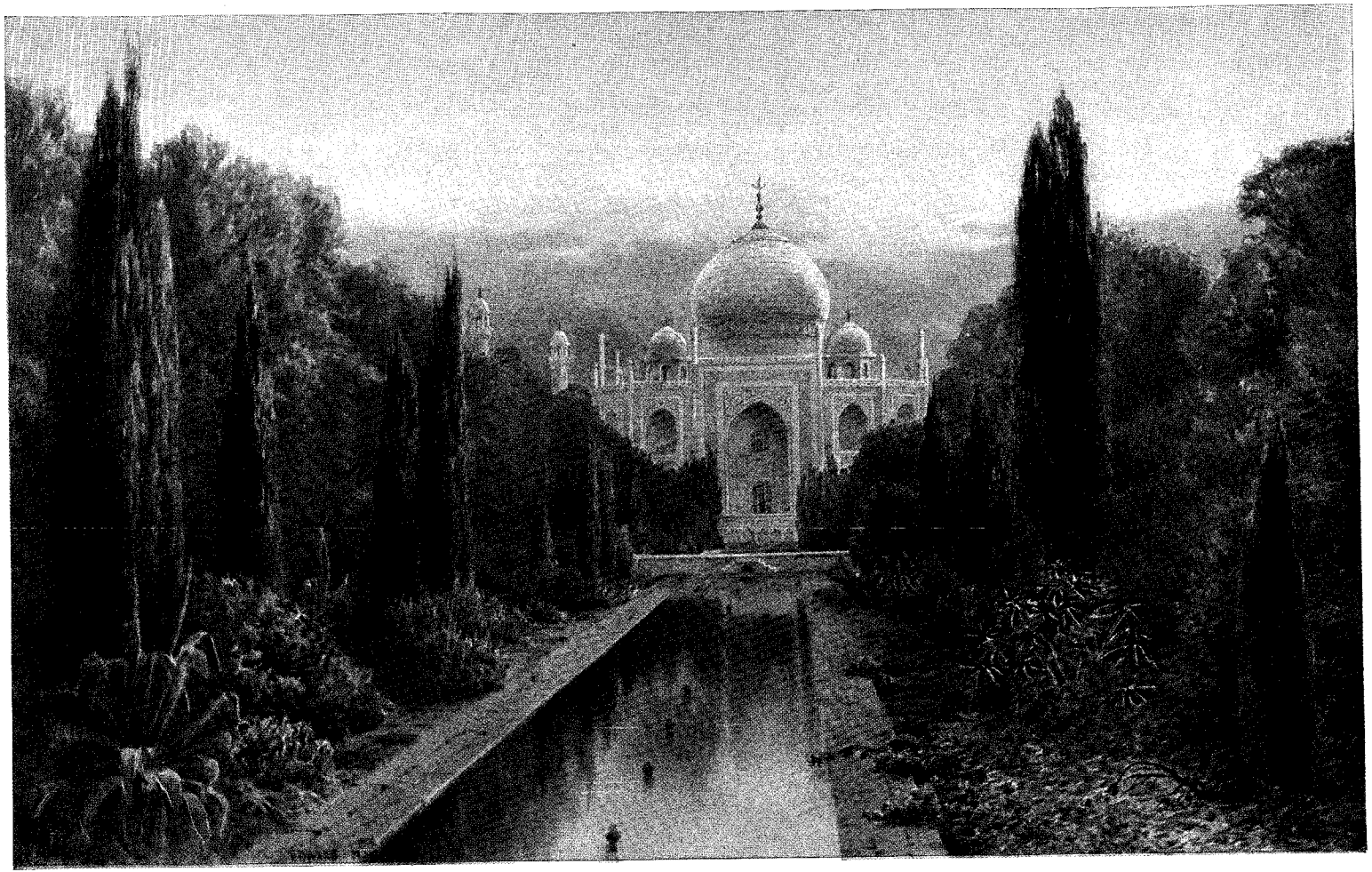

Drawn by Major Edward Molyneux.

The Taj Mahal at sunset.

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There and then I am sure I saw the bard of Greece. Thus were handed down the tales of the Iliad and the Odyssey, and this particular old man was capable of going on for hours, without a break and without hesitation. But when you have reviewed cavalry at 5.30 A. M. even a Greek bard telling of Achilles is wearisome after three-quarters of an hour, and the listener has been out of bed seventeen hours. Even at more ambitious performances I have regretted that the author or translator of Psalm XCV has made it appear that "singing" and "making a joyful noise" are equally pleasing. Following the music the dancing-girls, one of them both in face and figure beautiful, gave two or three short dances and one long one, the last being the story of two children kite-flying, a very popular sport all through the East; one loses her kite, is in despair; it is recaptured, and so on. It is a graceful form of pantomime, and might be given before a Sunday-school. Strange to say, in these Eastern lands, where nakedness, or partial nakedness, are universal, the theatrical and terpsichorean performers are clothed from neck to heel. I have seen much dancing in India, Korea, and Japan, but it is always the same as to propriety. Such lascivious and suggestive performances as are given are for the benefit of the puritan-bred libertine, whose diet demands more brutal revelations for its satisfaction. I suppose it is largely a question of rice and red meat, and it would be interesting in this connection to have trustworthy statistics as to vegetarian morals.

We were honored one afternoon before we left by an audience with Her Highness, the Maharani, the wife of the Gaekwar. She was the most beautiful woman I saw in India, and talked to us of her children and their education in England and in America, and broke the rule of receiving men in her palace when she learned that I had been at Harvard. She was much interested in the local schools and hospitals, and the reforms of her husband, and seemed to be, in spite of her soft eyes and gentle speech, a masterful person with a mind of her own, and far, far away, from the type of secluded, uneducated women which is the rule in India. The surprise of her visit to America had been our women. She thought them bold and noisy and lacking in gentleness. Even her evident leaning toward our many other radical departures in politics and in society did not pardon, in her estimation, what seemed to her the vulgar shrillness and ostentatious independence of our wives and daughters. As we were leaving she showed me a mounted tiger she had shot. When I expressed my admiration, perhaps with a little surprise, she said: "Oh, you think we Hindu women cannot be sportsmen!" I knew better than that. He who knows anything of Indian history knows that India has had her Joan of Arc, not once but many times, and that the Indian women have sacrificed themselves not in twos and threes, but in hecatombs for their country.

His Highness's Aide, who was unwearying in his intelligent attentions, and who even prepared us a dinner with his own hands, such as a Brahman might eat, and sent it over to our bungalow, was a type of Indian very puzzling to deal with, I should think. He was a man of strong religious feeling and high ideals, far more thoroughly educated than the average Englishman or American of his years, and revealing what I had not seen before, but what I saw often before I left India, a sort of yearning for sympathy for his own case and that of his people. He too noted the lack of sympathy with, and the lack of recognition of, the best class of natives; the refusal of office either civil or military above a certain grade; the smaller salary paid to the Indian than to the Englishman holding the same office, all of which created a sore and sour feeling. He was only just returned from America, and the contrasts leave the shadows of sadness upon him thicker than they are upon other men. He was, as are all the Indians of his type, moderate in manner, soft of speech, gentle even in indignation. They are pathetic figures, cut off from opportunity, with no exercise for their real powers, and feeling that they are only allowed to play at life, that the real control is in alien hands, and they chafe at the situation. He was much amused at the ignorance of India he met with in America. He mentioned the parochial orthodoxy which looked upon him as a heathen and as a worshiper of idols. The difference between an educated Brahman and a Hindu peasant, he said, was as great in religious matters as the difference between the Unitarianism of Channing and the Catholicism of a Spanish peasant, and yet both claim to be Christians!

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It is Sunday. Two green lizards dart back and forth on the wall before me. On a tree outside the window a monkey is watching me with interest and with occasional gestures and waggings of the head, that might easily be interpreted as indicating contempt for my sedentary occupation, and an invitation to join him in his brisker and healthier arboreal athletics. What a difference between us: I am wondering if my ancestors had tails, while he is enjoying his. My thoughts are far away from Baroda and the lizards and the monkey.

I see John P. Shorter, who is, let us say, a stove and hardware merchant in Kansas City. He has breakfasted on fried beefsteak, fried potatoes, hot bread and coffee, and also fish-balls, for his wife has a strain of the Brahman blood of New England in her veins. He has on his uncomfortable Sunday clothes. His wife is overdressed, and wears a hat which has cost a disproportionate amount of the monthly income. The children look stiffened and starched. Their clothes and their food, and what will be thrown away of the latter by the Irish servant-girl, represent the revenue of a whole Indian village for a month. They are grumbling at the high cost of living, and John P. mitigates the cost of his wife's hat by denouncing the trusts. They go to church, where John P. has a pew in the centre aisle. A small silver-plated name-plate with "John P. Shorter" on it, marks his possession of a pew in the sanctuary. He knows everybody, everybody knows him. There are few or no strangers, and all belong to much the same social stratum as at a club. There are no poor or friendless or unkempt persons present. They would be as out of place here, as the rabble off the street would be in the front ranks of a military parade.

This Occidental arrangement for the worship of God is financially and socially much the same arrangement as obtains at a theatre of the better class. It reminds one of the stranger who joined in the anthem at a service at Magdalen College, Oxford. The verger promptly spoke to him and told him he was not to sing. "This is the house of God," he replied, "and I am only joining in the worship." "House of God!" repeated the agitated verger, "House of God, sir! Why, this is Magdalen Chapel!" Should John the Baptist appear at the portals of the Second Church of Christ in Kansas City, the sexton would be mortified.

The Second Church is the result of a quarrel over who should be superintendent of the Sunday-school in the First Church, and the seceders now have a church of the same faith, but to themselves. The separation has left both the congregations, and the revenues of these two bodies, who worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness, rather lean, but the religious rivalry adds piquancy to the social life of the town, and nobody is offended apparently, much less shocked, by this open rent in the garment of charity.

This is Foreign Missions Sunday. John P. has given each of the children ten cents, and his wife fifty cents, and has provided himself, in a convenient pocket, with the amount which he considers his position in the church and in the community demands.

Four strikingly and modishly dressed persons, two men and two women, in a gallery behind the pulpit, where their latest discoveries in collars, ties, hats, feathers, and blouses are ostentatiously, and perhaps provocatively displayed, and who are paid handsome salaries to outdo a similar quartette in the First Church, and at the same time to voice John P.'s praise of God for him, arise, adjust themselves for the inspection of the audience, and strike up:

> "From Greenland's icy mountains
> From India's coral strand
> . . . . . .
> They call us to deliver
> Their land from error's chain."

They go on to proclaim further, do these ladies in corsets, in open-work blouses, and wearing high heels, false curls and earrings, and gold in their teeth, that:

> "The heathen in his blindness
> Bows down to wood and stone,"

and later ask with due emphasis the question:

> "Can we, whose souls are lighted
> With wisdom from on high;—
> Can we to men benighted
> The lamp of life deny?"

John P. rises, sets his glasses on his nose, and follows the words in his hymn-book. Mrs. John P. inspects the fashions in the

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choir and about her, and by a natural concatenation of thoughts drifts away to that alley-way in the Waldorf Hotel where she saw, on her one visit there, sartorial visions that have never been forgotten. After this full-throated invitation to Greenland, and to India, and to Ceylon, voiced mainly by the quartette of hirelings, to come into the fold and be like Mr. and Mrs. John P., the missionary pleader is presented to "my people" by "our beloved pastor," whose salary, by the way, is two months in arrears.

I may appear, way out here in Baroda, to that monkey in the tree to be looking at him, but I am not. I see that preacher as though I were seated in the Second Church in Kansas City. I hear his exaggerated accounts of the work done, and of its ever increasing success. I hear the anecdotes picked for the occasion, of misery and want, and a longing for better things *à la* John P. Shorter; of the rich rulers "bowing down to wood and stone," men of many wives and many pleasures, while the peasants are bowed down and bent, and burnt brown with the toil and heat.

I have described something of the actual situation here where I am a guest. Only yesterday afternoon I saw a Muhammadan standing at sunset on a block of stone on which he had placed his carpet, in a busy street filled with Hindus coming and going, saying his prayers and making repeated obeisance toward Mecca. His religion is not only different, but antagonistic to the creed and the customs of the Hindus, but in Baroda the Gaekwar, a Hindu himself, imposes absolute religious tolerance. I ask myself what would happen if mass were said daily in the open street in Kansas City.

The missionary in his frock-coat and white tie gets hotter and hotter in this furnace-heated atmosphere—the furnace man is a negro. John P., despite his too heavy breakfast of fried beef, smiles benignly as he hears that the cow is sacred in India, and almost winks at the superintendent of the stock yards whose pew is across the aisle. Mrs. John P., somewhat anæmic, for the climate is trying in Kansas City, is glad she married John P., as she listens to the account of the position of women in India. As for me, I shiver to think what the concensus of the competent, granting even that they are a jury of Christians, would say if they were called upon to decide between John P. and the Maharaja Gaekwar of Baroda. If there is any such heaven as John P. sings about, and hears preached about, when he gets there he will be surprised to find how bright is the halo, how tuneful the harp, and how elevated the position of some of these heathen princes, for whose conversion he, John P. Shorter, of the Second Church of Christ, in Kansas City, has condescendingly contributed one dollar!

I know of no place in the world so far away from New York as Udaipur. Udaipur is the capital of the native State of Mewar, ruled over by His Highness, the Maharana Dhiraj Sir Fateh Singh, G.C.S.I., and has some twelve thousand square miles of territory, a population of a little more than one million, and revenues of about six hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Its ruler is the premier prince, and the proudest, in all India. His authentic ancestry reaches back two thousand years, and stretches on beyond that in Indian mythology, to the progenitor of the solar race, the deified hero Rama. This prince, bears to the world of Hinduism, a relation, unique either in the East or the West. He is part Pope, part High Priest, part King. He may even interfere with Brahmanical excommunication; and at his death, men who would die rather than submit to an insult to their beards, shave their faces clean.

There is no suspicion of representative government, no dreams even, of the rights of man, no complications of electricity, or steam, or compulsory education, no politics, no fantastic hygiene, no patent foods, no fear of microbes, no fashions or etiquette of a date later than 728 A. D., when the history of the present State under the present family began by the taking of the fortress of Chitor by Bappa; no newspapers, no news, except the lazy gossip of the bazaars; no hurry except when news is brought from one of the stations in the hills, where men are kept day and night the year round for this purpose, that a black panther or a tiger has been seen, then the Maharana and a retinue hasten away; no daily excitement about an earthquake in Japan, a revolution in Portugal, a change of government in England, a panic in New York, a strike in Paris, or a rhetorical outburst in Berlin;

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no jealousy of other countries, no envy of progress elsewhere. Why should there be, since their ruler is little less than a god to hundreds of millions of Hindus, and to criticise his home, his habits, and his decrees is unthinkable. Therefore I repeat Udaipur is farther from the Bowery than any other place in the world.

It was a happy accident of travel that our next visit after that to Baroda was to this prince, who will have nothing to do with modern inventions whether of mind or matter.

We left the guest house at Baroda to take a train leaving at 5.18 A. M. The train was late and we drove back to wait. We returned to the station an hour and a half later; the train was still late, and we finally got away three hours and a half after getting out of bed, and twenty-nine hours of continuous railway travel brought us to Udaipur. This is one example—there were many, though I shall not cite them—which bids me again warn travellers who lack enthusiasm, a stout heart, and a strong constitution, and the best of introductions, that a visit to India may prove as disappointing to them as it was delightful to us.

Udaipur is worth all the fatigue of getting there. We were driven to a large stone bungalow, of which we were the sole occupants. A splendid old fellow, gray-bearded, with medals on his breast and a hunting-knife in his belt, greeted us at the entrance, and put himself and the household at our service. The food, the wines, the tobacco, and the service are of the best, and hearing me complain of lack of exercise, the steward provides me with a pony for a ride before breakfast each morning. At each meal he stands in the dining-room, with an eye to everything, and from morning till night he watches over our comfort as though we were his children.

In the afternoon we are driven to the lake, where we take a boat and are rowed to its southern end. We walk up a path to find ourselves on a high terrace looking down upon a dusty plain where hundreds of wild pigs are grunting, squealing, quarrelling as they are fed. Here we make our bow to our host. He had just come in from a panther-hunt. Every afternoon when he is at home he is present at the feeding of these wild boars. He was standing with a circle of his courtiers behind him, and a mediæval looking figure he was, a sword in his left hand, a long hunting-knife in his belt, and those about him all in hunting tunics and boots. He was a slender, wiry-looking man of about sixty, well-preserved and athletic, with nothing of the pallid hue of the puzzled thinker in his look, and a deep scar over his right eye due to a fall from his horse while pig-sticking.

We bowed and shook hands, and through the interpreter I thanked him for his hospitality to us. I was somewhat taken aback when the interpreter repeated: "His Highness says you have no hospitality to thank him for since you have only just arrived." This seemed an attempt to put me on my mettle, so I turned and pointed to the lake with its marble palaces, and to the gleaming white towers of the huge palace overhanging the lake, and said: "Tell His Highness that one glimpse of this is a thousand years of hospitality." We had some further talk about horses and hunting and then turned to go. As we were leaving, one of the suite came after us, and we returned, when the interpreter was bidden to tell me that His Highness hoped I would enjoy my stay, that I was to stay as long as I liked, and that he, the interpreter, was commanded to see to it that we had everything we wanted.

He is a conservative of the conservatives, this prince. He speaks no English, lives his own life, never leaves India, will have nothing to do with the new-fangled notions of the day, is an enthusiastic hunter of big game, has killed fifty tigers, besides panthers and other game, and has never been photographed while doing it, and is simple and dignified in his demeanor. There was an atmosphere of far-off, by-gone times on the terrace that afternoon. It was as though I had dreamed myself back into the Middle Ages. He and his customs and habits and opinions are passing away, leaving him a lonely figure in a fussy world, but he remains unmoved, unchanged, disdainful. Now as I look back and remember India, he stands out easily as the first gentleman there, and upon the whole the most impressive figure I saw in all the East.

When he heard that at the great Durbar, the Viceroy was to ride in front, and on the elephant beside him was to ride a woman, his wife, he declined to ride behind a woman, and sent his elephant, gorgeously ca-

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parisoned, but with an empty howdah. In these days when every man is either nursing or courting a constituency of some sort; when books are written, and newspapers are printed, and speeches are made, and sermons are preached ever with an eye to circulation or popularity; when weighing down the words and thoughts of every man's brain, except the tiniest minority, is the dull dead weight of its possible effect upon a selfish and superficial mediocrity; when both men and women trim their sails shiveringly at the bare thought of being blacklisted socially or politically or morally, it is refreshing, it is even awesome, to meet a man whose only constituency is his own soul! I am not sure that we may not take steps backward toward Udaipur ere long, before we take many more along the path we are following. We may have better sewers, but I doubt if we have more moral courage, for it takes some moral courage to stand up to the empire which governs one in every five of the human race, and more than one in every five square miles of the habitable globe, and to stand alone. But the British like this man far better, I make no doubt, than those, whether from India or from any other country, who bend to them, agree with them, flatter them, and who mutilate their pride to become eunuchs of patriotism whose capital is Paris and whose creed is cosmopolitanism.

As we were rowed back the length of the lake, the sun was going down, leaving a great curtain of dark purple as a background for the palace. This building stands on the crest of a ridge running parallel to the lake, and a hundred feet above it, its granite and marble are all of one whiteness, and with this royal background it looked like a palace of alabaster with carved turrets of old ivory. There is only one other picture in India, the Taj, which bears comparison with this lake and its surroundings.

The city, of some fifty thousand inhabitants, is entirely surrounded by a bastioned wall, and the palaces old and new within make a town of themselves. On the great terrace running the length of the old palace, where the Maharana still keeps his own apartments, there is room to parade the whole army, cavalry, elephants, and all. From his windows this mediæval prince can look out into this colossal court-yard, where he insists upon the old ways, and so we saw the afternoon we were there, as you may see any other afternoon, bullocks, pigeons, chickens, elephants, camels, geese, all sunning themselves in lazy contentment. As we drove out of the palace, a magnate of this small kingdom rode in, mounted on a fine horse, the saddle and stirrup-straps of red velvet, and the bridle and reins of some red stuff as well. He himself was in brilliant-colored garments, a sword by his side, pistols in his belt, and there followed and surrounded him a retinue of fifty or more, mounted or on foot, with runners on ahead to clear the way for them through the crowded streets.

These were delicious days we spent roaming over the palaces and gardens, in and out of the temples, and through the sunny streets of Udaipur. The only sad spot in the picture was our reception by the son and heir in his apartments. He is a cripple, shrunken and thin, but with pleasant manners, a pathetic smile, and a little English at his command. He was surrounded by the officers of his household, who looked stalwart indeed beside him, and it was evidently a real pleasure to him, as it was probably a rare one, to receive strangers.

I remember particularly the garden palace so-called, which forms a part of the old palace, and is a hanging garden, filled with flowers and ferns, and palms and fountains, and with exquisitely carved pillars, and marble walls and floors all perched on a part of the flat roof; the wonderful carving of the marble around doors and windows; the garden of the court ladies, surrounded by a high wall, with a great marble swimming-bath in the center and filled with flowers and shrubs; the Hindu temple of Jagannath with an elephant on each side of the long flight of marble steps leading up to it, and every inch of it carved; the great gate-ways of the city, the Elephant gate, the Delhi gate, the Moon gate; the cenotaphs of the royal family for generations back, enclosed by a high wall and with many fine trees, and on more than one of these tombs mention of the number of the wives who burned themselves when their masters died; the groups, on foot or on horseback, of the bewhiskered gentry, for even in a land where the beard is everywhere a mark of manly dignity, the Rajput is conspicuous for his care of his

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beard, and by tying a scarf around his head and neck he curls out the ends of his whiskers, till sometimes they are twisted over behind his ears, lending him a dashing appearance, which his soldierly bearing emphasizes; the startling appearance of gentlemen in the process of dying their beards black with henna, for during the interim their beards are a bright orange color, which gives a particularly fierce frame for the dark faces and eyes; and then the return to our own little palace with its superb view of lakes and hills, and our cosey dinners by candle-light, with the steward watching with jealous eye every movement of the barefooted and turbaned servants who attended us; and well I remember one morning the shrieks and cries in our courtyard when the steward, well over the age when most men enjoy a bout at fisticuffs, was seen giving a sound beating to a rapscallion, who had maltreated the buffalo that brought us the skins full of water for our baths.

Where could a man go for a holiday where he would escape more completely from modernity, and be able to look out of a casement set in the Middle Ages, and see his own environment in perspective; where better than to Udaipur as the guest of the Maharana? The setting is there in these bewilderingly beautiful surroundings, and surely the prince is there as a seal to stamp it as genuine. He is a direct descendant of the Rajputs of Chitor. They were conquered by the Mughals as were the other Rajput clans, but they fled and found shelter among the mountains and deserts of the Indus, and, unlike the others, refused to mingle their high-caste Hindu blood even with that of a Muhammadan emperor. They still boast that they alone among the great Rajput clans have never given a daughter in marriage to a Mughal emperor. Their motto is a fine one: "Who steadfast keeps the faith, him the Creator keeps." Certainly the present ruler is putting it to the test. Long life and success to him, say I!

The Maharana's hospitality guarded us even when we had left his capital. Four hours by train brought us to Chitorgarh. There at the station an elephant and a tonga, a kind of two-wheeled cart drawn by ponies, awaited us and we were taken to see the citadel city where this family have ruled and fought ever since the beginning of the eighth century. On a rocky hill over five hundred feet high is the great fort over three miles in length. In the old tumultuous days the capital city of Mewar was Chitor, situated in this fort. On one occasion after a siege in which eleven royal princes were killed, all the women entered an underground cave, and were there burned to death, and as the smoke and flames arose the men rushed out to throw themselves upon the swords of their Muhammadan enemies.

The whole of the enclosure at the top is covered with the ruins of palaces and temples. The two towers of Fame and Victory, the one eighty feet high, the other in nine stories and one hundred and thirty feet high, are still well preserved. This so-called fortress could stow away the hill of the Acropolis in one corner and the Roman Forum in another, and impresses you with the magnificent scale upon which these people carried out their building operations. How this place was ever captured, with its sides of sheer rock reaching up five hundred feet from the plain below, and crowned by walls so thick that one may drive along the tops of them, and this before the days of cannon, is a mystery, a mystery even to one who has seen Quebec and knows its story.

When we arrived at the station at Chitorgarh, the carriage was detached from the train and left on a siding. When we returned to it from the excursion to the fort, we found a kitchen established outside the carriage-door, with pots and pans and dishes, and charcoal fires and a dinner of several courses was there and then prepared and handed in to us. I was asked to sign a "chit" or voucher for it, for the Maharana's treasurer, but that I refused to do. It was Rajput gallantry indeed to extend hospitality to guests so long as they remained in Rajput territory, but we drank His Highness's health instead in our own brew, and at eleven o'clock the carriage was attached to another train and we were off for Jaipur; with an abiding assurance that our Indian hosts, so far, had nothing to learn in the West, of fine manners and generous hospitality.

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THE LITTLE DREAM

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

Characters

SEELCHEN *A mountain girl.* LAMOND . . *A climber.* FELSMAN . *A guide.*

Characters in the Dream

THE GREAT HORN, THE COW HORN, THE WINE HORN } . . . . *Mountains.*

THE EDELWEISS, THE ALPENROSE, THE GENTIAN, THE MOUNTAIN DANDELION } . *Flowers.*

Voices and Figures in the Dream

COWBELLS.
MOUNTAIN AIR.
FAR VIEW OF ITALY.
DISTANT FLUME OF STEAM.
THINGS IN BOOKS.
MOTH CHILDREN.
THREE DANCING YOUTHS.
THREE DANCING GIRLS.
THE FORMS OF WORKERS.
THE FORM OF WHAT IS MADE BY WORK.
DEATH BY SLUMBER.
DEATH BY DROWNING.
FLOWER CHILDREN.
GOATHERD.
GOAT BOYS.
GOAT GOD.
THE FORMS OF SLEEP.

SCENE I

It is just after sunset of an August evening. The scene is a room in a mountain hut, furnished only with a table, benches, and a low, broad window seat. Through this window three rocky peaks are seen by the light of the moon, which is slowly whitening the last hues of sunset. An oil lamp is burning. Seelchen, a mountain girl, eighteen years old, is humming a folk-song and putting away in a cupboard freshly washed soup-bowls and glasses. She is dressed in a tight-fitting black velvet bodice, square-cut at the neck, and partly filled in with a gay handkerchief, colored rose-pink, blue, and golden, like the Alpenrose, the gentian, and the mountain dandelion; alabaster beads, pale as edelweiss, are round her throat; her stiffened, white linen sleeves finish at the elbow; and her full, well-worn skirt is of gentian blue. The two thick plaits of her hair are crossed, and turned round her head. As she puts away the last bowl, there is a knock; and Lamond opens the outer door. He is young, tanned, and good-looking, dressed like a climber, and carries a plaid, a ruck-sack, and an ice-axe.

Lamond. Good-evening!

Seelchen. Good-evening, gentle Sir!

Lamond. My name is Lamond. I'm very late, I fear.

Seelchen. Do you wish to sleep here?

Lamond. Please.

Seelchen. All the beds are full—it is a pity. I will call mother.

Lamond. I've come to go up the Great Horn at sunrise.

Seelchen. (*Awed.*) The Great Horn! But he is impossible.

Lamond. I am going to try that.

Seelchen. There is the Wine Horn, and the Cow Horn.

Lamond. I have climbed them.

Seelchen. But he is so dangerous—it is perhaps—death.

Lamond. Oh! that's all right! One must take one's chance.

Seelchen. And father has hurt his foot. For guide, there is only Hans Felsman.

Lamond. The celebrated Felsman?

Seelchen. (*Nodding; then looking at him with admiration.*) Are you that Herr Lamond who has climbed all our little mountains this year?

Lamond. All but that big fellow.

Seelchen. We have heard of you. Will you not wait a day for father's foot?

Lamond. Ah! no. I must go back home to-morrow.

Seelchen. The gracious Sir is in a hurry.

Lamond. (*Looking at her intently.*) Alas!

Seelchen. Are you from London! Is it very big?

Lamond. Six million souls.

Seelchen. Oh! (*After a little pause.*) I have seen Cortina twice.

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Lamond. Do you live here all the year?

Seelchen. In winter in the valley.

Lamond. And don't you want to see the world?

Seelchen. Sometimes. (*Going to a door she calls softly.*) Hans! (*Then pointing to another door.*) There are seven German gentlemen asleep in there! *

Lamond. Oh, God!

Seelchen. Please? They are here to see the sun rise. (*She picks up a little book that has dropped from Lamond's pocket.*) I have read several books.

Lamond. This is by the great English poet. Do you never make poetry here, and dream dreams, among your mountains.

Seelchen. (*Slowly shaking her head.*) See! It is the full moon.

(*While they stand at the window looking at the moon, there enters, a lean, well-built, taciturn young man dressed in Loden.*)

Seelchen. Hans!

Felsman. (*In a deep voice.*) The gentleman wishes me?

Seelchen. (*Awed.*) The Great Horn for to-morrow! (*Whispering to him.*) It is the celebrated London one.

Felsman. The Great Horn is not possible.

Lamond. You say that? And you're the famous Felsman?

Felsman. (*Grimly.*) We start at dawn.

Seelchen. It is the first time for years!

Lamond. (*Placing his plaid and rucksack on the window bench.*) Can I sleep here?

Seelchen. I will see; perhaps—

(*She runs out up the stairs.*)

Felsman. (*Taking blankets from the cupboard and spreading them on the window seat.*) So!

(*As he goes out into the air, Seelchen comes slipping in again with a lighted candle.*)

Seelchen. There is still one bed. This is too hard for you.

Lamond. Oh! thanks; but that's all right.

Seelchen. To please me!

Lamond. May I ask your name?

Seelchen. Seelchen.

* The nationality of these gentlemen should be English when the play is given in Germany; and Lamond should be German.

Lamond. Little soul, that means—doesn't it? To please you I would sleep with seven German gentlemen.

Seelchen. Oh! no; it is not necessary.

Lamond. (*With a grave bow.*) At your service, then. (*He prepares to go.*)

Seelchen. It is very nice in towns, in the World, where you come from?

Lamond. When I'm there I would be here; but when I'm here I would be there.

Seelchen. (*Clasping her hands.*) That is like me—but *I* am always *here.*

Lamond. Ah! yes; there is no one like you in towns.

Seelchen. In two places one cannot be. (*Suddenly.*) In the towns there are theatres, and there is beautiful fine work, and —dancing, and—churches—and trains—and all the things in books—and—

Lamond. Misery.

Seelchen. But there is life.

Lamond. And there is death.

Seelchen. To-morrow, when you have climbed—will you not come back?

Lamond. No.

Seelchen. You have all the world; and I have nothing.

Lamond. Except Felsman, and the mountains.

Seelchen. It is not good to eat only bread.

Lamond. (*Looking at her hard.*) *I* would like to eat *you!*

Seelchen. But I am not nice; I am full of big wants—like the cheese with holes.

Lamond. I shall come again.

Seelchen. There will be no more hard mountains left to climb. And if it is not exciting, you do not care.

Lamond. O wise little soul!

Seelchen. No. I am not wise. In here it is always aching.

Lamond. For the moon?

Seelchen. Yes. (*Then suddenly.*) From the big world you will remember?

Lamond. (*Taking her hand.*) There is nothing in the big world so sweet as this.

Seelchen. (*Wisely.*) But there is the big world itself.

Lamond. May I kiss you, for good-night?

(*She puts her face forward; and he kisses her cheek, and, suddenly, her lips. Then as she draws away.*)

Lamond. I am sorry, little soul.

Seelchen. That's all right!

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Lamond. (*Taking the candle.*) Dream well! Good-night!

Seelchen. (*Softly.*) Good-night!

Felsman. (*Coming in from the air, and eying them.*) It is cold—it will be fine.

(*Lamond, still looking back, goes up the stairs; and Felsman waits for him to pass.*)

Seelchen. (*From the window seat.*) It was hard for him here, I thought.

(*He goes up to her, stays a moment looking down, then bends and kisses her violently.*)

Seelchen. Art thou angry?

(*He does not answer, but turning out the lamp, goes into an inner room.*)

(*Seelchen sits gazing through the window at the peaks bathed in full moonlight. Then drawing the blankets about her, she snuggles down on the window seat.*)

Seelchen. (*In a sleepy voice.*) They kissed me—both. (*She sleeps.*)

(*The scene falls quite dark.*)

SCENE II

The scene is slowly illumined as by dawn. Seelchen is still lying on the window seat. She sits up, frees her face and hands from the blankets, changing the swathings of deep sleep for the filmy coverings of a dream. The wall of the hut has vanished; there is nothing between her and the three mountains, veiled in mist, save a trough of darkness. Then as the peaks of the mountains brighten, they are seen to have great faces.

Seelchen. Oh! They have faces!

(*The face of The Wine Horn is the profile of a beardless youth. The face of The Cow Horn is that of a mountain shepherd, solemn and brown, with fierce black eyes and a black beard. Between them The Great Horn, whose hair is of snow, has a high, beardless visage, as of carved bronze, like a male sphinx, serene, without cruelty. Far down below the faces of the peaks, above the trough of darkness, are peeping out the four little heads of the flowers of Edelweiss, and Gentian, Mountain Dandelion, and Alpenrose; on their heads are crowns, made of their several flowers, all powdered with dewdrops; and when The Flowers lift their child-faces little tinkling bells ring.*)

(*All around the peaks there is nothing but blue sky.*)

Edelweiss. (*In a tiny voice.*) Would you? Would you? Would you? Ah! ha!

Gentian, M. Dandelion, Alpenrose. (*With their bells ringing enviously.*) Oo-oo-oo!

(*From behind The Cow Horn are heard the voices of Cowbells and Mountain Air:*

"*Clinkel-clink! Clinkel-clink!*"
"*Mountain air! Mountain air!*"

(*From behind The Wine Horn rise the rival voices of View of Italy, Flume of Steam, and Things in Books:*)

"*I am Italy! Italy!*"
"*See me—steam in the distance!*"
"*O remember the things in books!*"

(*And all call out together, very softly, with The Flowers ringing their bells. Then far away like an echo comes a-sighing:*)

"*Mountain air! Mountain air!*"

(*And suddenly the Peak of The Cow Horn speaks in a voice as of one unaccustomed.*)

The Cow Horn. Amongst kine and my black-brown sheep I live; I am silence, and monotony; I am the solemn hills. I am fierceness, and the mountain wind; clean pasture, and wild rest. Look in my eyes, love *me* alone!

Seelchen. (*Breathless.*) The Cow Horn! He is speaking—for Felsman and the mountains. It is the half of my heart!

(*The Flowers laugh happily.*)

The Cow Horn. I stalk the eternal hills—I drink the mountain snows. My eyes are the color of burned wine; in them lives melancholy. The lowing of the kine, the wind, the sound of falling rocks, the running of the torrents; no other talk know I. Thoughts simple, and blood hot, strength huge—the cloak of gravity.

Seelchen. Yes, yes! I want him. He is strong!

(*The voices of Cowbells and Mountain Air cry out together:*)

"*Clinkel-clink! Clinkel-clink!*"
"*Mountain air! Mountain air!*"

The Cow Horn. Little soul! Hold to me! Love me! Live with me under the stars!

Seelchen. (*Below her breath.*) I am afraid.

(*And suddenly the Peak of The Wine Horn speaks in a youth's voice.*

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The Wine Horn. I am the will o' the wisp that dances thro' the streets; I am the cooing dove of Towns, from the plane trees and the chestnuts' shade. From day to day all changes, where I burn my incense to my thousand little gods. In white palaces I dwell, and passionate dark alleys. The life of men in crowds is mine—of lamplight in the streets at dawn. (*Softly.*) I have a thousand loves, and never one too long; for I am nimbler than your heifers playing in the sunshine.

(*The Flowers, ringing in alarm, cry:*)

"*We know them!*"

The Wine Horn. I hear the rustlings of the birth and death of pleasure; and the rattling of swift wheels. I hear the hungry oaths of men; and love kisses in the airless night. Without *me*, little soul, you starve and die.

Seelchen. He is speaking for the gentle Sir, and the big world of the Town. It pulls my heart.

The Wine Horn. My thoughts surpass in number the flowers in your meadows; they fly more swiftly than your eagles on the wind. I drink the wine of aspiration, and the drug of disillusion. Thus am I never dull!

(*The voices of View of Italy, Flume of Steam, and Things in Books are heard calling out together:*)

"*I am Italy, Italy!*"
"*See me—steam in the distance!*"
"*O remember, remember!*"

The Wine Horn. Love *me*, little soul! I paint life fifty colors. I make a thousand pretty things! I twine about your heart!

Seelchen. He is honey!

(*The Flowers ring their bells jealously and cry:*)

"*Bitter! Bitter!*"

The Cow Horn. *Stay* with me, Seelchen! I wake thee with the crystal air.

(*The voices of Cowbells and Mountain Air sing out far away:*)

"*Clinkel-clink! Clinkel-clink!*"
"*Mountain air! Mountain air!*"

(*And The Flowers laugh happily.*)

The Wine Horn. *Come* with me, Seelchen! My fan, Variety, shall wake you!

(*The voices of View of Italy, Flume of Steam, and Things in Books chant softly:*)

"*I am Italy! Italy!*"
"*See me—steam in the distance!*"
"*O remember, remember!*"

(*And The Flowers moan.*)

Seelchen. (*In grief.*) My heart! It is torn!

The Wine Horn. With *me*, little soul, you shall race in the streets, and peep at all secrets. We will hold hands, and fly like the thistle-down.

M. Dandelion. My puff-balls fly faster!

The Wine Horn. I will show you the sea.

Gentian. My blue is deeper!

The Wine Horn. I will shower on you blushes.

Alpenrose. I can blush redder!

The Wine Horn. Little soul, listen! My Jewels! Silk! Velvet!

Edelweiss. I am softer than velvet!

The Wine Horn. (*Proudly.*) My wonderful rags!

The Flowers. (*Moaning.*) Of those we have none.

Seelchen. He has all things.

The Cow Horn. Mine are the clouds with the dark silvered wings; mine are the rocks on fire with the sun; and the dewdrops cooler than pearls. Away from my breath of snow and sweet grass, thou wilt droop, little soul.

The Wine Horn. The dark Clove is *my* fragrance!

(*The Flowers ring eagerly, and turning up their faces, cry:*)

"*We too, smell sweet.*"

(*But the voices of View of Italy, Flume of Steam, and Things in Books cry out:*)

"*I am Italy! Italy!*"
"*See me—steam in the distance!*"
"*O remember, remember!*"

Seelchen. (*Distracted.*) Oh! it is hard!

The Cow Horn. *I* will never desert thee.

The Wine Horn. A hundred times *I* will desert you, a hundred times come back, and kiss you.

Seelchen. (*Whispering.*) Peace for my heart!

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The Cow Horn. With me thou shalt lie on the warm wild thyme.

(*The Flowers laugh happily.*)

The Wine Horn. With me you shall lie on a bed of dove's feathers.

(*The Flowers moan.*)

The Wine Horn. *I* will give you old wine.
The Cow Horn. *I* will give thee new milk.
The Wine Horn. Hear my song.!

(*From far away comes a sound as of mandolins.*)

Seelchen. (*Clasping her breast.*) My heart—it is leaving me!
The Cow Horn. Hear my song!

(*From the distance floats the piping of a Shepherd's reed.*)

Seelchen. (*Curving her hand at her ears.*) Ah!
The Cow Horn. *Stay* with me, Seelchen!
The Wine Horn. *Come* with me, Seelchen!
The Cow Horn. I give thee certainty!
The Wine Horn. I give you chance!
The Cow Horn. I give thee peace!
The Wine Horn. I give you change.
The Cow Horn. I give thee stillness.
The Wine Horn. I give you voice.
The Cow Horn. I give thee one love.
The Wine Horn. I give you many.
Seelchen. (*As if the words were torn from her heart.*) Both, both—I will love!

(*And suddenly the Peak of The Great Horn speaks:*)

The Great Horn. And both thou shalt love, little soul! Thou shalt lie on the hills with Silence; and dance in the cities with Knowledge. Both shall possess thee! The sun and the moon on the mountains shall burn thee; the lamps of the town singe thy wings, small Moth! Each shall seem all the world to thee, each shall seem as thy grave! Thy heart is a feather blown from one mouth to the other. But be not afraid! For the life of a man is for all loves in turn. 'Tis a little raft moored, then sailing out into the blue; a tune caught in a hush, then whispering on; a new-born babe, half courage and half sleep. There is a hidden rhythm. Change, Quietude. Chance, Certainty. The One, The Many, Burn on—thou pretty flame, trying to eat the world! Thou shalt come to me at last, my little soul!

(*The Voices and The Flower bells peal out. Seelchen enraptured, stretches her arms to embrace the sight and sound, but all fades slowly into dark sleep.*

SCENE III

The dark scene again becomes glamorous. Seelchen is seen with her hand stretched out toward the Piazza of a little town, with a plane tree on one side, a wall on the other, and from the open doorway of an Inn a pale path of light. Over the Inn hangs a full golden moon. Against the wall, under the glimmer of a lamp, leans a youth with the face of The Wine Horn, in a crimson cloak, thrumming a mandolin, and singing:

"Little star soul
Through the frost fields of night
Roaming alone, disconsolate—
From out the cold
I call thee in—
Striking my dark mandolin—
Beneath this moon of gold."

(*From the Inn comes a burst of laughter, and the sound of dancing.*)

Seelchen. (*Whispering.*) It is the big world!

(*The youth of The Wine Horn sings on:*)

"Pretty gray moth,
Where the strange candles shine,
Seeking for warmth, so desperate—
Ah! fluttering dove
I bid thee win—
Striking my dark mandolin—
The crimson flame of love."

Seelchen. (*Gazing enraptured at the Inn.*) They are dancing!

(*As she speaks, from either side come moth-children, meeting and fluttering up the path of light to the Inn doorway; then wheeling aside, they form again, and again flutter forward.*)

Seelchen. (*Holding out her hands.*) They are real—Their wings are windy.

(*The Youth of The Wine Horn sings on:*)

"Lips of my song,
To the white maiden's heart

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Go ye, and whisper, passionate,
These words that burn—
'O listening one!
Love that flieth past is gone
Nor ever may return!'"

(*Seelchen runs toward him—but the light above him fades, he has become shadow. She turns bewildered to the dancing moth-children—but they vanish before her. At the door of the Inn stands Lamond in a dark cloak.*)

Seelchen. It is *you!*

Lamond. Without my little soul I am cold. Come! (*He holds out his arms to her.*)

Seelchen. Shall I be safe?

Lamond. What is safety? Are you safe in your mountains?

Seelchen. Where am I, here?

Lamond. The Town.

(*Smiling he points to the doorway. And silent as shadows there come dancing out, two by two, two girls and two youths. The first girl is dressed in white satin and jewels; and the first youth in black velvet. The second girl is in rags, and a shawl; and the second youth in shirt and corduroys. They dance gravely, each couple as if in a world apart.*)

Seelchen. (*Whispering.*) In the mountains all dance together. Do they never change partners?

Lamond. How could they, little one? Those are rich, these poor. But see!

(*A Corybantic Couple come dancing forth. The girl has bare limbs, a flame-colored shift, and hair bound with red flowers; the youth is Pierroesque. They pursue not only each other, but the other girls and youths. For a moment all is a furious medley. Then the Corybantic Couple vanish into the Inn, and the first two couples are left, slowly, solemnly dancing, apart from each other as before.*)

Seelchen. (*Shuddering.*) Shall I one day dance like that?

(*The Youth of The Wine Horn appears again beneath the lamp. He strikes a loud chord; then as Seelchen moves toward that sound the lamp goes out; there is again only blue shadow; but the couples have disappeared into the Inn, and the doorway has grown dark.*)

Seelchen. Ah! What I do not like, he will not let me see.

Lamond. Will you not come, then, little soul?

Seelchen. Always to dance?

Lamond. Not so!

(*The shutters of the houses are suddenly thrown wide. In a lighted room on one side of the Inn are seen two pale men and a woman, amongst many clicking machines. On the other side of the Inn, in a forge, are visible two women and a man, but half clothed, making chains.*

Seelchen. (*Recoiling from both sights in turn.*) How sad they look—all! What are they making?

(*In the dark doorway of the Inn a light shines out, and in it is seen a figure, visible only from the waist up, clad in gold-cloth studded with jewels, with a flushed complacent face, holding in one hand a glass of golden wine.*

Seelchen. It is beautiful. What is it?

Lamond. Luxury.

Seelchen. What is it standing on? I cannot see.

(*Unseen, The Wine Horn's mandolin twangs out.*

Lamond. For that do not look, little soul.

Seelchen. Can it not walk? (*He shakes his head.*) Is that all they make here with their sadness?

(*But again the mandolin twangs out; the shutters fall over the houses; the door of the Inn grows dark.*

Lamond. What is it, then, you would have? Is it learning? There are books here, that, piled on each other, would reach to the stars! (*But Seelchen shakes her head.*) There is religion so deep that no man knows what it means. (*But Seelchen shakes her head.*) There is religion so shallow, you may have it by turning a handle. We have everything.

Seelchen. Is God here?

Lamond. Who knows? Is God with your goats? (*But Seelchen shakes her head.*) What then do you want?

Seelchen. Life.

(*The mandolin twangs out.*)

Lamond. (*Pointing to his breast.*) There is but one road to life—

Seelchen. Ah! but I do not love.

Lamond. When a feather flies, is it not loving the wind—the unknown? When the day brings not new things, we are children of sorrow. If darkness and light

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did not change, could we breathe? Child! To live is to love, to love is to live—seeking for wonder. (*And as she draws nearer.*) See! To love is to peer over the edge, and, spying the little gray flower, to climb down! It has wings; it has flown—again you must climb; it shivers, 'tis but air in your hand—you must crawl, you must cling, you must leap, and still it is there and not there—for the gray flower flits like a moth, and the wind of its wings is all you shall catch. But your eyes shall be shining, your cheeks shall be burning, your breast shall be panting—Ah! little heart! (*The scene falls darker.*) And when the night comes—there it is still, thistledown blown on the dark, and your white hands will reach for it, and your honey breath waft it, and never, never, shall you grasp that wanton thing—but life shall be lovely. (*His voice dies to a whisper. He stretches out his arms.*)

Seelchen. (*Touching his breast.*) I will come.

Lamond. (*Drawing her to the dark doorway.*) Love me!

Seelchen. I love!

(*The mandolin twangs out, the doorway for a moment is all glamorous; and they pass through. Illumined by the glimmer of the lamp the Youth of The Wine Horn is seen again. And slowly to the chords of his mandolin he begins to sing:*)

"*The windy hours through darkness fly—*
Canst hear them, little heart?
New loves are born, and old loves die,
And kissing lips must part.
The dusky bees of passing years—
Canst see them, soul of mine—
From flower and flower supping tears,
And pale sweet honey wine?

(*His voice grows strange and passionate.*)

'O flame that treads the marsh of time
Flitting forever low,
Where through the black enchanted slime
We, desperate, following go—
Untimely fire, we bid thee stay!'
Into dark air above,
The golden gypsy thins away—
So has it been with love!"

(*While he is singing, the moon grows pale, and dies. It falls dark, save for the glimmer of the lamp beneath which he stands. But as his song ends, the dawn breaks over the houses; the lamp goes out—The Wine Horn becomes shadow. Then from the doorway of the Inn, in the chill gray light Seelchen comes forth. She is pale, as if wan with living; her eyes like pitch against the powdery whiteness of her face.*)

Seelchen. My heart is old.

(*But as she speaks, from far away is heard a faint chiming of Cowbells; and while she stands listening, Lamond appears in the doorway of the Inn.*)

Lamond. Little soul!

Seelchen. You! Always you!

Lamond. I have new wonders.

Seelchen. (*Mournfully.*) No.

Lamond. I swear it! You are not tired? It cannot be. I am never the same.

Seelchen. Listen!

(*The chime of The Cowbells is heard again.*)

Lamond. (*Jealously.*) The music of dull sleep! Has life, then, with me been sorrow?

Seelchen. I do not regret.

Lamond. Come.

Seelchen. (*Pointing to her breast.*) The bird is tired with flying. (*Touching her lips.*) The flowers have no dew.

Lamond. Would you leave me?

Seelchen. See!

(*There, in a streak of the dawn, against the plane tree is seen the Shepherd of The Cow Horn, standing wrapped in his mountain cloak.*)

Lamond. What is it?

Seelchen. He!

Lamond. There is nothing. (*He holds her fast.*) I have shown you the marvels of my town—the gay, the bitter wonders. We have known life. Do not leave me now! If I may no longer live, let me die with you! See! Here are sweet Deaths by Slumber and by Drowning!

(*The mandolin twangs out, and from the dim doorway of the Inn come forth the shadowy forms, Death by Slumber and Death by Drowning, who to a ghostly twanging of mandolins dance slowly toward Seelchen, stand smiling at her, and as slowly dance away.*)

Seelchen. (*Following.*) Yes, They are good and sweet.

(*While she moves toward the Inn, Lamond's face becomes transfigured with joy. But just as she reaches the door-*

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way, there is a distant chiming of bells and blowing of pipes, and the Shepherd of The Cow Horn sings:)

"To the wild grass come, and the dull far roar
Of the falling rock; to the flowery meads
Of thy mountain home, where the eagles soar,
And the grizzled flock in the sunshine feeds.
To the Alp, where I, in the pale light crowned
With the moon's thin horns, to my pasture roam;
To the silent sky, and the wistful sound
Of the rosy dawns—my daughter, come!"

(While he sings, the sun has risen; and Seelchen has turned, with parted lips, and hands stretched out; and the forms of death have vanished.)

Seelchen. I come.

Lamond. (*Clasping her knees.*) Little soul! Must I then die, like a gnat when the sun goes down? Without *you* I am nothing.

Seelchen. (*Releasing herself.*) Poor heart—I am gone!

Lamond. It is dark. (*He covers his face with his cloak.*)

(Then as Seelchen reaches the Shepherd of The Cow Horn, there is blown a long note of a pipe; the scene falls black; and there rises a far, continual, mingled sound of Cowbells, and Flower Bells, and Pipes.

SCENE IV

The scene slowly brightens with the misty flush of dawn. Seelchen stands on a green alp under the Horn mountains, swathed in mist. A slip of a moon, over the peaks, is lying on her back. On a low rock sits a brown-faced Goatherd blowing on a pipe, and the four Flower-children are dancing in their shifts of gray-white, and blue, rose-pink, and burnt-gold. Their bells are ringing, as they pelt each other with flowers of their own colors; and each in turn, wheeling, flings one flower at Seelchen, who puts them to her lips and eyes.

Seelchen. The dew! (*She moves toward the rock.*) Goatherd!

(But The Flowers encircle him; and when they wheel away he has vanished. She turns to The Flowers, but they too vanish. The veils of mist are rising.

Seelchen. Gone! (*She rubs her eyes; then turning once more to the rock, sees Felsman standing there, with his arms folded.*) Thou!

Felsman. So thou hast come—like a sick heifer to be healed. Was it good in the Town—that kept thee so long?

Seelchen. I do not regret.

Felsman. Why then return?

Seelchen. I was tired.

Felsman. Never again shalt thou go from me!

Seelchen. (*Mocking.*) With what wilt thou keep me?

Felsman. (*Grasping her.*) Thus.

Seelchen. I have known Change—I am no timid maid.

Felsman. (*Moodily.*) Aye, thou art different. Thine eyes are hollow—thou art white-faced.

Seelchen. (*Still mocking.*) Then what hast thou here that shall keep me?

Felsman. The sun.

Seelchen. To burn me.

Felsman. The air.

(There is a faint wailing of a wind.)

Seelchen. To freeze me.

Felsman. The silence.

(The noise of the wind dies away.)

Seelchen. Yes, it is lonely.

Felsman. Wait! And the flowers shall dance to thee.

(And to a ringing of their bells, The Flowers come dancing; till, one by one, they cease, and sink down, nodding, falling asleep.)

Seelchen. See! Even they grow sleepy here!

Felsman. I will call the goats to wake them.

(The Goatherd is seen again sitting upright on his rock and piping. And there come four little brown, wild-eyed, naked Boys, with Goat's legs and feet, who dance gravely in and out of The Sleeping Flowers; and The Flowers wake, spring up, and fly. Till each Goat, catching his flower, has vanished, and The Goatherd has ceased to pipe, and lies motionless again on his rock.)

Felsman. Love me!

Seelchen. Thou art rude!

Felsman. Love me!

Seelchen. Thou art grim!

Felsman. Ay, I have no silver tongue. Listen! This is my voice! (*Sweeping his arm round all the still alp.*) It is quiet.

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From dawn to the first star all is fast. (*Laying his hand on her heart.*) And the wings of the bird shall be still.

Seelchen. (*Touching his eyes.*) Thine eyes are fierce. In them I see the wild beasts crouching. In them I see the distance. Are they always fierce?

Felsman. Never to look on thee—my flower.

Seelchen. (*Touching his hands.*) Thy hands are rough to pluck flowers. (*She breaks away from him to the rock where The Goatherd is lying.*) See! Nothing moves! The very day stands still. Boy! (*But The Goatherd neither stirs nor answers.*) He is lost in the blue. (*Passionately.*) Boy! He will not answer me. No one will answer me here.

Felsman. (*With fierce longing.*) Am *I* then no one?

Seelchen. Thou?

(*The scene darkens with evening.*

See! Sleep has stolen the day! It is night already.

(*There come the female shadow forms of Sleep, in blue-star-sewn garments, waving their arms drowsily, wheeling round her.*)

Seelchen. Are you Sleep? Dear Sleep!

(*Smiling, she holds her arms to Felsman. He takes her swaying form. They vanish into the shadow of the rock, encircled by the forms of Sleep. It is quite dark, save for the light of the thin-horned moon suddenly grown bright. Then on his rock, to a faint piping The Goatherd sings:*)

"My goat, my little speckled one,
My yellow-eyed, sweet-smelling,
Let moon and wind and golden sun
And stars beyond all telling
Make, every day, a sweeter grass,
And multiply thy leaping!
And may the mountain foxes pass
And never scent thee sleeping!
Oh! Let my pipe be clear and far,
And let me find sweet water!
No hawk, nor udder-seeking jar
Come near thee, little daughter!
May fiery rocks defend, at noon,
Thy tender feet from slipping!
Ah! hear my prayer beneath the moon—
Great Master, Goat-God—skipping!"

(*There passes in the thin moonlight the Goat-God Pan; and with a long wail of the pipe The Goatherd Boy is silent. Then the moon fades, and all is black; till in the faint grisly light of the false dawn creeping up, Seelchen is seen rising from the side of the sleeping Felsman. The Goatherd Boy has gone; but by the rock stands the Shepherd of The Cow Horn in his cloak.*)

Seelchen. Years, years I have slept. My spirit is hungry. (*Then as she sees the Shepherd of The Cow Horn standing there.*) I know thee now—Life of the earth—the smell of thee, the sight of thee, the taste of thee, and all thy music. I have passed thee and gone by.

(*She moves away.*)

Felsman. (*Waking.*) Where wouldst thou go?

Seelchen. To the edge of the world.

Felsman. (*Rising and trying to stay her.* Thou *shalt* not leave me!

(*But against her smiling gesture he struggles as though against solidity.*)

Seelchen. Friend! The time is on me.

Felsman. Were my kisses, then, too rude? Was I too dull?

Seelchen. I do not regret.

(*The Youth of The Wine Horn is seen suddenly standing opposite the motionless Shepherd of The Cow Horn; his mandolin twangs out.*)

Felsman. The cursed music of the Town! Is it back to *him* thou wilt go? (*Groping for sight of the hated figure.*) I cannot see.

Seelchen. Fear not! I go ever onward.

Felsman. Do not leave me to the wind in the rocks! Without thee love is dead, and I must die.

Seelchen. Poor heart! I am gone.

Felsman. (*Crouching against the rock*) It is cold.

(*At the blowing of the Shepherd's pipe The Cow Horn stretches forth his hand to her. The mandolin twangs out, and The Wine Horn bends toward her. She stands unmoving.*)

Seelchen. Companions, I must go. In a moment it will be dawn.

(*In silence The Cow Horn and The Wine Horn cover their faces. The false dawn dies. It falls quite dark.*)

SCENE V

Then a faint glow stealing up, lights the snowy head of The Great Horn, and

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streams forth on Seelchen. To either side of that path of light, like shadows, The Cow Horn, and The Wine Horn stand with cloaked heads.

Seelchen. Great One! I come!

(*The Peak of The Great Horn speaks in a far-away voice, growing, with the light, clearer and stronger.*)

Wandering flame, thou restless fever
Burning all things, regretting none;
The winds of fate are stilled forever—
Thy little generous life is done,
And all its wistful wonderings cease.
Thou traveller to the tideless sea,
Where light and dark, and change and peace,
Are One—Come, little soul, to Mystery!

(*Seelchen, falling on her knees, bows her head to the ground. The glow slowly fades till the scene is black.*)

SCENE VI

Then as the blackness lifts, in the dim light of the false dawn, filtering through the window of the mountain hut, Lamond and Felsman are seen standing beside Seelchen looking down at her asleep on the window seat.

Felsman. (*Putting out his hand to wake her.*) In a moment it will be dawn.

(*She stirs, and her lips move, murmuring.*)

Lamond. Let her sleep. She's dreaming.

(*Felsman raises a lantern, till its light falls on her face. Then the two men move stealthily toward the door, and, as she speaks, pass out.*)

Seelchen. (*Rising to her knees, and stretching out her hands with ecstasy.*) Great One, I come! (*Waking, she looks around, and struggles to her feet.*) My little dream!

(*Through the open door, the first flush of dawn shows in the sky. There is a sound of goat bells passing.*)

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

IN THE CITY CROWD

By Rhoda Hero Dunn

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHN

WITH hurried feet or feet more slow,
But ever with regardless eye
The friends whom we shall never know,
Forever pass us by.

Oh, sad-eyed father gray from years
Of bitter, sharp ungratefulness,
Cordelia, orphaned and in tears,
Is near you in the press.

Unrealized, my brother, we
Now step a little side by side.
A Hamlet lost in misery;
Horatio, friend denied.

Miranda fair! that blush which ran
A moment in your cheek was fanned
Not by attendant Caliban
But passing Ferdinand!

And you, white-lipped Antonio,
Who go to pay your debt with death,
Against you Portia's ribbons blow,
And on your face, her breath.

And yet with hurried feet, or slow,
But ever with regardless eye
These friends, whom we shall never know,
Forever pass us by.

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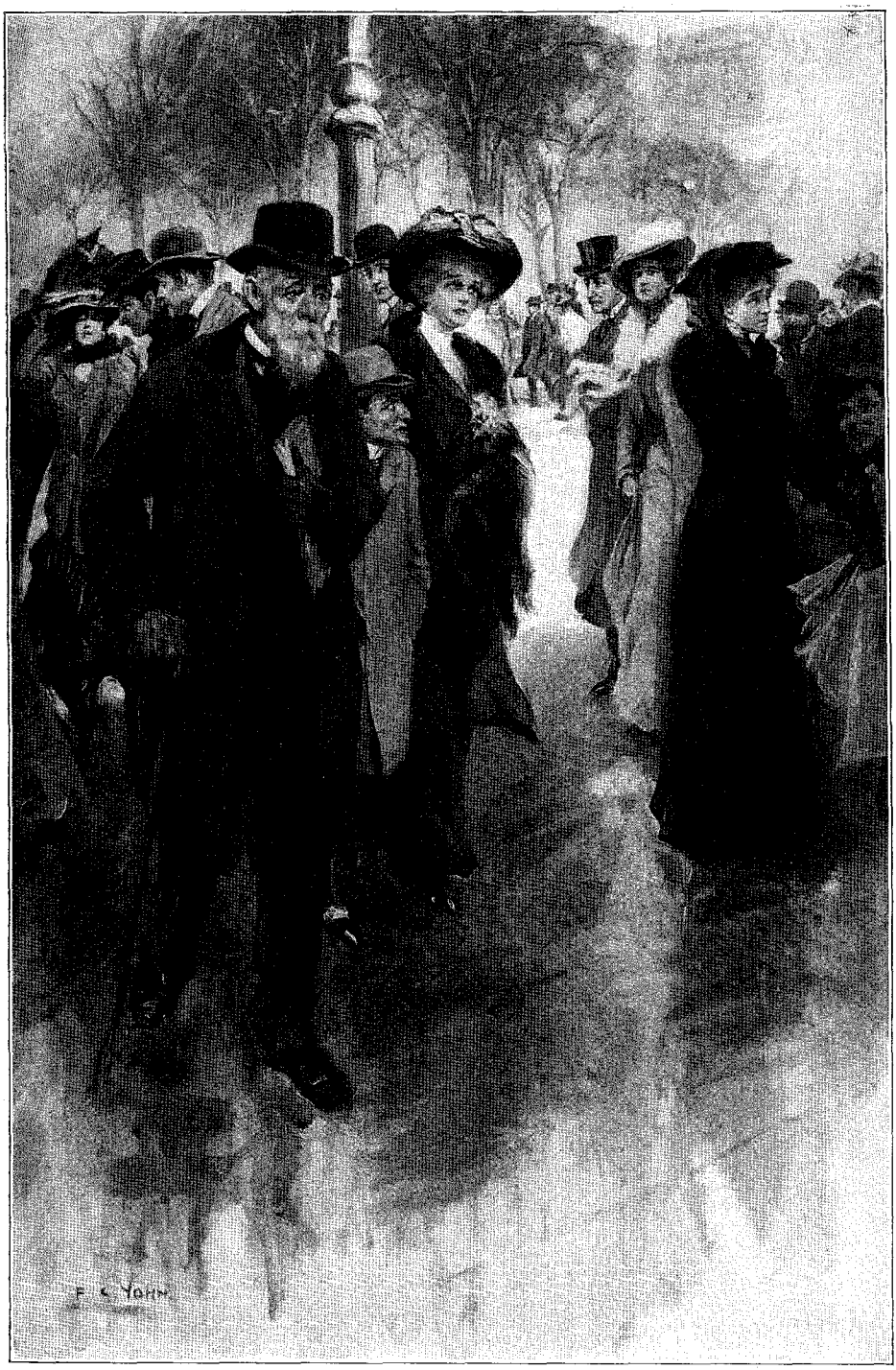

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

In the City Crowd.—Page 540.

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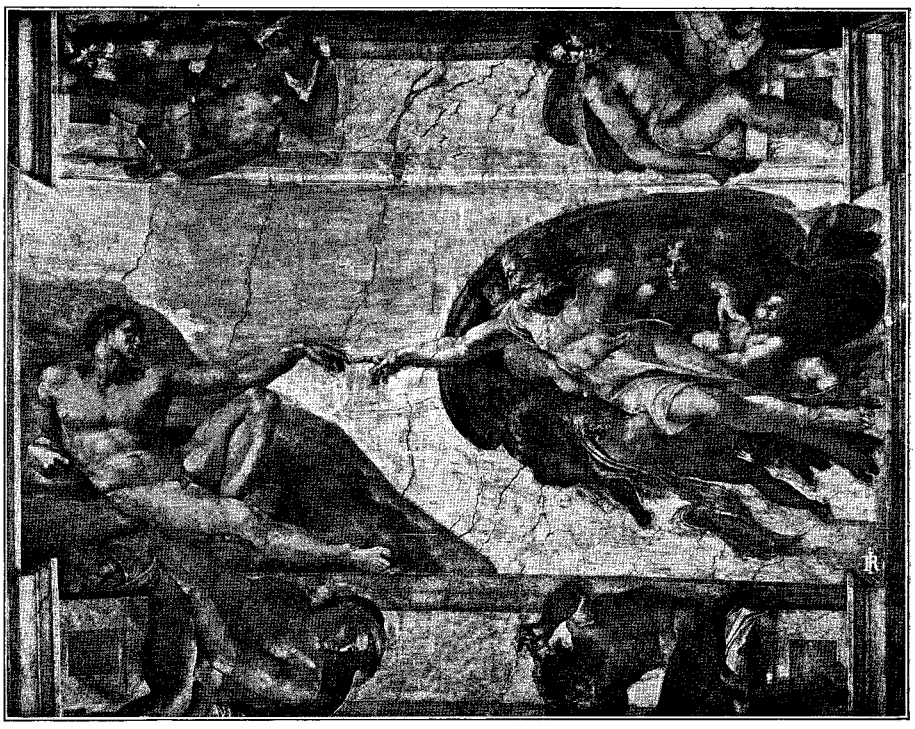

The Creation of Adam. By Michelangelo.
In the Sistine Chapel.

THE CLASSIC SPIRIT IN PAINTING

By Kenyon Cox

THE audience I hope to reach is made up of two parts: of those young artists who have, to some extent, the future of American art in their hands, and of that general public whose influence upon our art, exercised through its patronage and appreciation or its refusal of patronage and appreciation, must be no less real though less direct. In trying to express such opinions and beliefs as are the result of thirty years' practice and study of the art of painting, I shall try to remember the general public in the manner of what I have to say, avoiding technical jargon and striving to speak in the language of all the world. But it is to the young artists that I would especially appeal; first, because it is more important that they should be right; second, because there is more danger that they will go wrong.

The public is in little danger. In general, it is too conservative rather than the reverse. It listens, in a bewildered way, to the hurly-burly of conflicting schools and movements, tries to believe in the latest discovery of the newest newspaper critic, shrugs its shoulders, and buys an old-fashioned picture that it can understand. It may neglect true genius but it gives little active encouragement to the sham. The young artist is more easily led astray by false lights. He sees countless experiments, hears countless doctrines and theories, listens to the exaltation of incompe-

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tence or eccentricity and to the pooh-pooh-ing of all quiet attainment. The more ardent he is the more difficult he finds it to keep his head. Why should he toil and make slow progress toward an unattainable goal when so many short cuts to notoriety, if not to fame, are opened before him? Quick! let him get something before the public. It is much easier to find a new way of being bad than to master the old way of being good, and the new bad thing is, at any rate, sure to be noticed. I protest, it is wonderful to me that there should any longer be such a thing as a student of art, it has become so easy to be hailed a master.

That there are serious students, however, the existence of a few of our schools of art sufficiently testifies; and it is to the serious students of to-day, the serious artists of to-morrow, that I especially make my plea for the Classic Spirit.

Dr. Faustus

From the etching by Rembrandt.

The Classic Spirit is the disinterested search for perfection; it is the love of clearness and reasonableness and self-control; it is, above all, the love of permanence and of continuity. It asks of a work of art, not that it shall be novel or effective, but that it shall be fine and noble. It seeks not merely to express individuality or emotion but to express disciplined emotion and in-

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dividuality restrained by law. It strives for the essential rather than the accidental, the eternal rather than the momentary—loves impersonality more than personality, to add link by link to the chain of tradition, but it does not wish to break the chain.

The Classic Spirit, as I understand it, and wish to present it to you, has little to do

The Daughters of Leucippus. By Rubens.
In the old Pinakothek at Munich.

and feels more power in the orderly succession of the hours and the seasons than in the violence of earthquake or of storm. And it loves to steep itself in tradition. It would have each new work connect itself in the mind of him who sees it with all the noble and lovely works of the past, bringing them to his memory and making their beauty and charm a part of the beauty and charm of the work before him. It does not deny originality and individuality—they are as welcome as inevitable. It does not consider tradition as immutable or set rigid bounds to invention. But it desires that each new presentation of truth and beauty shall show us the old truth and the old beauty, seen only from a different angle and colored by a different medium. It wishes with the so-called "classic school" founded by Jacques Louis David. Indeed this spirit seldom was lacking in the art of the world before his advent. Until the end of the eighteenth century the stream of tradition in the art of painting was continuous, and even the most powerful individualities and the most romantic temperaments stood but little aside from it. Michelangelo himself, the greatest of romanticists, was a classic by one side of his nature, and it was only that side that was understood by his contemporaries or was effective with them; and even Rembrandt, strangely and imperiously as he modified what he found there, searched the art of the past for the foundations of his own. These were the exceptions. The others, even the greatest, were

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content to modify slightly the tradition they had received and to hand it down to their successors. Giorgione and Titian enriched and broadened the tradition they had received from Bellini; Rubens studied their method, founded his own upon it, and in his turn passed it on to Watteau and the eighteenth century.

Then came the French Revolution, and among the many things, good and bad, for which it is responsible, one is the breaking short off of the traditions of painting. David, a revolutionary in art as in politics, influenced by the imagined revival of Roman ideals, invented an art founded on antique sculpture—an art which contemned color, neglected light and shade, destroyed technical beauty, and reduced even drawing to a kind of mechanical correctness without life or accent—and by his powerful character and great influence imposed this art upon all continental Europe. When the storm was over it was only in the one country which had continuously stood out against the revolution—it was only in England—that any vestiges of the art of painting remained. Prudhon, who had remained a real painter in spite of David, died in 1823, and Gros, who would have been a real painter if he could, committed suicide. France was given over to the Guérins and Girodets, and in Germany they were producing cartoons. Lawrence, with his clever but meretricious echoes of Reynolds and Gainsborough, and Constable, the preserver of the landscape tradition, were the only painters left.

Then began the long confusion of cross currents and opposing forces which is the history of modern art. For the first time since art began there was no accepted tradition, no authoritative guide; it was every man for himself. The System of apprenticeship, by which a painter learned to practise his art in a recognized and approved manner before making such changes in that manner as his own temperament and his own needs might suggest, was gone; and if it could have been revived there were no longer any masters to take apprentices.

From a photograph by C. Giraudon.

The Bathers. By Fragonard.

In the Louvre.

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The school, which had succeeded to this system, taught only a little drawing, and that of a purely naturalistic kind. Before each individual artist, for the last hundred years, there has been the impossible and heart-breaking task of creating his art again from the beginning; of finding out both what he wanted to do and how he should do it; of discovering and piecing together from the study of nature and of the art of the past, composition and drawing, light and shade and color, even the nature of his materials and the method of handling them. Is it any wonder that modern art has produced great talents but very few masters? Is it any wonder that we can show nothing like the assured and abundant production of the giants of the past? Is it any wonder that the record of modern artists is so often that of failure and despair; of modern art that of inconclusive gropings, leading nowhere but into the bog?

What has been generally known as the Romantic Revolution in art was, so far at least as painting is concerned, essentially an effort to get back the traditions which had been lost, to renew the connection with the past, to rediscover the art. Its great leader, Delacroix, was a man of ardent and romantic temperament, but he had a great respect for the past and for tradition, and it was a sound instinct that led him to found his art upon that of Rubens, the heir of the Venetians and the modifier of their manner to suit more modern requirements. From Rubens, through Watteau, was descended the whole of the French eighteenth century, and from Rubens, through Van Dyck, the whole English School, then still subsisting, though its greatest days were past. If the old conditions could be restored at all it would be by beginning again with the great Fleming as the nearest source of authentic tradition. In a splendid effort to do this Delacroix spent his life, and he produced many noble works in the course of it, but in spite of such personal successes, that life was, in the main, a failure. He was praised and admired and made a member of the Institute, but he could not found a school with a stable tradition.

A similar attempt was made by the great landscape painters, Rousseau and Corot. They were both profound students of nature, and the addition they made to the world's stock of knowledge of natural aspects was so great that we are apt to think of them as naturalists first of all. In reality they were both of classic temper. Rousseau founded his art upon Ruysdael and Hobbema, Corot founded his upon Claude and Poussin. Their effort was to vitalize tradition and turn it to new uses; to gain new knowledge but to crystallize it in forms reminiscent of the past. Look at any of their characteristic works and you will feel, underlying the detailed study of natural forms in Rousseau, underlying the atmospheric mystery of Corot, a something which connects these modern pictures with everything fine that had been done before them. Modern as they are, they are pervaded with the Classic Spirit.

But of all these "revolutionaries" the most classically minded was precisely that one who was considered the most revolutionary of all, Jean François Millet. This "man of the woods," as his fellow-pupils in Delaroche's studio called him, this painter of peasants whom the critics of the day thought a socialist and almost a bomb-thrower, was a conservative of conservatives, a worshipper of that stern old classicist Poussin, the last practitioner of "the grand style." So essentially classic was he that, in the pages to follow, you will find me citing him more often, in illustration of my meaning, than any other modern painter, unless it be that greatest of the upholders of the official school—Ingres.

For, during all the changes that have passed over the art of France, the "school" has subsisted, and still subsists, modifying slowly its regimen, producing many respectable painters if very few great ones, supplying a training most imperfect, indeed, but the only thing resembling a training of any kind that is to be had. To the school the very men who have revolted against it owe a great part of their effective force, and to the school, as a restraining influence, we probably owe it that the present state of the art is not more chaotic and more hopeless than it actually is.

Of the destructive and disintegrating influences that have been brought to bear on modern art, the most damaging was probably the invention of photography. In the old days the young artist learned his art first, accepting the methods and the formulæ of his master, before he went to nature that he might add his own observations to

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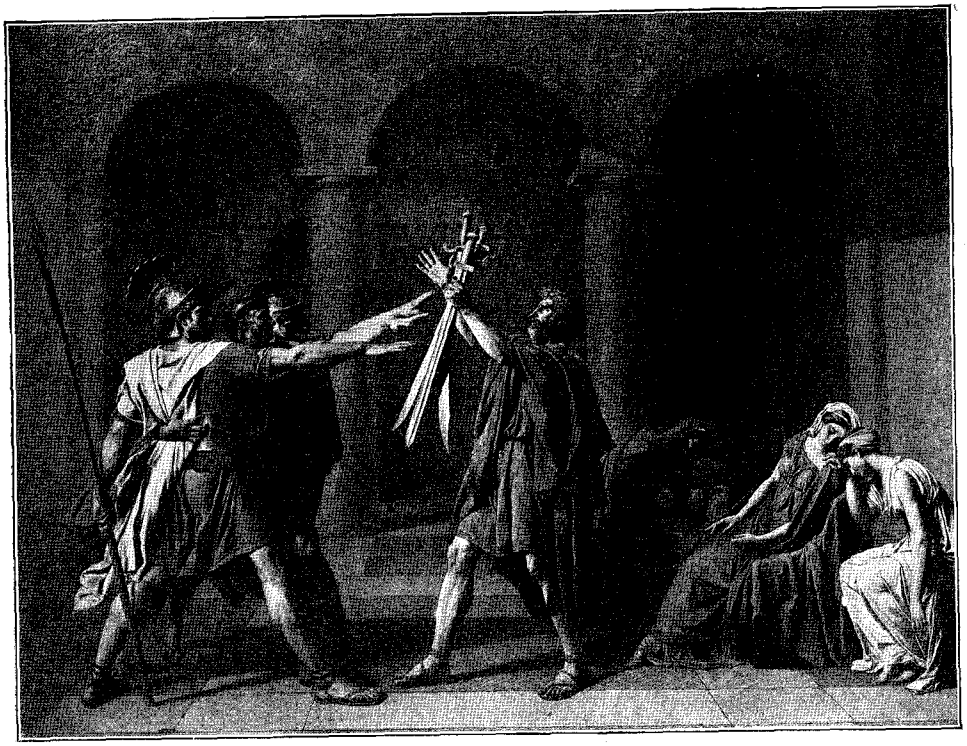

The Oath of the Horatii. By David.
In the Louvre.

the inherited stock. Nowadays he is set to study nature in the beginning, being left to find his own conventions as best he may. The result of this has been greatly to increase the tendency of the young artist to consider the exact imitation of nature as the primary problem of art. Photography seemed to show him, all at once, what nature actually looks like, and painting embarked on a long and ruinous emulation of the camera. What had been a natural and, in some respects, a healthy and necessary preoccupation of the student became the guiding principle of a lifetime, and men thought not of how to produce a beautiful picture, but of what were the exact facts of the world about them.

In England the result was the Pre-Raphaelite movement, which finally transformed itself into the æsthetic movement of Rossetti and Burne-Jones, but not before it had destroyed what was left of the older English school. Some part of the old tradition still lingered there, and Etty, though an artist of limited range, was a sound and brilliant technician. He has had no successor, and English art, since the days of the Brotherhood, has been drifting rudderless, like that of other countries.

In France the same desire for realism influenced a long line of men, from Courbet, who, fortunately for us, was not so realistic as he thought himself, to Bastien-Le Page. I was myself a student in Paris when Bastien was making some of his first great successes, and can look back now, with a certain amusement, at the exaggerated estimation in which we held him. Here, it seemed to us, was the last word of art—the consummation to which everything had been tending. All progress in art had been, we thought, a nearer approximation to the truth of nature—here was the truth itself, as literal and as like as the image at the back of a camera. The exact portraiture of a particular peasant woman in a particular hay-field under the nearly unchanging light of a cloudy sky—that being the only out-door light in which such detailed portraiture is possible—what more could one ask? Well, somehow, one did ask more. Composition and line and color

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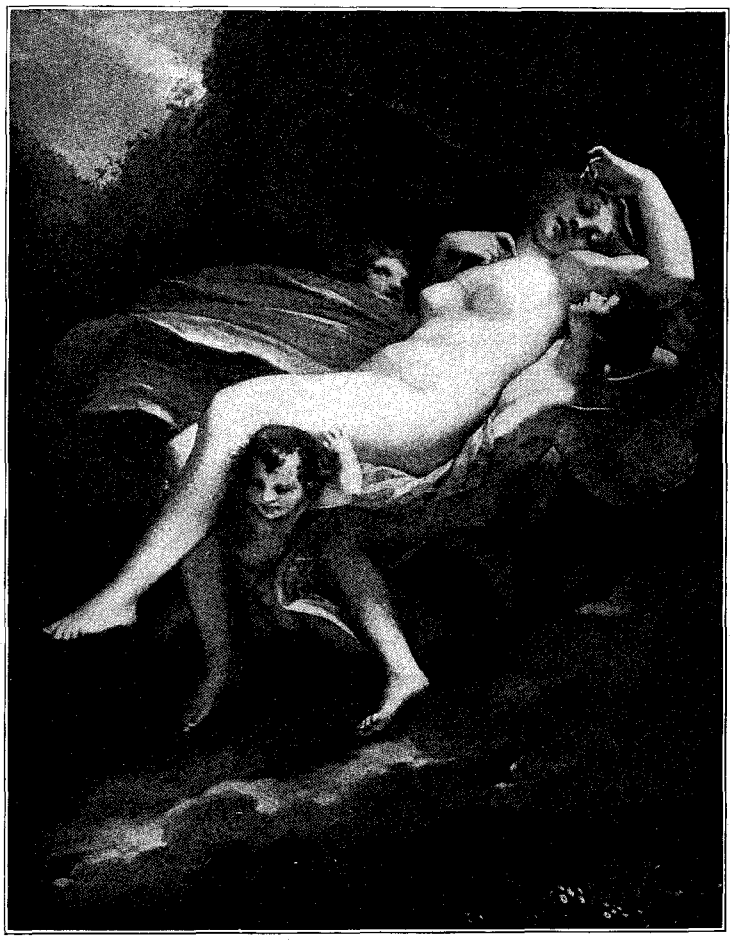
and beauty of workmanship continued to assert themselves as desirable qualities, and by this time all the world is pretty well agreed that pure naturalism is a failure.



L'Enlèvement de Psyché. By Prudhon.
In the Louvre.

Now that some artists and some critics are trying to prove that photography may be an art we are ready for the definite conclusion that art should not be photographic.

Another manifestation of the naturalistic tendency is what has usually been called the impressionistic movement—that which people are now beginning to call luminism. What is essential in it is an investigation of the laws of light and an effort to invent means of rendering the effects of natural light upon objects. It is not necessary, here, to go deeply into the question of the nature or validity of these means, or the measure of success attained. The impressionists managed, at least, to call attention to the existence of light and color and to enliven the palette even of the schoolmen. But the movement was scientific rather than artistic, and the pictures of its strongest man, Claude Monet, often seem like a series of demonstrations rather than things of beauty created for human delight. It is, really, only in this country that the impressionistic formula has been seized upon for its capabilities of beauty and, in the hands of Hassam and others, bent to the ends of decoration.

While all this intensive study of natural fact and natural aspect was going on, there

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were artists who revolted from it; artists who cared more for art than for nature and whose effort was for self-expression rather than for the recording of observations. I shall mention but two of them, men of widely differing temperaments and achievements, because the nature and the degree of their success and failure seem to me symptomatic of the disease of nineteenth-century art—Gustave Moreau and James McNeill Whistler. Moreau was a man of intellect, a poet and a dreamer; Whistler was pure painter, caring only for the material beauty of his production, and despising any literary implication. Both were entirely out of sympathy with the art that was practised about them and with the public to whom they must appeal. Moreau shut himself up and produced in loneliness and isolation a series of strange works, often of great beauty but with a taint of morbidity in them. Whistler fought the world instead of flying from it, and wasted in brilliant but futile controversy half the strength that should have gone to the creation of masterpieces. The weakness of the one was a lack of balance, of the other a lack of training; of both, the absence of any normal and right relation to their public. How pitifully slight is the production of either compared to the magnificent fecundity of those old masters who, secure in the possession of a sound tradition and assured of a constant demand for what they could do, poured forth masterpiece after masterpiece with the ease of a fruit tree bearing good fruit. For it is only in our modern time that the unpopularity of the greatest artists has become so proverbial that we are tempted to think unpopularity a proof of greatness. In the great days of art the artist understood his public and his public understood him, and together they produced those works which we still admire. It is not till the time of Rembrandt that we hear of unappreciated genius, and even then Rembrandt is the exception, not the rule.

It is this lack of relation between the artist and the public that has created the modern exhibition, and the exhibition, necessary as it has become, is a necessary evil. It has made art, what it should never

Dance of the Nymphs. By Corot.
In the Louvre.

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be, competitive, and has set each artist to outshriek his rivals in the bid for public notice. First it created those bastard forms of art, the "gallery picture" and the "machine du Salon." Then it begat the sensational subject, and we had blood and horror as our daily diet. When these became too common to attract attention there was nothing left for it but eccentricity of method; and that eccentricity has become more and more extreme until it has seemed that modern art is bent upon emulation of the Gadarene swine and is rushing down a steep place into the sea.

Of some of the phases of ultra-modern art I find it difficult to speak with fairness or with any patience. I should wish to believe in a certain element of honest conviction in it and to accept the explanation of its adherents that it is a revolt against naturalism and an effort to get back the abstract quality and expressiveness of lines and colors, independently of their representative character. If so, the pendulum has swung as far to one side as it had swung to the other. But there seems to me, also, to be a vast amount of mere charlatanism among the Neo-Impressionists and the Post-Impressionists, and an even larger amount of sheer madness. Van Gogh cut off his own ear when he failed to kill his friend Gauguin with a razor; Toulouse-Lautrec had a keeper; several others committed suicide or died in asylums. And still the game goes on, until we have men painting and exhibiting things made up of outlines that look like the drawings of a bad boy on the walls of an out-house and of flat masses of primary colors arranged with no conceivable relation to nature. We have even had compositions in which the human figure is represented by a series of triangles and a portrait is symbolized by an arrangement of cubes, and we have critics writing books and articles to prove that this is the real and vital art, the "art of the future."

It seems to me quite evident that any further "progress" in this direction is impossible. We have reached the edge of the cliff and must turn back or fall into the abyss. It may be that such a turning back is impossible. It may be that there is never again to be a sane and vigorous art, firmly based on a sound tradition, appealing to and understood by its public and producing naturally and without convulsion something for which that public has a use. But if such an art *is* to exist again it can only be by the reversal of those tendencies that brought us to the present pass. The scientific spirit, the contempt of tradition, the lack of discipline, and the exaltation of the individual have very nearly made an end of art. It can only be restored by the love of beauty, the reverence for tradition, the submission to discipine, and the rigor of self-control. We must get back to the permanent and the eternal—we must regain the Classic Spirit.

This spirit has much more in common with modern naturalism than with modern emotionalism and modern individualism, though it is apart from either. It can make room—has always made room—for the study of nature. It recognizes that painting is essentially an imitative art, and that its raw material is the aspect of the external world. It can use any amount of knowledge of this aspect, and it has no toleration of ignorance or indolence; but it also recognizes that painting is an art, not a science, and that knowledge unassimilated and unsubdued to the ruling purpose of art is useless and obstructive. The primary business of painting is to create a beautiful surface, beautifully divided into interesting shapes, enlivened with noble lines, varied with lovely and harmonious colors. Its secondary business is to remind the spectator of things he has seen and admired in nature, and to create the illusion of truth. The amount of actual truth it shall contain will vary with the purpose and the situation. Very little will do for the ornamentation of a vase, but an easel-picture may contain so much as to seem—not to be—an exact record of observed facts. If it break the connection altogether and cease to suggest nature it may still be art, but it will cease to be the art of painting. On the other hand, the amount of art it shall contain is constant. The artistic intention must dominate everything, control everything, mould everything to its purpose. Its sovereignty must be absolute and complete.

But so to control facts, and to bend them to one's purpose, one must know them, and know them vastly better than he who merely copies them. There is a certain kind of naturalism that is only less indolent than the ignoring of nature. With a good eye and a

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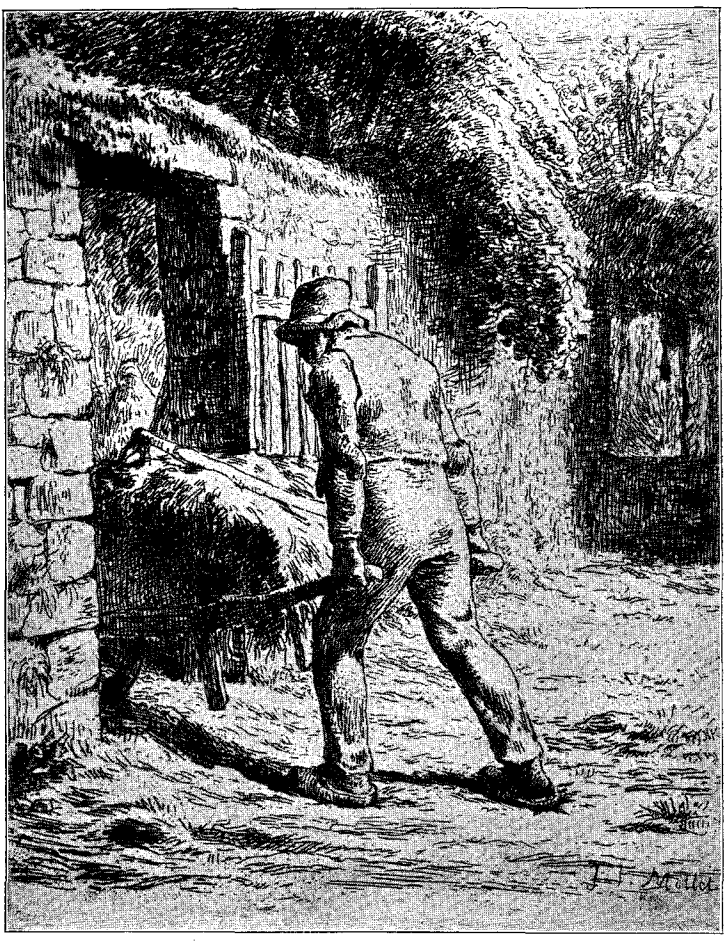

Peasant with Wheelbarrow.
From the etching by Millet.

good deal of practice you may copy a head or an arm, pretty well, without much intellectual strain. To *learn* that head or that arm, so that you shall be able to distinguish the essential from the accidental; so that you shall know what is important in it, and to your purpose, and what is not; to master it, in a word—that is a man's work and takes the whole of the man.

But if it is difficult to learn nature, as a classicist should know it, it is even more difficult to learn art. It is not merely that we have, to-day, no authoritative tradition, and must build one for ourselves. If we, in this country, were entirely shut off from the rest of the world and from all the art that has been produced, we should, quite naturally, set to work to produce an art of our own, and we should produce it. It might take a long time in the doing, but we should do it, as every other people has done. That sort of natural production has, however, become forever impossible. Photography and modern means of communication have brought the ends of the earth together and rendered all ages contemporary. We have become as familiar with the art of Egypt and of Assyria as with that of the nineteenth century, and the art of Japan is no more strange to us than that of England. We know all art, superficially—we know no art thoroughly. We have all the traditions to study, and we have none of our own. We can but pick and choose, trying to disentangle the important and the universal from the unimportant and the

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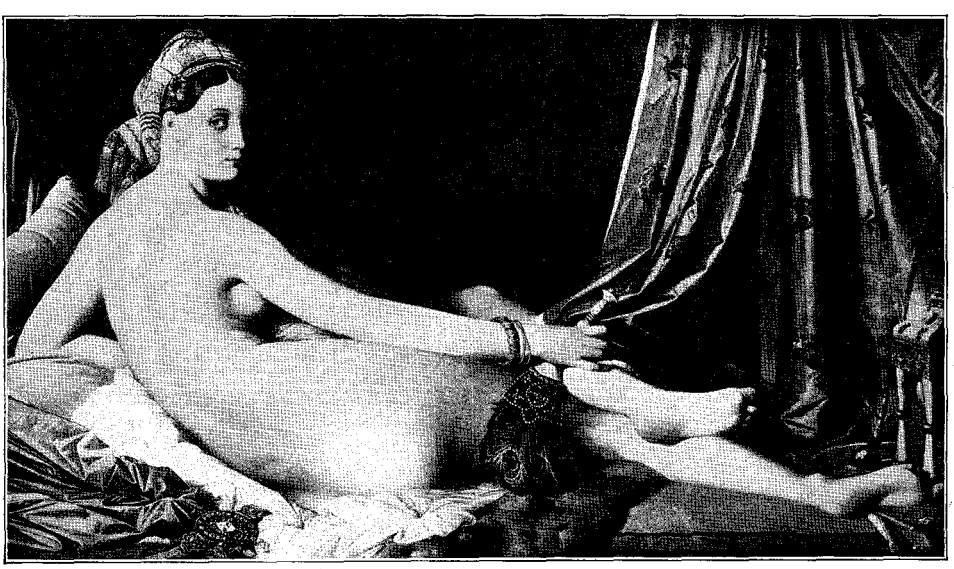
local or temporary, to decide what is proper and useful for us and to neglect the rest. We can only hope to make a tradition for ourselves out of many traditions by a series of eliminations.

The task is a tremendous one and, as I have said, I do not know whether it is possible of performance. But there are reasons which lead me to believe that if the thing can be done at all it is more likely to be done here in America than anywhere else.

Because we are a new people the world seems to expect of us a new art, radically different in some strange way from the art of older countries, and to be disappointed at our conservatism. It seems to me that precisely because we are a new people our art might have been expected to be conservative. We have not yet had enough of the old and fine things to be wearied of them. We do not find it necessary to strain our invention in the effort to discover some new spice for a jaded appetite. In this country it is only a few critics who suffer from artistic indigestion—the rest of the world is not yet tired of hearing Aristides called the Just. We are, in all things, at bottom, a conservative people, but in nothing are we so much so as in all matters concerning art. Our literature, our architecture, our painting and sculpture are more conservative and less influenced by fads and fashions than any now going in the world. Of our great public buildings it may be said, and it has been made a reproach to them, that there is nothing distinctively American about them. Yet such buildings are produced nowhere else, to-day, because everywhere else, architects are striving to produce something new. Here they are willing to do the obvious—the classic—thing because the classic thing has not yet become obvious to us. If we go on doing the classic thing in architecture until its language has become natural and easy to us, there is a possibility that we may begin to use it originally, and to produce, almost without knowing it, a national style. If we strive for originality now, there is little hope of anything better than the architectural chaos that we have had so much of.

As with our architecture, so it is with our painting. There is, already, something like an "American School" of painting, and the most notable characteristic of that school is its conservatism. It is by no means so conservative as I would have it, or so free from the dangers which threaten all modern art, but it is, on the whole, the sanest and soundest school existing.

I have heard this conservatism of our American artists attributed to a mere desire of popularity, rather than to anything



Odalisque Couchée. By Ingres.
In the Louvre.

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like a respect for law and for tradition on the part of the artists themselves. If this were true there would still be something to be said in favor of it. The public is entirely right if it demands sanity and sobriety of the artist; and the artist is entirely right if, without compromising his artistic ideal, he strives to produce something which the public wants. After all, why should not art be popular? The greatest art always has been so. The art of Phidias was popular in Athens; the art of Titian was popular in Venice; the art of Raphael was popular in Rome, and everywhere else, and has remained popular to this day. Under proper conditions art would always be popular, for the artist would be one of the people, having the same ideals and thoughts and feelings as the public he served, and would, quite naturally, express the mind of his public as his public would have it expressed. I do not say that all great art is popular—still less that all popular art is great. But I do say that when art is not popular something is wrong, either with the art or with the public—or with both. And when inferior art is popular it is because of the good in it, not because of the evil.

But it is not true that the mere desire of popularity—the commercial consideration of what will sell—is at the bottom of the comparative conservatism of American painting. American painters are as sincere and as earnest as any in the world, but their sincerity and their earnestness are not leading them to the search for novelty. In all countries the ordinary painter, like the ordinary man of any kind, takes the easiest way. The mass of the painters of this country, as of all countries, practise the current methods of the time; but the exceptional men, instead of striving for something new, are trying to get back to something old. They are trying to get back composition and the monumental style; they are trying to get back the expressiveness of the line; they are attempting purity and beauty of color; they are even trying to revive old technical methods, underpainting in tempera and using glazes again, which modern art had almost tabooed.

I would not have you think there is little to be done—if it were so I should not be making this plea for the Classic Spirit. There is very much to be done. Our art is not only far below what an art should be; not only far below what the art of the Renaissance was; it is still far below what the art of France was in the earlier part of the nineteenth century. But just as certainly, I believe, is it the best art now being produced in the world, and the art, of all now being produced in the world, that has the most in common with the great art of the past and the largest promise for the art of the future.

In the course of a trip to Europe, taken last summer, the truth of this statement was strongly impressed upon me. It is true I saw little of modern painting, and it was the study of older art that made me feel the kinship to it of the art we are making here. The more I saw of the great masterpieces of the Renaissance the more encouraged I felt as to the validity of the best work I had seen at home, and the more I found myself saying, "This is what we, in America, have been trying to do." For the other end of the comparison I must call another witness—one out of many. Last spring a very distinguished American painter who had resided for many years in France was temporarily in this country, and was taken by a brother artist to see the exhibitions of the Ten American Painters and of the National Academy of Design. The exhibition of the Academy was, as it always is, crowded and ill-displayed from lack of adequate galleries, and this lack of space and crowding had kept, as it always does, some of our best artists from exhibiting at all. It was a fair average display of current work, not a selection of the best. Yet in the opinion of this artist, fresh from years of foreign residence, it was of an extraordinarily high average of merit, which it would be impossible to parallel, to-day, in Paris. He was quite as enthusiastic as to the smaller exhibition, saying, again, that such a showing of ten men would be impossible in Paris; to which the not too boastful answer was: "We have twenty others as good, here in America."

There is plenty of such testimony, if it were necessary to cite it. We do not know how good our art really is. We are, naturally enough, afraid of our own judgment and unable to believe that anything can be really good until the world has said so in unmistakable terms. To such of the general public as will listen to me I would say: patronize our own art. Patronize it as dis-

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criminatingly and intelligently as possible, but patronize it. There is no other way in which you can do so much good to art, and, if you need a more personal motive, there is no other way in which you are so likely to get your money's worth.

To the young artist my message would be somewhat different. To him I would say: our art is, indeed, the best alive to-day, but the best is but poor compared to what has been or to what should be. Let us strive to make it equal to any, and to that end let us fill ourselves with the Classic Spirit. Let us strive for perfection, recognizing that perfection is only to be attained by discipline and by self-control. Let us think not what is new, but what is good; not what is easy and attractive, but what is eternally right. Let us attach ourselves to what is noblest in the art of the past, trying to understand the reason of its nobility, and spend ourselves in generous emulation. Let us believe that passion and personality will find their way into our art, if we have them, and that it is a poor and sapless individuality that can be killed by a little hard work. Only in this spirit can a great art be created. Only in this spirit can a true school of painting exist. If we have this spirit, I believe, there is at least a chance that a great school of painting may come to exist here in our own country.

IN THE BLUE RIDGE

By Olive Tilford Dargan

THE mountain night is shining, Jim of Tellico,
Shining so it hurts the heart to see
The gleam upon the laurel leaf, the locust shaking snow
To the rippling Nantahala that is laughing up to me,—
Hurts till the cry comes and the big tears are free.
Oh, why should my heart cry to you that will not hear,
Yonder where the ridges lie so still above the town?
But the pain that's calling seems to bring you near,
As the tears in my eyes bring the stars a-swimming down.

Mother never smiles, with my baby on her knee,
Father curses deep, and breathing hard your name,
But never do I hear and never do I see,—
I with my head low, working out my shame,
Eyes burning dry and my heart like a flame,—
For I hate you then, I hate you, Jim of Tellico,
And grip my needle tighter, every stitch a sin,
The hate growing bigger till the thing I sew
Seems a shroud I'm glad a-making just to lay you in.

Then the slow sun passes with its day-long stare
Like a bold eye at the window when the blind
Is missing and you mustn't know the eye is there
But shut your heart up close and hide the thing you mind —
And comes the blessed twilight calling of its kind,

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When all the little creatures with soft voices stir,
  Crying to me "Come, we're waiting, don't you see!"
Till I lay my needle by—Oh, how the sweet woods whirr!—
  And fly down to the river that is laughing up to me.

Then the hate goes out o' me, with the moonlight creeping in,
  And the water crooning cool-like in my veins.
Who could smell the white azalea, thinking then of sin,
  Or look on laurel buds a-caring for her pains?
  It's just my heart breaks open and the wild flood rains.
O, the beauty, beauty, Jim, of the moon-mist winding slow
  Till the tall lynns cannot reach it though they quiver up to hold
One leafy moment more the breathing, gliding flow
  Of the loosened wreath of silver lifting into gold!

The moosewood bride is glowing, all her curls awave,
  The colt'sfoot in millions makes the ground like a bed,
So sweet-breathed and green now, in winter scarlet-brave,—
  And blossom lips of tulip trees are meeting overhead,
  But never shall a tear fall for their love spent and dead.
Doves are brooding yonder in that clump of maples deep,—
  Do maple leaves come soonest for they love to hide
The earliest nest and hear the first faint cheep
  That tells them of the joy too dear and sweet to bide?

The joy that was my own, Jim, when our birdling came,
  Telling me that love is never spent and dead,—
Though you left the tears to me and left to me the shame,—
  For the wildwood broke in blossoms round my bed,
  And the fairest on my bosom laid its stainless head.
Can God who made this night his own great heart to please,
  And made that other night like this—a year ago—
Be mad at us for loving? Oh, I fall upon my knees
  And beg him bless you, bless you ever, Jim of Tellico!

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RECOLLECTIONS, GRAVE AND GAY

BY MRS. BURTON HARRISON

VI

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND has said that "every brain is like a monastery of the Middle Ages, or a beehive. It is thought that no man, however learned or experienced he might be, ever contrived during all his life to so much as even half fill the cells of his memory. Yes, they are all there—every image of the past, every face which has ever smiled on us—every line read in print, every picture, every face and house, is there——"

It is certain that since I began to write these pages, memory has summoned up for me many names, persons, and circumstances of my early youth that had been overlaid by a thousand succeeding impressions, and apparently forgotten.

I will try to extract from my honeycomb some of the personalities of the war. But as I am writing *currente calamo*, with but a few old letters and jottings of a girl's diary to draw upon, I must take them as they come.

Our most illustrious caller that spring was the commander-in-chief of the Army of Northern Virginia. General Lee came one evening, and after a pleasant talk with my mother and me, arose to go, we escorting him to the front door. It was broad moonlight, and I recall as if it were yesterday, the superb figure of our hero standing in the little porch without, saying a few last words as he swung his military cape around his shoulders. It did not need my fervid imagination to think him the most noble-looking mortal I had ever seen. As he swept off his hat for a second and final farewell, he bent down and kissed me, as he often did the girls he had known from their childhood. At that time General Lee was literally the idol of the Confederacy. His moral grandeur, recognized by all, lifted him into the region where "envy, nor calumny, nor hate, nor pain" ventured not to assail him. We felt, as he left us and walked off up the quiet leafy street in the moonlight, that we had been honored as by more than royalty.

We went often to Mrs. Davis's receptions, where the president never failed to say kind words in passing, and sometimes to tarry for a pleasant chat. Always grave, always looking as if he bore the sorrows of a world, he was invariably courteous, and sometimes playful in his talk with very young women. These entertainments of Mrs. Davis, held in the evening between limited hours, were attended by every one not in deep mourning. The lady of the Confederate White House, while not always sparing of witty sarcasms upon those who had affronted her, could be depended upon to conduct her salon with extreme grace and conventional ease. Her sister, Margaret Howell, aided to lend it brilliancy. I have always regretted that my path in life and that of Mme. de Stoeurs have diverged so widely since.

To one of these receptions, Hetty and I had accepted the escort of a captain, convalescent after the loss of a leg in service, who, poor fellow, was rejoicing in the possession of a new artificial leg of the latest pattern with all modern improvements, sent to him through the blockade. We had all three walked together through the dimly lit streets for but a short distance, when our escort gave signs of distress—halted, begged our pardon, stammered, then declared he could go no further, as his leg had "come unstrapped." The street was empty of passers, and we, filled with dismay at our inability to serve, could but aid him to back up against a house wall and, one on either side of him, stand there almost crying through sympathy, to await the arrival of assistance. After a long delay some officers came up by whom we were relieved of our charge and finally convoyed to the president's house.

Mrs. Semmes, wife of the Louisiana Senator, a handsome woman with a gift for

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tragic acting that might have carried her far upon any stage, gave an evening of charades in pantomime. Mrs. Chestnut had asked to call and take me there "in a carriage"—a great event, as we usually walked everywhere! Until I read her diary published long after her death, I had no idea of the marital discussion that had gone on between her husband and her lively self about the price of that carriage—"twenty-five dollars for the evening." When she arrived at our house, we had just been hearing from Von Borcke about the compliment paid him by Congress the day before, a vote of "thanks of the country to Major Héros Von Borcke." He blushed tremendously, as always when we praised him. I think he and young Preston Hampton were also asked by Mrs. Chestnut to share in the transit to the party in that twenty-five-dollar carriage. She was so delightful we did not care if we never got there. In her diary, she says she sent it back for her husband, who brought Hetty Cary and Mr. Tucker, so it certainly did duty as an omnibus.

When we reached the Semmes's, the drawing-rooms were crowded with smart people, the president and Mrs. Davis, Mr. Benjamin the silver-tongued secretary of state, Mr. and Mrs. Mallory and their sparkling little Ruby, with all the high world of the government. When it came my turn to perform (in something forgotten, where I wore a cap and apron and carried a duster) they had to wrench me away from a lively and pleasant conversation with the president, whom I was trying to amuse between the acts.

Of that performance, easily the best feature was the strong realistic acting of the hostess; and we considered it an achievement that she had induced the hitherto haughty and unyielding secretary of the president not only to appear in such things at all, but to cut off his mustache in order to be an Indian chief, and also Eleazar to her Rebecca at the Well. Long after, when my husband consented to put on an Arab sheik's costume to please us, in Jerusalem, I was reminded of his attire in the Semmes's tableaux, made up by Mrs. Davis and Miss Howell from Oriental shreds and patches found about the house.

General Stuart was, I think, one of their performers; a tremendous card for the management when induced to stalk through a pilgrimage scene and lay his sword at the foot of a votive cross; then, Mr. Cooper de Leon, in gloom and chains, represented so thrillingly a condemned prisoner in Bridewell, as to leave the audience inconsolable till the lights were turned up again. And lastly, the evening was made memorable by a supper from the hands of a chef; not a supper of make-shifts and dire disappointments to the palate, but a genuine old-time banquet.

One of the most picturesque and royally remembered figures of our war was that same Prussian baron, Lieut.-Col. Héros Von Borcke, serving as a volunteer on Stuart's staff. When he first appeared among us, in the spring of '63, he was a giant in stature, blond and virile, with great curling golden mustaches, and the expression in his wide-open blue eyes of a singularly modest boy. It was said that he rode on the biggest horse and wielded the heaviest sabre in the army, making his appearance in skirmish or battle a living terror to his enemy. Holding, from the first, high place in the esteem of his fellow-officers and superiors, Von Borcke, whom the troopers styled "Major Bandbox," won brilliant renown in service, and was equally popular in society in Richmond. To dance with him in the swift-circling, never-reversing German fashion was a breathless experience, and his method of avoiding obstacles in the ball-room was simply to lift his partner off her feet without altering his step, and deposit her in safety farther on. Poor Von Borcke received a dangerous wound in the throat in battle, and was nursed back to life again by the family of the late Prof. Thomas R. Price, of Columbia, then resident near Richmond. He went back into service, despite the fact that "my bullet," as he always called it, was never removed and became liable upon any unusual exertion to move its position and threaten to choke him. Once, when sitting in our drawing-room, he insisted upon leaning over the back of a sofa to pick up a wandering thimble from the floor, the effort bringing on a frightful fit of coughing and struggling for breath, which my dear mother dealt with skilfully, while we girls assisted with tears streaming from our eyes. I have two photographs of Von Borcke before and after his wound, the first, of the Athos, Por-

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thos, and Aramis variety of manly hero, the last, painfully thin and emaciated. It was some consolation to his friends in the South, when after having fought with distinction in the Franco-Prussian War, married and settled upon his ancestral estates in Pomerania, Colonel Von Borcke returned to visit America, displaying far more than his original supply of avoirdupois. An absence in Europe at this time prevented our claiming the pleasure of receiving him at our home. His own account of his adventures in our war was published soon after it, in *Blackwood's Magazine*. He died some years since, and it is certain that no hero of our side has been more treasured in memory both for his dashing feats at arms and his lovable qualities of mind and heart than he.

Prince Camille de Polignac, who as readily adapted himself to our simple ways in Richmond as he had done to the courts of Europe, was much liked in our society. I can still remember his look of sudden dismay when a guileless Richmond hostess, at the end of an evening party, asked him if he would "mind seeing" a certain young lady "home." This meant a sufficiently long walk without chaperon, through the dim streets, but the prince acquiesced gravely, and wrapping his Napoleonic cloak around him strode majestically beside his charge, hardly speaking till he deposited her at the parental door.

I do not remember any other distinguished leader of his race among us, since the Comte de Paris and Duc de Chartres—greeted, we are told on the authority of Dr. "Bull Run" Russell, by a member of Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet when a little the worse for wine, as "Captain Chatters" and "Captain Paris"—did not pursue their army investigations on the Southern side.

A very handsome and plucky young Englishman, Lord Edward St. Maur, of the Duke of Somerset's family, who had come to America with the Marquis of Hartington, appeared in Richmond in the spring of 1862, and bore himself with gallantry under hot fire with Longstreet at the battle known as "Frayser's Farm" or "Glendale"; soon afterward going by flag of truce into the Union lines, and returning to England, to the regret of Richmond people who had hoped to see more of him. General Moxley Sorrel records that Lord Edward met the sad fate of being mauled and eaten by a tiger while hunting big game in India.

Col. Garnet Wolseley, of the British Army, now Viscount Wolseley, who had endeared himself to all Southerners of the true faith by his splendid eulogies of Lee—ranking him with Marlborough and Wellington—made a flying visit to the Confederacy, coming through from Canada where he was then stationed. "Praise from Sir Hubert" are Lord Wolseley's words of the Southern leaders, since he himself climbed to the pinnacle of the ladder of fame in military service, to become field marshal and commander-in-chief of the British Army.

The Hon. Francis Lawley, correspondent in the Confederacy for the London *Times*, is cordially remembered among the survivors of the Southern friends whose cause he so generously espoused.

Frank Vizetelly, correspondent and artist for the London *Illustrated News*, could hardly have been called a "ladies' man," but we met him several times, and were immensely entertained by his varied accomplishments. He was a big, florid, red-bearded Bohemian—of a type totally unfamiliar to us Virginians—who could and would do anything to entertain a circle. In our theatricals, tableaux, and charades, he was a treasure trove. Everything he proposed was according to what they had done in London in the theatrical club of which Charles Dickens was the shining light, and we of course bowed before his superior knowledge. He painted our scenery, and faces, made wigs and armor, and was a mine of suggestion in stage device. He sang songs, told stories, danced *pas seuls*, and was generally most kind and amusing. The men said he was very plucky in the saddle and on the battle-field. Later in life, we heard of him in wars here, there, and everywhere, in the service of the London *Illustrated News*. To our sincere regret, we learned of his death under Hicks Pasha, in the Soudan, and were glad to find his name inscribed with honor on a memorial tablet set in the wall of grand old St. Paul's in London.

At the time of which I am now writing, Lieutenant-Colonel Freemantle of the British Coldstream Guards had not yet come to Richmond, where he afterward joined General Lee's army and went with it in the disastrous invasion of Pennsylvania. No one ever heard Colonel Freemantle spoken

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of by his Southern comrades save in terms of enthusiastic praise. When he went back to England after this campaign his book, "Three Months in the Southern States," was published, making its way to the Confederacy, where its charming spirit and interesting presentment of the situation were greatly welcomed. By the next season we were all eagerly reading this little *brochure* reprinted in Mobile for circulation in the army. During the remainder of his life Sir Arthur Lyon-Freemantle, K.C.M.G., held distinguished place in the British army and was during four years governor of Malta, a place of highest honor in his Majesty's service.

VII

DARK days were in store for Richmond. An incipient bread-riot occurred in her streets in April, when a large number of women and children of the poorer class met and marched through Main and Cary Streets, attacking and sacking several stores kept by known speculators. President Davis, Governor Letcher, General Elzey, and General Winder, with Mr. Seddon, secretary of war, met the painful situation by prompt but kind measures, and personal appeal. Rations of rice issued by the government aided to calm the disturbance, which left, however, a distressing impression upon all minds.

A thrilling day for us was the Sunday of Stoneman's raid, when, as usual, a large congregation met at St. Paul's Church, remaining for the communion service. We knew that a big and terrible fight was on at Chancellorsville, in which sons, husbands, brothers of many of the people present were engaged. Outside in the soft spring air, a tumult of war sounds continually distracted our thoughts and racked our nerves. The marching of armed men, the wheels of wagons containing shot and shell, the clash of iron gates in the Capitol Square opposite, went on without ceasing, while repeatedly messengers came up the aisle touching some kneeling or sitting worshipper on the shoulder, a summons responded to by an electric start, and the hurried departure of shocked, pallid people from the church. These were the calls to come and receive some beloved one brought in dead or wounded from the field. To the rector of the church, Dr. Minnegerode, in the act of administering the sacrament with another clergyman, the sexton carried and delivered at the altar rails one of these dread messages, at once obeyed by the father, whose son was reported dead and awaiting him at the railway station. A great weight was lifted from the congregation when the rector, looking dreadfully shaken, but relieved, came back to resume his interrupted service. It was the corpse of another volunteer whom they had mistaken for his boy.

Nothing in the war, perhaps, excepting the surrender, ever struck Richmond with such stunning force as the announcement of Stonewall Jackson's fall, of the amputation of his arm, and finally of his death, following the battle of Chancellorsville. Even the brilliant victory of our arms was placed in total eclipse by this irreparable loss. From the first, when the shy Puritan professor of the Virginia Military Institute had startled the armies by his extraordinary daring and military skill, Jackson had taken hold of the popular mind as a supreme favorite. "Old Stonewall," "Old Jack," or "Old Blue Light," was by the soldiers held in the reverence bestowed by Napoleon's grenadiers upon the person of their sacred emperor. With Lee and Jackson to the fore, quiet people sitting in their homes felt themselves as behind two massive towers of strength, facing and meeting every adverse wind.

And now, Stonewall Jackson, Lee's right arm, was dead of his wounds received, by the awful irony of Fate, at the hands of his own men! Dead? He, the stern Puritan leader, who when he rose up from wrestling in prayer, launched himself like a destroying thunderbolt against the foe! He, whose sword never lay idle in its scabbard, whose iron frame had not once sought repose during all those months of fighting—who saved the day at Manassas by standing like a stone wall, and won himself a deathless sobriquet; who had fought and won so many desperate fights, independently, in the valley; who had smitten McClellan's flank with fury at Seven Pines—Jackson, to follow whom the flower of our Southern youths were proud to suffer all things—this indeed was a blow under which his country staggered.

When they brought his body from the place of his death to Richmond, all citizens

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were in the streets, standing uncovered, silent or weeping bitterly, to see the funeral train pass to the Capitol.

We were admitted privately late at night into the hall where the great leader lay in state. Two guards pacing to and fro in the moonlight streaming through high windows, alone kept watch over the hero whose name had been a terror to his foes. A lamp burned dimly in one end of the hall, but we saw distinctly the regular white outline of the quiet face in its dreamless slumber.

How still he lay, the iron chieftain, the fierce, untiring rider of valley raids! The Confederate flag that covered him was snowed under by the masses of white blossoms left that day by all the fair hands of Richmond, together with laurel wreaths and palms.

And then, Gettysburg! Mourning fell like a pall of crape over the entire South, even though beneath it, hearts still thrilled with deathless pride in the charge of Pickett's Virginians.

VIII

Now came the winter's lull before the new fury of the storm should break forth with the spring. It was evident to all older and graver people that the iron belt surrounding the Southern country was being gradually drawn closer and her vitality in mortal peril of exhaustion. Our armies were dwindling, those of the North increasing with every draft and the payment of liberal bounties. Starved, nearly bankrupt, thousands of our best soldiers killed in battle, their places filled by boys and old men, the Federal Government refusing to exchange prisoners; our exports useless because of armed ships closing in our ports all along the coast, our prospects were of the gloomiest, even though Lee had won victory for our banners in the east. We young ones, who knew nothing and refused to believe in "croakers," kept on with our valiant boasting about our invincible army and the like; but the end was beginning to be in sight.

Christmas in the Confederacy offered as a rule little suggestion of the festival known to plum-pudding-and-Robin-redbreast stories in annuals. Every crumb of food better than the ordinary, every orange, apple, or banana, every drop of wine and cordial procurable, went straightway to the hospitals, public or private. Many of the residents had set aside at least one room of their stately old houses as a hospital, maintaining at their own expense as many sick or wounded soldiers as they could accommodate. On Christmas Eve, all the girls and women turned out in the streets, carrying baskets with sprigs of holly, luckily plentiful, since the woods around Richmond still held its ruddy glow in spots where bullets had not despoiled the trees beyond recall.

Our little household had been gladdened by the return of our midshipman from Charleston, where he had been again on duty, and his re-establishment on board the *Old Pat*, as their school-ship was called by the youngsters. Just here opened a delightful vision. We were all invited to spend Christmas at "The Retreat" in King William County, the way being then open and without danger of interruption, save by overfull rivers. The postscript to this agreeable epistle was brief, but to the point: "Bring your own gentlemen!" After much merriment in deciding whom this would include, the matter settled down into finding out who could be got to go. General Fitz Lee, who gallantly offered himself to the united family as an escort, decided that a possible accident to a then lame ankle might result in serious menace to his return to his command. Of the limited supply of men who could get off for the jaunt, our friends Lee Tucker, naval paymaster C. S., and Capt. Joseph Denegre, of the ordnance department, with my small brother, were happily found available, and in the gray dawn of a December morning, we set off by train from Richmond. At the last minute it was discovered that Midshipman Cary had forgotten his passport, he and Mr. Tucker remaining behind to secure it, thus necessitating a walk next day of half the distance from the terminus of their railway journey, the rest of the way by a hired buggy.

At our stopping-place, reached about 9 A. M., after a cold and joggling run by train, finding Uncle Nebuchadnezzar, a Retreat darkey, in wating in a covered wagon lined with straw, we inquired of him the distance to the house.

"Well, mistis," he answered, beamingly, "it mout be ten miles, and then agin it mout be twenty; some says one, some says

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t'other, but it's a right smart little bit; mebbe it's more, mebbe it's less, but sure as yer bawn, I disremembers."

And "Sure as yer bawn, I disremembers," was incorporated in our *coterie-sprache* from that moment. Whatever were the facts, evening found us still in the wagon, less buoyant than at the start. Our Confederate ideas of pleasuring were on a limited scale compared with those of to-day, when parties of young people must have motors, fur coats, foot-warmers, and Thermos Vacuum flasks to facilitate their winter jaunts. When, toward sunset, we finally turned in at the Retreat gate, amid the barkings of dogs and the rush outdoors of our glad hosts and their children, attended by scarcely less welcoming negroes, all woes were forgotten. Two minutes later we were in enjoyment of intense physical relief, seated around a fire of generous logs sending out a glow that wrapped us in its warmth; and in half an hour we sat down to a table heaped with old-time luxuries. Partridges, a sugar-cured ham, spare-ribs, and sausage—for those who knew what pork at the Retreat could be—corn pone, biscuits, fresh delicious butter, pitchers of mantling cream, and coffee, hot, rich, fragrant, *tasting* of the bean—we had literally no words!

Dear, cheery little "Cousin Nannie," our hostess, despairing because Nebuchadnezzar had taken the wrong ford, thereby causing our delay and suffering, did not stop lamenting over us till we had eaten a disgraceful amount of supper. As soon as possible, she insisted that we girls should go to our rooms, and there, sinking into lavender-scented, linen-spread feather beds, with a fire dancing itself out upon the hearth, and a smiling negro woman waiting to extinguish the candles, elysium was attained. Was it true—could such home comforts still be for us war-worn children of the Confederacy? The last sounds in my waking ears were the patter of childish feet upon the landing, and a merry little golden-haired elf putting her head in at the door to cry, "I'll catch you Christmas gift!" Then the strong delicious aroma of forest greens from the hall below was wafted in as some one in authority captured the tiny invader and bore her off—and so—oblivion.

Next day, a quiet cosey morning on a sofa wheeled up before the fire, with winter sunbeams glancing through crimson curtains into a room bowered in Christmas garlands. At midday, a ramble through a forest heavy with pine odors, where a carpet of brown needles and dry twigs crackled musically underfoot, amid currents of warm perfumed air stirring strangely; across denuded fields, where morning rime still glittered in fence corners upon the skeletons of last summer's wild-flowers, and in the wide blue sky overhead, crows wheeled and cawed—peace everywhere, peace infinite, no evil sight or sound to break the spell—and best of all, on our return to the house to find our two lost sheep of yesterday arrived and safe in the fold! To have had our boy miss that dinner would have robbed it of all savor.

Such a dinner! Served at 3 o'clock P. M. (after a luncheon at 12, of cordials and cakes), the host at his end of the long table, dispensing an emperor among turkeys, "Cousin Nannie" at hers engaged in carving another ham (that of the night before having already gone to its long rest among the house servants)—a ham befrilled with white paper, its pink slices cut thin as shavings, the fat having a nutty flavor—with cloves stuck into a crest of sugar. I remember a course of game, and then the plum pudding, with a berg of vanilla ice cream, and a mould of calves-foot jelly, together with many little iced cakes and rosy apples in pyramids. This for us who had been for months living on salt pork and rice, beans and dried apples, who were to live on that fare (and in short rations too) until poor old Richmond fell! The deeds done with fork and spoon that day, are they not written in the annals of the Retreat?

Once more unto the breach, dear friends! Our holiday was over. Again packed in the wagon, this time with the warmth of kindly good-byes and the memory of a royal welcome, forming a shield around our hearts against cold and all Pandora's box of ills. "And just look here!" said Joe Denegre as we started, designating a large split basket of luncheon hidden in the straw. "Then, don't any of you say there's such a word as trouble in this world."

We creaked along. We sank into deep ruts, and dragged through miry reaches. The drive seemed endless. The cork came out of our persimmon-beer and it filled Lee Tucker's shoe, but nobody complained.

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The victim, possessing a very nice voice of his own, started "If you want to have a good time, jine the cavalry," in which every one chimed. Other songs followed, and catches—"Frère Jacques!" "A southerly wind and a cloudy sky," and "White sand and gray sand." At two o'clock, we had luncheon, and a happy silence fell.

More songs; then "muggins" was proposed, a game of cards I thought detestable; but they played it as earnestly as people nowadays play bridge. Next, Mr. Tucker got out "Elsie Venner" and gave us an example of his elocution in the tea-party of "Mrs. Marilla Rowens." And so we arrived at a ford that, of course, we couldn't cross.

To crown all, it was raining. Captains Denegre and Tucker went off in the gathering darkness through mud ankle-deep, actually reappearing alive and with news of a house somewhere, into which we might be taken. Whatever failed us in those days, it was not Virginian hospitality. The good people whose home we invaded seemed more than pleased to receive us, and next morning betimes, started us again "On to Richmond." By that time all Christmas cheer had gone out of us. To reach a ferry, where there was no ferry-boat proper, only a tiny makeshift of a skiff, we and the mules wearily took up the burden of life again, plodding five miles through sloughs of hopeless mud, up perpendicular hills and down again, till every bone ached and philosophy ceased to be a virtue.

Once more on the shores of classic Pamunkey, liquid mud flowing everywhere, in prospect a crossing, two by two, in a miserable egg-shell made of slimy planks, the bottom quite under water. The crowning feat of our expedition was, on reaching the other shore, all vehicles failing, to take heart of grace and walk six miles in a downpour, to the nearest station of the railway. Old Uncle Nebuchadnezzar, an ebon shade, smiling broadly over his coat-pocket full of Confederate bluebacks administered as tips, remaining with his mules on the far bank of the Stygian river, alone told the tale of our perfect holiday. If it is asked what were our notions of perfection, I would answer that in those days we were sustained by what Cervantes styled "the bounding of the soul, the bursting of laughter, and the quicksilver of the five senses."

As all chronicles of our war-time must of necessity drop often into melancholy detail, I am trying to assemble some of the more cheerful aspects of Richmond life. One day in January, Mrs. George Wythe Randolph, the beautiful Oriental-looking wife of our cousin, the secretary of war, appealed to me to arrange for her an entertainment for an evening party which it devolved upon her to give to social and official Richmond. So I "thought up" a series of charades in pantomime, called in the players I could depend upon, and with the aid of Vizetelly, who not only painted a reversible drop-scene but the faces of all the actors, the affair came off successfully.

The ready muse of Mr. John R. Thompson bubbled over in a set of verses, read with spirit between each word, by Miss Mary Preston in the costume of a Greek chorus. I have them now, in the author's beautiful distinct calligraphy. "Knighthood" was the first word, and when the stanza I shall quote was read, the allusion it contained to General Hood, sitting well to the front in our audience, was a complete surprise. The object of the eulogy, looking like the hero of a Wagner opera, was compelled by a tumult of hand-clappings to arise and bow, blushing to the roots of his hair, and it was several minutes before the performance could go on.

"*Knight* is my first, my Second is a name
That's doubly linked unto enduring fame:
The gentle poet of the Bridge of Sighs,
The hero, cynosure of tenderest eyes,
Hood, whose keen sword has never known a stain
Whose valour brightened Chickamauga's plain,
Well might he stand on glory's blazing roll
To represent to future times my Whole;
For goodlier Knighthood surely never shone
Round fair Queen Bess upon her stately throne
Than his, whose lofty deeds we proudly call our own."

General Hood, who had recently lost a leg in battle, was generally supposed to be engaged to marry the fair and regal being near whom he sat at our entertainment. His staff-surgeon going abroad through the blockade about this time, was reported to carry as his chief's direction for purchase in Paris, this order: "Mem: Three cork legs, and a diamond ring."

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The love-affair attributed to him did not materialize. It was some time after the war, when General Hood, married to a beautiful girl in New Orleans, and subsequently possessed of an unusually liberal allowance of young children, was said upon his travels over the Southern country where he had once wired orders deploying conquering armies, to telegraph ahead for fresh milk at the ensuing station.

From a stray leaf of my working-copy of the programme, I find our *dramatis personæ* in "Pen" were Miss Josephine Chestney as a quaint and pretty *Fanny Squeers*, cajoling Major Ward as *Nicholas Nickleby*, to sharpen her quill pen.

In "Eye" Miss Herndon as the *Widow Wadman*, displayed her ailing orb to Mr. Forbes as *Uncle Toby*.

In "Tent," we had one of those Eastern scenes dear to amateurs, with all the jewels, spangles, and scarfs of friends and family united on the persons of young ladies who loll upon sofa cushions. In this, Mrs. Russell Robinson was a lovely "Light of the Harem." The only harem I ever penetrated in my journeys in Eastern countries was utterly unlike our representation, but we were all quite satisfied.

The word "Penitent" was exquisitely posed by Miss Lizzie Giles in the garb of a novice with what seemed real tears upon her roseate cheeks.

Our next was time-honored "Matrimony." In "Mat" Mr. Robert Dobbin lost his lady-love by too great anxiety in looking for a mat to kneel upon before Miss Pollard.

"Rye" revealed Vizetelly's painted fields as a background for my cousin Hetty Cary's appearance in the guise of a Scotch lassie far too good-looking to be true, a picture several times re-demanded while the piano industriously repeated "Comin' Thro' the Rye." After this scene my cousin was about to go around to sit among the audience, when her presence became necessary to quell an incipient strike among my supers behind the scenes. These volunteers being none other than Gens. J. E. B. Stuart and Fitz Lee, the former declared he wouldn't stay by himself in that stuffy place next the butler's pantry and hold up a step-ladder, unless Miss Hetty Cary would come and talk to him.

The result of this arrangement was that as the curtain was about to rise upon "Money"—where I as a rustic maiden was to divide my smiles between Col. John Saunders, a humble swain of my own estate, and Vizetelly, a plumed cavalier with a purse of gold to offer—a fiasco occurred that nearly wrecked me and the syllable. My scene, charmingly painted as an English thatched cottage wreathed in roses, with a glimpse of the Thames in the background, had a garden fence, on the stile of which I was supposed to be perched coquettishly. Just as I had seated myself upon the stile held up by General Stuart in the rear, and Vizetelly was prepared to make his swaggering entrance from the side while Colonel Saunders began enacting whole volumes of jealousy, my perch gave way and I slid to the ground! Instantly the heroine was transformed into an irate stage-manager, darting behind the scenes to scold an offending super. In vain General Stuart protested abject penitence for having forgotten for a moment and let go, and promised better behavior. Accused of gross neglect while on duty, he was sentenced to lose his position and sit among the audience for the remainder of the show. General Fitz Lee, virtuously declaring that no young lady could make *him* forget his responsibility as a step-ladder, took and held General Stuart's post.

Poor Stuart, gallant and joyous Stuart! Lee's right arm, the meteor cavalryman whose men gloried in following him to the death! In a few short months after this brief dalliance with fun in Richmond, he was to ride his last ride, and be shot down by a bullet from the outpost, after the battle of the Yellow Tavern. In all our parties and pleasurings, there seemed to lurk a foreshadowing of tragedy as in the Greek plays where the gloomy end is ever kept in sight.

For those of this generation less familiar than were we with Stuart's fame, I quote a striking description from a book called the "Crisis of the Confederacy," written by an English officer, Capt. Cecil Battine, of the 15th King's Hussars:

"James Stuart, or Jeb, as he was called in the army, from his first initials, proved himself in his short career the greatest warrior amongst the great men who have been

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so called. Whether or not he was really descended from Robert the Bruce, he certainly inherited the kingly talent for leading men and making war. He won the great battle of May 3, which was decisive in this campaign, by skilful and gallant leading. He was but twenty-eight years old when he took Jackson's place at the head of the Second Corps." And again, in describing Chancellorsville: "The signal was then given for an assault right along the line. While the guns swept the road and the clearing on either side of it, Stuart led his infantry once more across the ravine, singing at the top of his voice, and waving his sword. His blonde beard, blue eyes, and noble figure on horseback recalled the Norman hero who led the van at Hastings, singing the songs of Roland."

The finale of our performance at General Randolph's (given before the president, the cabinet, and as many more official people as the spacious rooms could hold) was very satisfying to our pride, although that is a condition rarely missing from the efforts of amateur actors. The whole word "Matrimony" was embodied in the quarrel-scene from the "School for Scandal," beginning with the peevish protest of *Sir Peter:* "Lady Teazle, Lady Teazle, I'll not bear it," in which the protean Mr. Lee Tucker and the writer of these lines took the parts of the ill-matched pair. My costume that night was like a New England minister's donation party, a combination of unrelated parts, contributed by friends. Miss Maria Freeland, our neighbor, had at the last moment sent over the white ostrich plume sought wildly among my friends without success, that crowned the superstructure of my powdered locks, and I wore dear knows whose pearl necklace, in mortal fear of losing it. Everybody borrowed, everybody lent, we had not the least reserve in seeking.

That winter, also, was given at Colonel Ives's residence the amateur performance of which several accounts have recently gone into print. Mrs. Clement Clay as *Mrs. Malaprop* was astonishingly good, dominating our little stage with the ease of a veteran actress. Mr. John Randolph as *Sir Anthony,* Paymaster L. M. Tucker as *Jack Absolute,* Maj. R. W. Brown as *Sir Lucius,* Maj. Frank Ward as *Bob Acres,* Mr. George Robinson as *David,* and Mr. R. Dobbin as *Coachman,* with my little brother as *Fag,* carried off their parts with a dash that made me often long in the after days when I conducted so many amateur theatricals for charity in New York, for such admirable material with which to cast my plays. The drollest incident was when General Hood, new to "The Rivals," said about *Bob Acres:* "By Jove, I believe the man's afraid!"

The witty, rattling old comedy went, from beginning to end, without a lagging moment. I had the uninspiring part of *Lydia Languish,* serving as a foil for the real brilliancy of Mrs. Clay's performance. We played it two nights successively, before large audiences of our friends. I find in a scrap of old diary, without a date, these entries: "My first dress was white muslin, lace negligée cap, blue ribbons; second dress, petticoat and bodice of pale-blue brocade (once worn by somebody else at a White House levee), train of pale-pink moiré antique, powdered hair, wreath of pink roses, fichu of old Mechlin lace. . . .

"Clarence had an especial permit from the secretary of the navy (Mr. Mallory) to leave the school-ship for these occasions. Mamma patched up his livery with much zeal and skill, and at the first performance had the pride of hearing an old general, doubled with laughter on the seat next to her, say: 'By George, that *Fag* beats all the rest of 'em! It's the best bit of acting I ever saw.' . . .

"Tired as we were, next morning I went with Hetty, General Fitz Lee, and Colonel Von Borcke for a long ride in brilliant winter sunshine, our hearts bounding with our horses. Hetty looked so beautiful in her habit, none of us could keep our eyes off her. (The only girl I ever thought compared with her in the saddle was Sally Preston, whose habit, made in England, fitted her noble figure like a glove. She rode in London park style, and when mounted on her fine bay, "Fairfax," was a glowing picture of vigorous beauty.) I made them laugh by telling behind-the-scenes anecdotes, and complaining of the black-and-blue spot left on my shoulder by *Mrs. Malaprop's* real pinch. I also confided to them that I should *love* to go upon the real stage, but knew, if I did, all the grandfathers and great-aunts would rise from

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their graves in horror." It was not so long before that a member of the Episcopal Church in Virginia was forbidden to go to the theatre, and to races, or threatened with excommunication for waltzing. This was during the period when the spirit of valiant old Bishop Meade still controlled our church, in reaction from the days of the card-playing, fox-hunting clergy and resident chaplains, who read the service in surplices worn over pink coats, keeping their hunters saddled and tethered at the vestry door.

The battle of the Wilderness on May 6, 1864, and its terrible sequel, of musketry setting fire to brush and undergrowth on the field where dead and wounded were alike wrapped in flame and smoke during one long appalling night; the serious wounding of Lieutenant-General Longstreet; the battles of Spottsylvania Court House on May 10 and 12, with the death of Stuart near the Yellow Tavern on the later date, renewed all the old strain of continual yearning over the fortunes of our army. The horrors of the slaughter at Cold Harbor, on June 3, in which the Union army lost over thirteen thousand men—the result, it was said, of little over one hour's fighting—and the beginning of the siege of Petersburg, focussed emotion. It did not seem we could stand more of these "bludgeonings of Fate."

My mother, for some time inactive in her nursing, declared she could rest no longer. She had been out to visit the hospital at Camp Winder, in a barren suburb of the town, where the need of nurses was crying. My aunt Mrs. Hyde deciding to accompany her, they were soon installed there, my mother as division matron in charge of a number of rude sheds serving as shelter for the patients, my aunt controlling a dispensary of food for the sufferers. It had been proposed that I should remain in town with friends, but my first glance at my mother's accommodations in the camp made me resolve to share them and try to do my part. To the nurses and matrons was allotted one end of a huge Noah's Ark, built of unpainted pine, divided by a partition, the surgeons occupying the other end. Near by were the diet kitchens and store-rooms, around which were gathered wards and tents; the whole camp occupying an arid, shadeless, sun-baked plain, without grass or water, encircled by a noxious trench too often used to receive the nameless débris of the wards. To my mother, and myself as a volunteer aid to her, was assigned a large bare room with rough boarded walls and one window, a cot in each corner, two chairs, a table, and washing apparatus. Then, a kind lady coming to see us and declaring she was about to remove to the country and had nowhere to store a roomful of furniture, we fell heir to some nice old bits of mahogany, a folding screen, a matting rug, a mirror, and a pair of white muslin curtains. While my mother was absent one day upon her rounds, I invoked the aid of a nice old colored man, and presto! our room was changed into a bower, bed- and sitting-room combined. When the curtain was hung up at the window looking to the west—where each evening the sun sank sending up a fountain of radiance behind a belt of inky pines—and tied back with my one blue sash, I had a bright idea. We would have a box of growing flowers nailed to the outside of the sill. Enlisting the services of my friendly darkey to secure a box for me, he soon returned with what seemed exactly the right thing. When he told me it had been given him by the surgeons and had contained artificial legs, my zeal decreased—but we covered it with bark from the wood-shed, I bought somewhere plants of ivy, geranium, and sweet alyssum, and, in the end, my window-garden was the envy of the camp. Just when I had finished arranging my new bailiwick, a couple of rosy Irish sisters, good loving souls employed in the hospital, came in to bring me linen sheets and pillow-cases spun by their mother in the old country and given to them for their weddings in the New World—"an' seein' the Yankees don't seem of a mind to spare us husbands anyhow, we'd be proud for you to use 'em, miss, in your be-youtiful room that's like a palace beside the rest."

Alas! the heat, the smell of the wounds, and close confinement to her rounds, brought upon my mother the only illness I could remember, for her muscles and nerves always seemed to me made of iron. It was fortunately brief, and I then took my turn at the same trouble. But our initiation to Camp Winder over, we soon found forgetfulness of discomfort in the awful realities of brave men's suffering on every hand. I

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followed my mother in her rounds, aiding and supplementing her. Erelong I found certain patients who in due course were relegated entirely to my care, with a ward helper in attendance. My whole heart passed into the work. I could hardly sleep for wishing to be back in those miserable, cheerless wards, where dim eyes would kindle feebly at sight of me, and trembling lips gave me last messages to transmit to those they would never see again. Once, going into one of my mother's wards, I found my way blocked by an arm lying on the floor, and the surgeons who had just amputated it still at work on Cavanagh, one of our favorite patients, a big, gentle Irishman, always courteous and considerate. The blood was gushing profusely from the flaps they were sewing together, and for a moment I paused uncertain. "Can you stand it?" asked one of the doctors, kindly. "If so, there's a little help needed, as we're short-handed this morning." I stayed, and in a moment I saw clear and all seemed easier. When they hurried off leaving Cavanagh to me, he came out of chloroform looking me full in the eyes, as I stood sponging his forehead. "So it's gone at last, the poor old arm we worked so hard to save," I said, trying to speak lightly. "Yes, miss, but it's not meself you should be thinkin' about," he answered, "an' you standin' by dirtyin' your dress with the blood o' me." Cavanagh, I am glad to say, got well and left the hospital, swearing eternal fealty to his nurse.

One night, following a day when the cannon had not ceased till sunset, we were awakened by an orderly coming to tell my mother that a lot of new wounded had been brought in from the field and were still coming. They were putting them in a new ward just built at the far end of the camp, but had actually no food or stimulant to give them. Did Mrs. Cary think she could possibly spare a little from her store-room, since many of these poor fellows had been in the ambulance since the day before, some without a mouthful passing their lips?

We sprang up, hurried into our clothes, and were outside in a few minutes. My mother, unlocking her stores with a sinking heart, found she had but one bucket of milk, a small bottle of brandy, a piece of cold boiled pork, and a pile of cold corn-bread. With our arms full, we stumbled in the darkness over the rough ground, following the orderly and his lantern. If we had spilt that precious milk, our hearts would have broken, then and there.

The Southern night had spent its early heat, and a wandering breeze laden with wood odors came up from the river, and smote our foreheads gratefully. At the door of the new ward, a long pine shed, ambulances were disgorging their ghastly contents, some of the wounded uttering pitiful prayers to be left to die in peace; some mercifully in stupor, while other forms were lifted out already stiffened in their last sleep. Those for whom the jolting ride from the battle-field had not finished the work of the enemy's bullets, were carried in and laid on the cots, and by the insufficient glimmer of oil-lanterns and tallow dips the surgeons began their rounds. Before they were half finished, a streak of saffron came into the sky seen through the open windows, and in the sparse trees on the outskirts of the camp, birds had begun to stir and chirp. We placed our supplies on a table near the door, and my mother telling me the surgeons needed her assistance, bade me find out the exact number to be fed, and "make it go around." Ah! that division of meagre portions! Never since have I been able to endure with complacency seeing the waste of food in peace times. When, aided by the ward helpers, I began to distribute it, some were past swallowing, and their more vigorous neighbors looked with covetous eyes upon the poor rejected bits. To hurry by carrying off these morsels, to take cups away from thirsty lips before they were satisfied, was a keen sorrow.

At length when I had nearly finished the task and almost exhausted my resources, I came upon a cot where lay, upon his face, a mere boy apparently dying. There was no time to call a doctor. I mixed milk and brandy and after forcing his body over, poured it by teaspoonfuls down his throat, keeping on till I had the joy of seeing the vital spark creep back. Little by little he reached the point of opening his eyes, and telling me he didn't exactly know what was the matter with him, but that he felt "so tired." As soon as I could capture my favorite doctor, I brought him to my patient. A wound was found, but a slight one. The lad was simply dying from exhaustion, the joggling of hours in the ambulance, and

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want of food. "He may thank his stars you kept on trying," said my doctor, "or he'd have been a dead one before now. Think of children like this put into the ranks to fill the places of the seasoned men they've killed for us."

This patient also recovered on our hands, and in due time went back to his "old woman" in North Carolina, whose poor scrawling letters to her son I had to read and answer for him. While at Camp Winder he was indulged by me to an extent that caused some jealousy and cutting comment from his neighbors in the ward. For him were reserved all the tid-bits I could lay my hands upon, but fortunately he went home before he was too badly spoiled.

If we had visitors, there was nowhere to receive them, so the few I allowed to come appeared during my off time in the afternoon, and mercifully took me out to walk. With the private secretary of the president, who never came save with some welcome book in hand, I oftenest wandered out of the grim precincts of Camp Winder into the woods above the canal and river bank, where we would sit under the shelving boughs and watch the silent boats steal by below, reading, talking, and trying to forget the incubus of war. Here, the air knew no taint, wild flowers sprung profusely, there was no sound save that of the chafing river. Sometimes, on the canal-boats gliding past, the negro deck-hands would sing in plaintive chorus, or play an obligato upon some wind instrument, dying in the distance like horns of elfland. Walking back in the evening, we carried bouquets and sprays of foliage arranged while we sat; some for my own quarters, most of them for patients lying alone in the tents where they put infected wounds. These last had my deepest sympathy, so childlike they were in their terror of being shut out of the wards and left day and night alone save for the rare visits possible where there were so many needing attention. We generally timed ourselves to reach camp at sunset, just as the one-armed and one-legged soldier on duty at the head-quarters flagstaff lowered the stars and bars to their evening rest, afterward performing upon his asthmatic bugle a melancholy strain. Then I had an hour of duty in feeding the patients in our ward who could not help themselves, and after that, my mother and aunt and I repaired to a bare refectory on the ground floor of our Noah's Ark, where we shared with innumerable flies a coarse and insufficient evening meal.

To multiply instances of our work among the heroic sufferers, that long, long summer, would be monotonous. I depict it as an example of a life led by hundreds of women of the South; women who had mostly come out of beautiful and luxurious homes. My mother, previously a volunteer, was now a paid servant of government, and of what she received, spent the greater part in amplifying the conveniences and supplies of her diet kitchen. We were then in straits for everything considered indispensable in the outfit of modern hospitals. Our surgeons, working with pure devotion, were at their wits' end to renew needful appliances. Without going into painful detail, I can say that our experience was continually shocking and distressing, as were the burials of our dead in a field by Hollywood, six or seven coffins dropped into one yawning pit, and hurriedly covered in, all that a grateful country could render in return for precious lives. All told, that Camp Winder episode was the most ghastly I ever knew. If we had possessed enough of any one hospital requisite, it would have been less grim.

In June, 1864, my brother, who had been under fire repeatedly that spring aboard the iron-clad *Virginia*, in the campaign against Butler below Drury's Bluff, was ordered back to the school-ship for examination, becoming passed midshipman. Thence, he was sent to the *Chickamauga*, at Wilmington, then fitting out for a destructive cruise which she was to watch her opportunity of making. Often when my mother and I returned from the hospital rounds, to our pine barracks heated red-hot by the torrid Southern sun, we would sit down to rest weary bones, and speculate about our wanderer—whether he was yet out upon the deep that tells no tales, his ship to be shattered perhaps by a broadside from the blockading fleet, and he to go down in her, without a chance to send us a last message or farewell; less happy in that regard than the young fellows from whose brows we had that day wiped the death damps, whilst charging ourselves with letters to their beloved ones in far Southern homes.

It is a long lane that has no turning, and my holiday came at last. Late in the sum-

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mer of 1864, a small house-party, consisting of two men and two girls, was made welcome at the Retreat. Spite of all drawbacks and darkest prospects, youth and happiness emerged triumphant from the shadows, making the week one of immemorial incident. After the male guests went back to duty, one of them, returning for a "week-end" visit, left Richmond on horseback late Saturday evening, rode all night, his horse swimming a river wherever the ferryman was absent, spent Sunday with us, and rode back through the night, just arriving in time for a certain official breakfast table on Monday, where the mystery of his absence created endless humorous speculations, even from his stately chief.

A year later, the gay rider was in rigorous confinement in the casemate of a Northern fortress, fighting Fate hourly within his valiant soul. The other—true knight, true lover, tried and proved leader of armies in the field—lay in his hero's grave in Hollywood; his radiant bride a stricken widow, whose story passed into tradition as among the saddest of the war.

My cousin Hetty and I lingered on at the Retreat, until my holiday ended disastrously. A sudden sharp illness—"Pamunkey fever," they called it, following the long stretch of hospital work in summer heat—summoned my mother from Richmond to attend me. She arrived in an ambulance, finding me, however, so much on the mend that I was able to drive back with her in comfort, through the crimson and golden glories of the Pamunkey swamps.

Things, as I recall them, seem to have rushed onward with the speed of lightning during the last winter of the war. We had again settled ourselves in quarters in town. I had recovered my full strength, and was almost always hungry. We had little money, little food. It was impossible to draw upon our funds in Washington, and my mother, with a number of ladies of her own estate in life, took situations to sign bank-notes in the treasury department. In what they called "Mr. Memminger's reception-room," she daily met a number of highly bred gentlewomen, in whose veins ran the purest currents of Cavalier and Huguenot blood. The names written upon those bank-notes might have served to illustrate the genesis of Southern aristocracy.

This time, we had been able to secure only one room in a friend's house, with the use of her drawing-room and dining-room and service of her cook, the latter being a nominal one only; our breakfast at 8 A. M. consisting of cornbread with the drippings of fried bacon instead of butter, and coffee made of dried beans and peanuts without milk or sugar. For luncheon we had, day in and day out, bacon, rice, and dried apples sweetened with sorghum. For our evening repast were served cakes made of cornmeal and water, eaten with sorghum molasses, and more of that unspeakable coffee. I cannot remember getting up from any meal that winter without wishing there were more of it. I went once to call upon a family antecedently wealthy, and found father, mother, and children making their dinner upon soup-plates filled with that cheerless compound known as "Benjamin"—hard-tack, soaked in hot water, sprinkled with salt or brown sugar. It is to be said, however, there was in our community no discussion of diets, fads, or cures, and the health chase of modern society was an unknown quantity. People in better physical condition than the besieged dwellers of Richmond, when their cause was beginning to feel the death-clutch at its throat, were certainly not to be found.

(To be continued.)

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HELEN

By Sara Teasdale

WILD flight on flight against the fading dawn
The flames' red wings soar upward duskily.
This is the funeral pyre and Troy is dead
That sparkled so the day I saw it first,
And darkened slowly after. I am she
Who loves all beauty—yet I wither it.
Why have the high gods made me wreak their wrath—
Forever since my maidenhood to sow
Sorrow and blood about me? Lo they keep
Their bitter care above me even now.
It was the gods who led me to this lair,
That though the burning winds should make me weak,
They should not snatch the life from out my lips.
Olympus let the other women die.
They shall be quiet when the day is done
And have no care to-morrow. Yet for me
There is no rest. The gods are not so kind
To her made half immortal like themselves.
It is to you I owe the cruel gift,
Leda, my mother, and the swan, my sire.—
To you the beauty and to you the bale;
For never woman born of man and maid
Had wrought such havoc on the earth as I,
Or troubled heaven with a sea of flame
That climbed to touch the silent whirling stars
And blotted out their brightness ere the dawn.
Have I not made the world to weep enough?
Give death to me.
Yet life is more than death;
How could I leave the sound of singing winds,
The strong sweet scent that breathes from off the sea,
Or shut my eyes forever to the spring?
I will not give the grave my hands to hold,
My shining hair to light oblivion.
Have those who wander through the ways of death,
The still wan fields Elysian, any love
To lift their breasts with longing, any lips
To thirst against the quiver of a kiss?

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Lo, I shall live to conquer Greece again,
To make the people love, who hate me now.
My dreams are over. I have ceased to cry
Against the fate that made men love my mouth
And left their spirits all too deaf to hear
The little songs that echoed through my soul.
I have no anger now. The dreams are done,
Yet since the Greeks and Trojans would not see
Aught but my body's fairness, till the end,
In all the islands set in all the seas,
And all the lands that lie beneath the sun,
Till light turn darkness, and till time shall sleep,
Men's lives shall waste with longing after me.
For I shall be the sum of their desire,
The whole of beauty, never seen again.
And they shall stretch their arms and starting, wake
With "Helen!" on their lips, and in their eyes
The vision of me. Always I shall be
Limned on the darkness like a shaft of light
That glimmers and is gone. They shall behold
Each one his dream that fashions me anew:—
With hair like lakes that glint beneath the stars,
Dark as sweet midnight—or with hair aglow
Like burnished gold that still retains the fire.
Yea, I shall haunt until the dusk of time
The heavy eyelids filled with fleeting dreams.

. . . . . .

I wait for one who comes with sword to slay—
The king I wronged who searches for me now;
And yet he shall not slay me. I shall stand
With lifted head and look within his eyes,
Baring my breast to him and to the sun.
He shall not have the power to stain with blood
That whiteness—for the angry sword shall fall
And he shall cry and catch me in his arms,
Bearing me back to Sparta on his breast.
Lo, I shall live to conquer Greece again!

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"OH COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL!"

By Dorothy Canfield

ILLUSTRATIONS BY SIDNEY M. CHASE

I

THE persuasive agent sought old Miss Abigail out among her flower-beds and held up to her a tiny chair with roses painted on the back. "I was told to see you about these. They're only four dollars a dozen, and the smallest school children love 'em." Miss Abigail straightened herself with difficulty. She had been weeding the gladiolus bed. "Four dollars," she mused, "I was going to put four dollars into rose-bushes this fall." She put out a strong, earth-stained old hand and took the chair. Her affection for her native Greenford began to rise through her life-long thrift, a mental ferment not unusual with her. Finally, "All right," she said; "send 'em to the school-house, and say they're in memory of all my grandfathers and grandmothers that learned their letters in that school-house."

She went back to her digging and the agent clicked the gate back of his retreat. Suddenly she stood up without remembering to ease her back. She heard the first shot from the enemy who was to advance so rapidly upon her thereafter. "Wait a minute," she called to the agent. As he paused, she made a swift calculation. "I don't believe I want a dozen," she said, much surprised. "I can't think of that many little ones." The agent took out his note-book. "How many?" he asked.

The ponderous old woman stared at him absently while she made a mental canvass of the town. She spoke with a gasp. "We don't need any!" she cried. "There ain't a child in school under eleven."

"Take some now and have them handy," urged the agent.

Miss Abigail's gaze again narrowed in silent calculation. When she spoke her exclamation was not for her listener. She had forgotten him. "Good Lord of Love!" she cried. "There ain't a single one comin' up to sit on those chairs if I should buy 'em!"

The agent was utterly blotted from her mind. She did not know when he left her garden. She only knew that there were no children in Greenford. There were no children in her town! "Why, what's comin' to Greenford!" she cried.

And yet, even as she cried out, she was aware that she had a warning, definite, ominous, a few months before, from the lips of Molly Leonard. At that time she had put away her startled uneasiness with a masterful hand, burying it resolutely where she had laid away all the other emotions of her life, under the brown loam of her garden. But it all came back to her now.

Her thin, fluttering, little old friend had begun with tragic emphasis, "The roof to the library leaks!"

Miss Abigail had laughed as usual at Molly's habit of taking small events with bated breath. "What of it?" she asked. "That roof never was good, even back in the days when 'twas a private house and my great-uncle lived in it."

Miss Molly fluttered still more before the awfulness of her next announcement.

"Well, the talk is that the town won't vote a cent toward repairs."

"They'll have to! You can't get along without a library!"

"No, they won't. The talk is that the men won't vote to have the town give a bit of money for shingles. No, nor to pay somebody to take the place of Ellen Monroe as librarian. She's got work in the print mill at Johnsonville and is going to move down there to be near her brother's family."

"Oh, *talk!*" said Miss Abigail with the easy contempt she had for things outside her garden hedge. "Haven't you heard men talk before?"

"But they say really they *won't!* They say nobody ever goes into it any more when the summer folks go away."

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Miss Abigail's gesture indicated that the thing was unthinkable. "What's the matter with young folks nowadays, anyhow? They always used to run there and chatter till you couldn't hear yourself think."

Miss Molly lowered her voice like a person coming to the frightening climax of a ghost story. "Miss Abigail, they *ain't* any young folks here any more!"

"What do you call the Pitkin girls!" demanded the other.

"They were the very last ones and they and their mother have decided they'll move to Johnsonville this fall."

Miss Abigail cried out in energetic disapproval, "What in the Lord's world are the Pitkinses going to move away from Greenford for! They belong here!"

Miss Molly marshalled the reasons with a sad swiftness, "There aren't any music pupils left for the oldest one, the two next have got positions in the print mills, and little Sarah is too old for the school here any more."

Miss Abigail shook her head impatiently as though to brush away a troublesome gnat. "How about the Leavitts? There ought to be enough young ones in that one family to——!

"They moved to Johnsonville last week, going to rent their house to city folks in the summer, the way all the rest here in the street do. They didn't want to go a bit. Eliza felt dreadful about it, but what can they do? Ezra hasn't had enough carpentering to do in the last six months to pay their grocery bill, and down in Johnsonville they can't get carpenters enough. Besides, all the children's friends are there, and they got so lonesome here winters."

Miss Abigail quailed a little, but rallying, she brought out, "What's the matter with the Bennetts? The whole kit and b'iling of them came in here the other day to pester me asking about how I grew my lilies."

"Why, Miss Abigail! You don't pay any more attention to village news! They've been working in the mills for two years now, and only come home for two weeks in the summer like everybody else."

The old woman stirred her weighty person wrathfully. "Like everybody else! Molly, you talk like a fool! As if there was nobody lived here all the year around!"

"But it's *so!* I don't know what's coming to Greenford!"

An imperative gesture from the older woman cut her short. "Don't chatter so, Molly! If it's true, that about the library, we've got to do something!"

The interview had ended in an agreement from her, after a struggle with the two passions of her life, to give up the tulip bulbs for which she had been saving so long, and spend the money for repairing the roof. Miss Molly, having no money to give, since she was already much poorer than she could possibly be and live, agreed according to Miss Abigail's peremptory suggestion, to give her time, and keep the library open at least during the afternoons.

"You can do it, Molly, as well as not, for you don't seem to have half the sewing you used to."

"There's nobody here any more to sew *for*—" began the seamstress despairingly, but Miss Abigail would not listen, bundling her out of the garden gate and sending her trotting home, cheered unreasonably by the old woman's jovial, blustering, "No such kind of talk allowed in *my* garden!"

But now, after the second warning, Miss Abigail felt the need of some cheer for herself as she toiled among the hollyhocks and larkspurs, her heart in a leaden lethargy. She would not let herself think of the significance of the visit of the agent for the chairs, and she could not force herself to think of anything else. For several wretched weeks she hung in this limbo. Then, one morning as she stood gazing at her Speciosums Rubrums without seeing them, she received her summons to the front. She had a call from her neighbor, Mr. Edward Horton, whom the rest of the world knows as a sculptor, but whom Miss Abigail esteemed only because of his orthodox ideas on rose culture. He came in to ask some information about a blight on his Red Ramblers, although after Miss Abigail had finished her strong recommendation to use whale oil soap sprayed, and not hellebore, he still lingered, crushing a leaf of lemon verbena between his fingers and sniffing the resultant perfume with thoughtful appreciation. He was almost as enthusiastic a horticulturist as Miss Abigail, and stood high in her good graces as one of

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the few individuals of sense among the summer colony. She faced him therefore in a peaceable, friendly mood, glad of the diversion from her thoughts, and quite unprepared for the shock he was about to give her.

"I'm on my way to interview the trustees of the church," he remarked. "It is curious that all but one of them now really live in Johnsonville, although they still keep their nominal residence here."

"What do you want to see *them* for?" asked Miss Abigail with a bluntness caused in part by her wincing at his casual statement of an unwelcome fact.

"Why, I've had what I flatter myself is an inspiration for every one concerned. I've got a big commission for part of the decorations of the new State House in Montana, and I need a very large studio. It occurred to me the other day that instead of building, I'd save time by buying the old church here and using that."

Miss Abigail leaned against the palings. "*Buy our church!*" she said, and every letter was a capital.

"I didn't know you were a member," said the sculptor, a little surprised. "You don't often go."

Miss Abigail shouted out, "Why, my grandfather was minister in that church!" Mr. Horton received this as a statement of fact. "Indeed? I didn't realize the building was so old. I wonder if the foundations are still in good shape." He went on, explanatorily, "I really don't know why I hadn't thought of the plan before. The number who attend church in that great barn of a place could easily be put into some one's parlor, and save the trustees the expense of heating. One of them whom I saw the other day seemed quite pleased with the notion—said they'd been at a loss to know what to do about conditions here." He glanced at his watch. "Well, I must be going or I shall miss the train to Johnsonville. Thank you very much for the hint about the blight."

He went down the street, humming a cheerful little tune.

To Miss Abigail it was the bugle call of "Forward, charge!" She had been, for the last few weeks, a little paler than usual. Now her powerful old face flushed to an angry red. She dashed her trowel to the garden path and clenched her fists. "What's coming to Greenford!" she shouted. It was no longer a wail of despair. It was a battle cry of defiance.

II

SHE had no time to organize a campaign, forced as she was to begin fighting at once. Reaching wildly for any weapon at hand, she rushed to the front, as grim-visaged a warrior as ever frightened a peaceable, shiftless non-combatant. "Joel Barney!" she cried, storming up his front steps. "You're a trustee of the church, aren't you? Well, if you don't vote against selling the church, I'll foreclose the mortgage on your house so quick you can't wink. And you tell 'Lias Bennett that if he doesn't do the same, I'll pile manure all over that field of mine near his place, and stink out his summer renters so they'll never set foot here again."

She shifted tactics as she encountered different adversaries and tried no blackmail on stubborn Miles Benton, whom she took pains to see the next time he came back to Greenford for a visit. Him she hailed as the Native-Born. "How would you like to have brazen models and nasty statutes made in the building where your own folks had always gone to church?"

But when the skirmish was over, she realized ruefully that the argument which had brought her her hard-won victory had been the one which, for a person of such very moderate means as hers, reflected the least hope for future battles. At the last, in desperation, she had guaranteed in the name of the Ladies' Aid Society that the church, except for the minister's salary, should thereafter be no expense to the trustees. She had invented that source of authority, remembering that Molly Leonard had said she belonged to the Ladies' Aid Society, "and I can make Molly do anything," she thought, trusting Providence for the management of the others.

As a matter of fact, when she came to investigate the matter, she found that Molly was now the sole remaining member. Her dismay was acute, Molly's finances being only too well known to her, but she rallied bravely. "They don't do much to a church that costs money," she thought, and, when Molly went away, she made out her budget unflinchingly. Wood for the furnace, ker-

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osene for the lamps, wages to the janitor, repairs when needed— "Well, Abigail Warner," she told herself, "it means nothing new bought for the garden, and no new microscope—the roof to the library costing more than they said 'twould and all."

But the joy of triumphant battle was still swelling her doughty old heart, so that even these considerations did not damp her exultation over her artist neighbor the next time he came to see her. He listened to her boasting with his pleasant, philosophic smile, and, when she finished, delivered himself of a quiet little disquisition on the nature of things which was like ice-water in the face of the hot-blooded old fighter.

"My dear Miss Abigail, your zeal does your heart credit, and your management of the trustees proves you an unsuspected diplomat; but as a friend, and, believe me, a disinterested friend, let me warn you that you are contending against irresistible forces. You can no more resuscitate your old Greenford than you can any other dead body. You have kept the church from my clutches, it is true, though for that matter I wouldn't have offered to buy it if I hadn't thought no one cared about it—but what do you mean to do with it now you have it? You cannot bring back the old Greenford families from their well-paid work in Johnsonville to sit in those rescued pews, or read in your deserted library, or send their children to your empty schoolhouse. You tell me they are loyal to their old home, and love to come back here for visits. Is that strange? Greenford is a charming village set in the midst of beautiful mountains, and Johnsonville is a raw, new mill town. But they cannot live on picturesque scenery or old associations. The laws of economics are like all other laws of nature, inevitable in their action and and irresistible in——"

Miss Abigail gave the grampus snort which had been her great-grandfather's war-cry. "Hoo! You're like all other book folks! You give things such long names you scare yourselves! I haven't got anything to do with economics, nor it with me. It's a plain question as to whether the church my ancestors built and worshipped in, is to be sold. There's nothing so inevitable in *that*, let me tell you. Laws of nature—fiddlesticks! How about the law of gravity? Don't I break that every time I get up gumption enough to raise my hand to my head!"

Mr. Horton looked at the belligerent old woman with the kindest smile of comprehension. "Ah, I know how hard it is for you. In another way I have been through the same bitter experience. My home, my real home, where my own people are, is out in a wind-swept little town on the Nebraska prairies. But I cannot live there because it is too far from my world of artists and art patrons. I tried it once, but the laws of supply and demand work for all alike. I gave it up. Here I am, you see. You can't help such things. You'd better follow on to Johnsonville now and not embitter the last of your life with a hopeless struggle."

Miss Abigail fairly shouted at him her repudiation of his ideas. "Not while there is a breath in me! My folks were all soldiers."

"But even soldiers surrender to overpowering forces."

"Hoo! Hoo! How do they know they're overpowering till they're overpowered! How do they dare surrender till they're dead! How do they know that if they hold out just a little longer they won't get reinforcements!"

Mr. Horton was a little impatient of his old friend's unreason. "My dear Miss Abigail you have brains. *Use* them! What possible reinforcements can you expect?"

The old woman opposed to his arguments nothing but a passionately bare denial. "No! No! No! We're different! It's in your blood to give up because you can reason it all out that you're beaten." She stood up, shaking with her vehemence. "It's in my blood to fight and fight and fight——"

"And then what?" asked the sculptor, as she hesitated.

"Go on fighting!" she cried.

III

SHE was seventy-one years old when she first flew this flag, and for the next four years she battled unceasingly under its bold motto against odds that rapidly grew more overwhelming as the process that had been imperceptibly draining Greenford of its population gained impetus with its own action. In the beginning people moved to

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Johnsonville because they could get work in the print mill, but after a time they went because the others had gone. Before long there was no cobbler in Greenford because there was so little cobbling to do. After that the butcher went away, then the carpenter, and finally the grocery store was shut up and deserted by the man whose father and grandfather had kept store in the same building for sixty years. It was the old story. He had a large family of children who needed education and "a chance."

The well-kept old village still preserved its outer shell of quaintness and had a constantly increasing charm for summering strangers who rejoiced with a shameless egotism in the death-like quiet of the moribund place, and pointed out to visiting friends from the city the tufts of grass beginning to grow in the main street as delightful proofs of the tranquillity of their summer retreat.

Miss Abigail overheard a conversation to this effect one day between some self-invited visitors to her wonderful garden. Her heart burned and her face blackened. "You might as well," she told them, "laugh at the funny faces of a person who's choking to death!"

The urbane city people turned amused and inquiring faces upon her. "How so?"

"Roads aren't for grass to grow in!" she fulminated. "They're for folks to use, for men and women and little children to go over to and from their homes."

"Ah, economic conditions," they began to murmur. "The inevitable laws of supply and——"

"Get out of my garden!" Miss Abigail raged at them. "Get out!"

They had scuttled before her, laughing at her quaint ferocity, and she had sworn wrathfully never to let another city dweller inside her gate—a resolution which she was forced to forego as time passed on and she became more and more hard pressed for ammunition.

Up to this time she had lived in perfect satisfaction on seven hundred dollars a year, but now she began to feel straitened. She no longer dared afford even the tiniest expenditure for her garden. She spaded the beds herself, drew leaf mould from the woods in repeated trips with a child's express wagon, and cut the poles for her sweet-peas with her own hands. When Miss Molly Leonard declared herself on the verge of starvation from lack of sewing to do, and threatened to move to Johnsonville to be near her sister Annie, Miss Abigail gave up her "help" and paid Miss Molly for the time spent in the empty reading-room of the library. But the campaign soon called for more than economy, even the most rigid. When the minister had a call elsewhere, and the trustees of the church seized the opportunity to declare it impossible to appoint his successor, Miss Abigail sold her woodlot and arranged through the Home Missionary Board for some one to hold services at least once a fortnight. Later the "big meadow" so long coveted by a New York City family as a building site was sacrificed to fill the empty war chest, and, temporarily in funds, she hired a boy to drive her about the country drumming up a congregation.

Christmas time was the hardest for her. The traditions of old Greenford were for much decorating of the church with ropes of hemlock, and a huge Christmas tree in the Town Hall with presents for the best of the Sunday-school scholars. Winding the ropes had been, of old, work for the young unmarried people, laughing and flirting cheerfully. By the promise of a hot supper, which she furnished herself, Miss Abigail succeeded in getting a few stragglers from the back hills, but the number grew steadily smaller year by year. She and Miss Molly always trimmed the Christmas tree themselves. Indeed it soon became a struggle to pick out any child a regular enough attendant at Sunday-school to be eligible for a present. The time came when Miss Abigail found it difficult to secure any children at all for the annual Christmas party.

The school authorities began to murmur at keeping up the large old school-house for a handful of pupils. Miss Abigail, at her wits' end, guaranteed the fuel for warming the house, and half the pay of a teacher. Examining, after this, her shrunk and meagre resources, she discovered she had promised far beyond her means. She was then seventy-three years old, but an ageless valor sprang up in her to meet the new emergency. She focussed her acumen to the burning point and saw that the only way out of her situation was to earn some money—an impossible thing at her age. Without an

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instant's pause, "How shall I do it?" she asked herself, and sat frowning into space for a long time.

When she rose up, the next development in her campaign was planned. Not in vain had she listened scornfully to the sickening talk of city folks about the picturesqueness of her old house and garden. It was all grist to her mill, she perceived, and during the next summer it was a grimly amused old miller who watched the antics of Abigail Warner, arrayed in a pseudo-old-fashioned gown of green-flowered muslin, with a quaintly ruffled cap confining her rebellious white hair, talking the most correct book-brand of down-east jargon, and selling flowers at twenty times their value to automobile and carriage folk. She did not mind sacrificing her personal dignity, but she did blush for her garden, reduced to the most obvious commonplaces of flowers that any child could grow. But by September she had saved the school-teacher's pay, and the Martins and the Allens, who had been wavering on account of their children, decided to stay another winter at least.

That was *something*, Miss Abigail thought, that Christmas, as she and Miss Molly tortured their rheumatic limbs to play games with the six children around the tree. She had held rigorously to the old tradition of having the Christmas tree party in the Town Hall, and she had heartened Miss Molly through the long lonely hours they had spent in trimming it; but as the tiny handful of forlorn celebrants gathered about the tall tree, glittering in all the tinsel finery which was left over from the days when the big hall had rung to the laughter of a hundred children and as many more young people, even Miss Abigail felt a catch in her throat as she quavered through "King *Will*yum was King *James's* son!"

When the games were over and the children sat about soberly, eating their ice-cream and cake, she looked over her shoulder into the big empty room and shivered. The children went away and she and Miss Molly put out the lights in silence. When they came out into the moonlight and looked up and down the deserted street, lined with darkened houses, the face of the younger woman was frankly tear-stained. "Oh Miss Abigail," she said; "let's give it up!"

Miss Abigail waited an instant, a perceptible instant before answering, but, when she did, her voice was full and harsh with its usual vigor. "Fiddlesticks! You must ha' been losing your sleep. Go tuck yourself up and get a good night's rest and you won't talk such kind of talk!"

But she herself sat up late into the night with a pencil and paper, figuring out sums that had impossible answers.

That March she had a slight stroke of paralysis, and was in an agony of apprehension lest she should not recover enough to plant the flowers for the summer's market. By May, flatly against the doctor's orders, she was dragging herself around the garden on crutches, and she stuck to her post, smiling and making prearranged rustic speeches all the summer. She earned enough to pay the school-teacher another winter and to buy the fuel for the school-house, and again the Martins and the Allens stayed over; though they announced with a callous indifference to Miss Abigail's ideas that they were going down to Johnsonville at Christmas to visit their relatives there, and have the children go to the tree the ex-Greenfordites always trimmed.

When she heard this Miss Abigail set off to the Allen farm on the lower slope of Pine Mountain. "Wa'n't our tree good enough?" she demanded hotly.

"The *tree* was all right," they answered, "but the children were so mortal lonesome. Little Katie Ann came home crying."

Miss Abigail turned away without answering and hobbled off up the road toward the mountain. Things were black before her eyes and in her heart as she went blindly forward where the road led her. She still fought off any acknowledgment of the bitterness that filled her, but when the road, after dwindling to a wood trail and then to a path, finally stopped, she sat down with a great swelling breath. "Well, I guess this is the end," she said aloud, instantly thereafter making a pretence to herself that she meant the road. She looked about her with a brave show of interest in the bare November woods, unroofed and open to the sunlight, and was rewarded by a throb of real interest to observe that she was where she had not been for forty years, when she used to clamber over the spur of Pine Mountain to hunt for lady's-slippers in the marshy ground at the head of the gorge. A few steps more and she would be on her own property, a steep, rocky tract of brush-

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"I was going to put four dollars into rose-bushes this fall."—Page 571.

land left her by her great-uncle. She had a throb as she realized that, besides her house and garden, this unsalable bit of the mountain-side was her only remaining possession. She had indeed come to the end.

With the thought came her old dogged defiance to despair. She shut her hands on her crutches, pulled herself heavily up to her feet, and toiled forward through the brush. She would not allow herself to think if thoughts were like that. Soon she came out into a little clearing beside the Winthrop Branch, swirling and fuming in its headlong descent. The remains of a stone wall and a blackened beam or two showed her that she had hit upon the ruins of the old saw-mill her great-grandfather had owned. This forgotten and abandoned decay, a symbol of the future of the whole region, struck a last blow at the remnants of her courage. She sank down on the wall and set herself to a losing struggle with the blackness that was closing in about her. All her effort had been in vain. The fight was over. She had not a weapon left.

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A last spark of valor flickered into flame within her. She stood up, lifting her head high and summoning with a loudly beating heart every scattered energy. She was alive; her fight could not be over while she still breathed.

For an instant she stood, self-hypnotized by the intensity of her resolution. Then there burst upon her ear, as though she had not heard it before, the roar of the water rushing past her. It sounded like a loud voice calling to her. She shivered and turned a little giddy as though passing into a trance, and then, with one bound, the gigantic forces of subconscious self, wrought by her long struggle to a white heat of concentration on one aim, arose and mastered her. For a time—hours perhaps—she never knew how long, old Miss Abigail was a genius, with the brain of an engineer and the prophetic vision of a seer.

IV

THE next months were the hardest of her life. The long dreary battle against insurmountable obstacles she had been able to bear with a stoical front, but the sickening alternations of emotions which now filled her days wore upon her until she was fairly suffocated. About mail time each day she became of an unendurable irritability, so that poor Miss Molly was quite afraid to go near her. For the first time in her life there was no living thing growing in her house.

"Don't you mean to have any service this Christmas?" asked Miss Molly one day.

Miss Abigail shouted at her so fiercely that she retreated in a panic. "Why not? Why shouldn't we? What makes you think such a thing!"

"Why, I didn't know of anybody to go but just you and me, and I noticed that you hadn't any flowers started for decorations the way you always do."

Miss Abigail flamed and fulminated as though her timid little friend had offered her an insult. "I've been to service in that church every Christmas since I was born and I shall till I die. And as for my not growing any flowers, that's *my* business, ain't it!" Her voice cracked under the outraged emphasis she put on it.

Her companion fled away without a word, and Miss Abigail sank into a chair trembling. It came over her with a shock that her preoccupation had been so great that she had *forgotten* about her winter flowers.

The fortnight before Christmas was interminable to her. Every morning she broke a hobbling path through the snow to the post-office, where she waited with a haggard face for the postmaster's verdict of "nothing." The rest of the day she wandered desolately about her house, from one window to another, always staring, staring up at Pine Mountain.

She disposed of the problem of the Christmas service with the absent competence of a person engrossed in greater matters. Miss Molly had declared it impossible—there was no money for a minister, there was no congregation, there was no fuel for the furnace. Miss Abigail wrote so urgently to the Theological Seminary of the next State that they promised one of their seniors for the service; and she loaded a hand sled with wood from her own wood shed and, harnessing herself and Miss Molly to it, drew it with painful difficulty through the empty village street. There was not enough of this fuel to fill even once the great furnace in the cellar, so she decreed that the service should be in the vestibule where a stove stood. The last few days before Christmas she spent in sending out desperate appeals to remote families to come. But when the morning arrived, she and Miss Molly were the only ones there.

The young theologian appeared a little before the appointed time, brought in the motor car of a wealthy friend of his own age. They were trying to make a record winter trip, and were impatient at the delay occasioned by the service. When they saw that two shabby old women constituted the congregation, they laughed as they stood warming their hands by the stove and waiting for the hour. They ignored the two women, chatting lightly of their own affairs. It seemed that they were on their way to a winter house party to which the young clergyman-to-be was invited on account of his fine voice—an operetta by amateurs being one of the gayeties to which they looked forward.

Miss Abigail and Miss Molly were silent in their rusty black, Miss Molly's soft eyes red with restrained tears, Miss Abigail's face like a flint.

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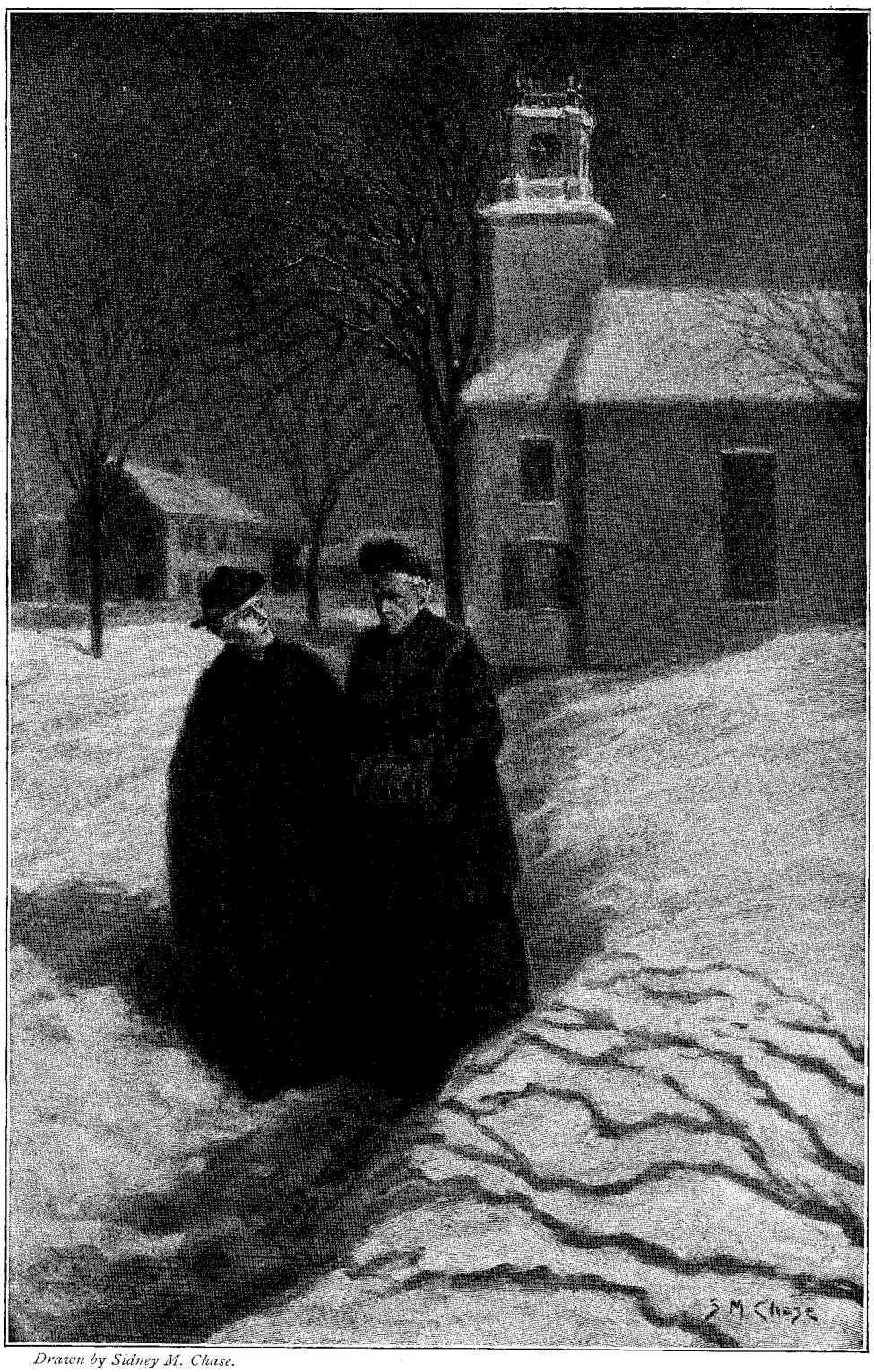

Drawn by Sidney M. Chase.

"Oh Miss Abigail," she said; "let's give it up!"—Page 576.

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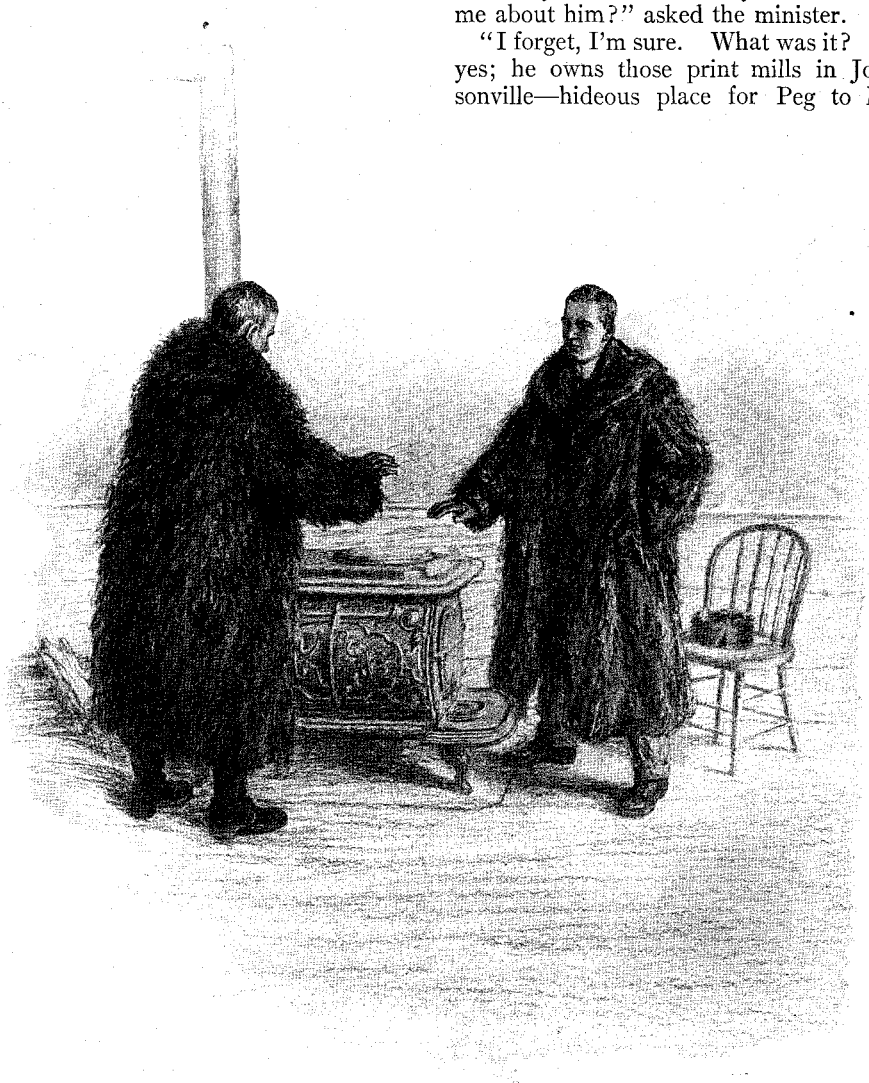
"A pretty place, this village is," said the motorist to the minister. "I have visited the Ellerys here. Really charming in summer-time—so utterly deserted and peaceful." He looked out of the window speculatively. "Rather odd we should be passing through it to-day. There's been a lot of talk about it in our family lately."

"How so?" asked the minister, beginning cautiously to unwind the wrapping from around his throat.

"Why my brother-in-law—Peg's husband—don't you remember, the one who sang so fearfully flat in—" He was off on a reminiscence over which both men laughed loudly.

Finally, "But what did you start to tell me about him?" asked the minister.

"I forget, I'm sure. What was it? Oh yes; he owns those print mills in Johnsonville—hideous place for Peg to live,



"He isn't going to carry the power to John-

that town!—and of late he's been awfully put out by the failure of his water-power. There's not much fall there at the best, and when the river's low—and it's low most all the time nowadays—he doesn't get power enough, so he says, to run a churn! He's been wondering what he could do about it, when doesn't he get a tip from some old Rube up here that, above this village, there's a whopping water-power—

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the Winthrop Branch. I know it—fished it lots of times. He didn't take any stock in it of course at first, but, just on the chance, he sent his engineer up here to look it over, and, by Jove, it's true. It'll furnish twice the power he's had in Johnsonville lately."

"Seems queer," said the minister a little skeptically, "that nobody's ever thought of it before."

"Well, *I* said that, but Pete says that his engineer tells him that there are lots of such unknown water-powers in the East. Nobody but farmers live near 'em, you see."

The minister was but mildly interested. "I thought the cost of transmitting power was so great it didn't pay for any water-force but Niagara."

sonville. He's going to bring his mill here."

"He isn't going to carry the power to Johnsonville. He's going to bring his mill here. A lot of his operators come from around here and most of 'em have kept their old homes, so there won't be any trouble about keeping his help. Besides, it seems the old hayseed who wrote him about it, owned the land, and offered him land, water-power, right of way—anything!—free, just to 'help the town' by getting the mill up here. That bespeaks the materialistic Yankee, doesn't it?—to want to spoil a quiet little Paradise like this village with a lot of greasy mill-hands."

The minister looked at his watch. "I think I'll begin the service now. There's no use waiting for a congregation to turn up." He felt in one pocket after the other with increasing irritation. "Pshaw! I've left my eyeglasses out in the car." The two disappeared, leaving the vestibule echoing and empty.

For a moment the two women did not speak. Then Miss Molly cast herself upon her old friend's bosom. "They're coming back!" she cried. "Annie and her children!"

Miss Abigail stared over her head. "They are *all* coming back," she said, "and—we are ready for them. The library's ready—the school is ready—" she got up and opened the door into the great, cold, lofty church, "and—" They looked in silence at the empty pews.

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"Next Christmas!" said Miss Molly. "Next Christmas—"

The young minister bustled in, announcing as he came "We will open the service by singing hymn number forty-nine."

He sat down before the little old organ and struck a resonant chord.

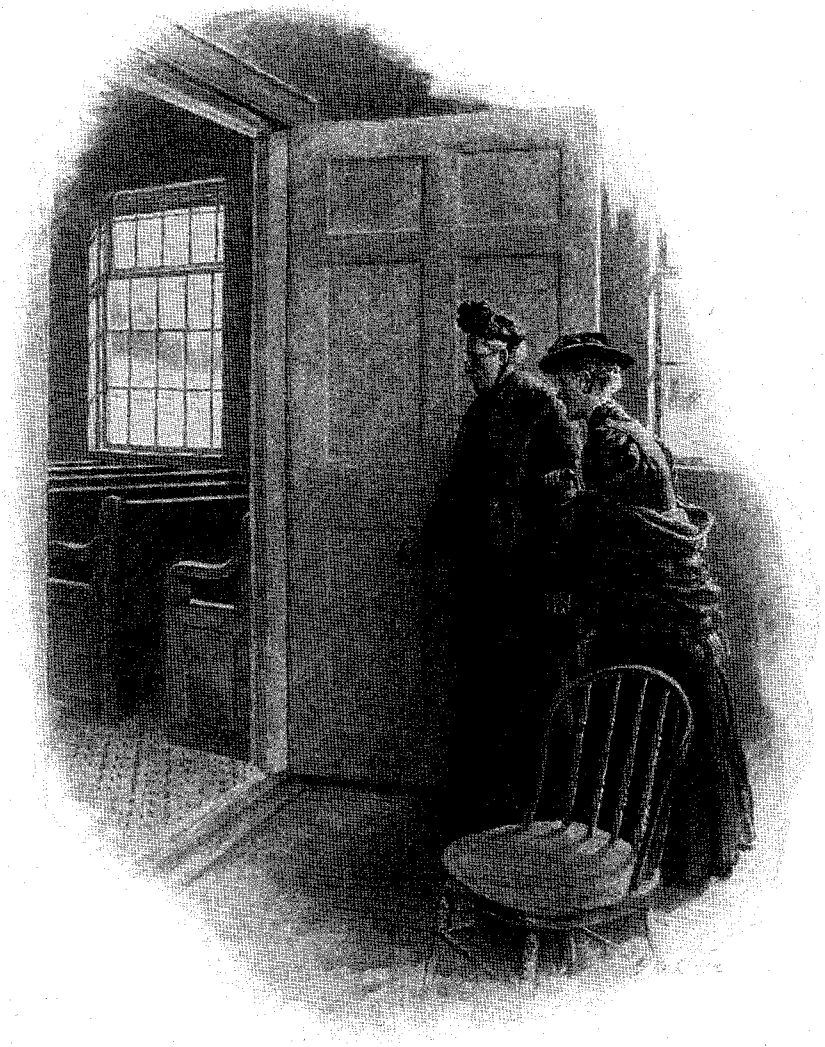
"Oh come, all ye faithful!"

his full rich voice proclaimed, and then he stopped short, startled by a great cry from Miss Abigail. Looking over his shoulder, he saw that the tears were streaming down her face. He smiled to himself at the sentimentality of old women and turned again to the organ, relieved that his performance of a favorite hymn was not to be marred by cracked trebles. He sang with much taste and expression.

"Oh come, all ye faithful!"

he chanted lustily,

"Joyful and triumphant!"



She opened the door into the great, cold, lofty church, "and—" They looked in silence at the empty pews.—Page 581.

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FRANK BRANGWYN AND HIS ETCHINGS

By Walter Shaw Sparrow

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM MR. BRANGWYN'S ETCHINGS

EIGHT years have gone by since Brangwyn, in 1902, exhibited his earliest work as a painter-etcher. In this little span of time he has done nearly two hundred plates, and their success in many parts of Europe has been so great that I need not hesitate to give their author the rank to which he is now entitled. Not only is he the most original of all the younger etchers, but his finest prints are so varied and so adult in character that their authority is not weakened when they are put among the etched masterpieces in historic print-rooms.

This fact is already well known to foreign connoisseurs, and Brangwyn etchings are to be found to-day in many great public collections. There are some at Barcelona, Berlin, Bremen, Brussels, Budapesth, and Buenos Ayres; at Christiania, Dresden, Elberfeld, Frankfort, Gothenburg, Hamburg, and Lugano; at Malmö, Milan, Mühlhausen, Munich, Naples, Paris, Rome, Stockholm, Stuttgart, Vienna, and Zürich. To this list I could add several public galleries in Great Britain, though Brangwyn has never been a favorite among his own countrymen. His devotees in England are numerous, no doubt, but the great public does not try to understand him, and only a few critics show in their written opinions a manly spirit in keeping with his versatile and virile gifts.

From the first Brangwyn has been a fearless man in his ambitions, scornful of dilettante conventions, and fascinated by the great drama of events presented to his vision by nature and by human realities. This, of course, from the first, has been resented in England as a rebellion against the national liking for an art which is nothing more than a toy. Through every stage of his evolution he has been opposed with bitterness by critics who draw their opinions from old museums and who shiver and complain when a rude gust of air comes to them from the outside welter of human strife. But it does not matter. Turner outlived his enemies, so did Furse, so did Alfred Stevens, so did Whistler; and Brangwyn also, thanks to his friends, who gain in number and in importance year by year, can afford to bide his time with patience.

It will be understood, I hope, that when I speak of the manliness of Frank Brangwyn, I am thinking not of the manliness of a soldier or of an athlete, but of the manliness of a man of genius, which is a very different thing, for genius has a double sex, its qualities being partly masculine and partly feminine, as Goethe and Coleridge observed long ago. But, often, especially in modern England, the female qualities of genius are more active and more assertive than the male attributes.

If you compare Brangwyn with George Mason, for example, you will soon grasp the significance of this criticism. George Mason won for himself a lasting reputation, and his art tries to bring us near to field life and to industrial labor; but his "Harvest Moon" and "Evening Hymn" are gracious idylls only, quite femininely sweet in their elaborated sentiment. The woman in his genius was active as a gentle philanthropist, while the man was timid and effete. Yet Mason belonged to a race of soldiers and athletes. Born in 1818, and dying in 1872, he inherited the traditions of Waterloo, lived through the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny, saw tragic and immense events of many kinds; and yet, somehow, he preferred the feminine attributes of art to the militant and masculine. It is the reverse of this that we encounter in Brangwyn, who hates easy sentiment, and scorns the kickshaws of idealism.

This said, we can pass on to a quiet review of his etched work, beginning with a general characteristic. The prints are unusually large, like those of Piranesi, and like many by Legros. To a strong man, there

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is inspiration in big difficulties, and Brangwyn has never been quite at ease when working on small canvases and on little metal plates. His style needs abundant space in which to develop his chosen subjects. Invention is a thing that grows, and

Italian writers on art like to believe that Brangwyn owes much to Piranesi, and there is certainly a kinship of temperament between them. Also it is true that as many tributaries make a noble river, so many borrowings stir the imagination and enrich the

The Storm.

vigorous painters with quick emotions have ever been at their best when creating within ample boundaries. It is a necessity of their temperaments to be long-distance runners in art. But very few persons think of temperament when they look at works of imagination. "Whistler and Méryon believed in small etchings," we are told, for example. "Why does Brangwyn break away from that tradition and etch these huge prints?" This question has been asked a thousand times in English newspapers, while connoisseurs in France, in Germany, in Italy, have understood that the natural scale of Brangwyn's art would be a weakening affectation with other etchers. Whistler did well to use small plates because his genius was not in sympathy with larger ones, and it is from each man's best that we wish to glean our masterpieces.

style of a great artist. But I do not know to what extent Brangwyn is indebted to Piranesi, because the influences which have helped him are so fused in his style and welded together that they cannot be separated from his originality. Even the influence of Legros, which dates from Brangwyn's childhood, is not to be detected in any trick of hand or in any surface likeness of method. The very first etchings that Brangwyn noticed and loved were by Legros, and he remembers with gratitude the prints that moved him most of all, notably "La Mort du Vagabond," and "Men Felling Trees," and other subjects from peasant life and from wayfaring adventure.

He was a lad of about fourteen when these memorable dramas from the toil and suffering of the poor made Legros a guide whom Brangwyn did not know personally.

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Old Hammersmith.

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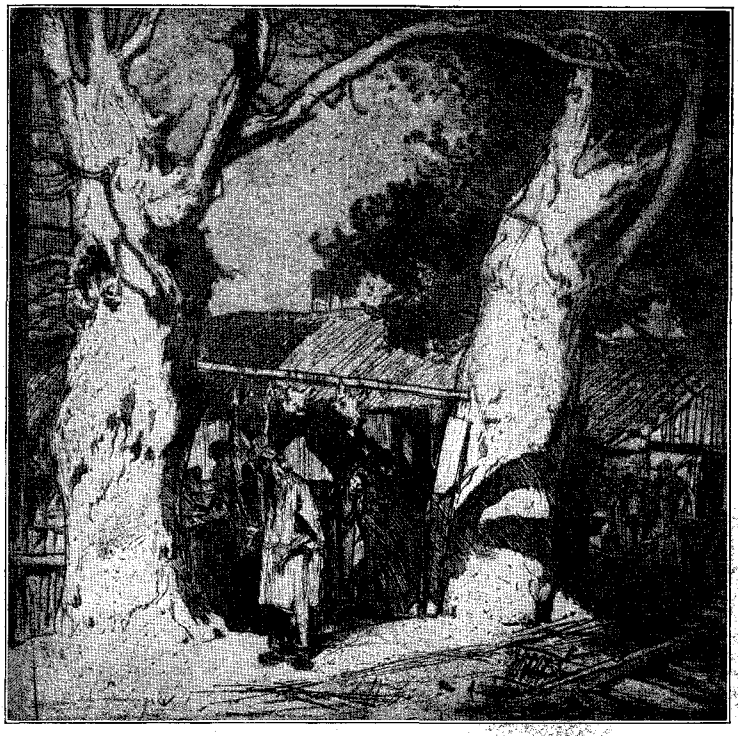
But at a much earlier age, when a child of eight living in old sleepy Bruges, Brangwyn had shown an instinctive liking for the art of Degroux, an art that presented, always with pathos and with manly character, the grim battleside of poverty and human effort. And so, when Legros came into his ken, to be followed by Millet and Meunier, Brangwyn was well prepared to understand the pioneership of his elders.



A Butcher's Shop.

You will note that I use the word "understand," because Brangwyn has never played the sedulous ape to any artist. Influences have come to him as rain comes to thirsty corn-lands, stimulating, nourishing, but without altering the harvests which he had to grow. It is only in the inner essence and the life of his work that you see what he has assimilated from his modern forerunners, Degroux, Meunier, Millet, Legros. And even here you must be careful in your judgments, else you will imagine that you see things that don't really exist, like a recent critic in *The Times*, who assured his readers that Brangwyn was greatly indebted to Tiepolo. The eyes often find what a prejudiced mind directs them to see; and since, as I have said, Brangwyn's originality absorbs and transforms the borrowed inspirations by which it is enriched, we must not pretend to know the extent of his indebtedness to predecessors. What has he gained from Millet? His reverence for this great master of peasant life has had some effect, but I cannot put a name to it by referring you to some definite trait in his methods.

On the other hand, I see clearly what he did *not* assimilate from Millet. The Frenchman, in his outlook, was deeply self-conscious; and the care he took in finding words in which to express his emotions proved that the art of painting did not satisfy him all in all. Millet, by nature, was a man of letters as well as a painter. Words and their music were fascinations that charmed him even in childhood; and throughout his life he passed a great deal of time in dreaming over his ideas and impressions. Also, and this is important, his self-criticisms when at work were not feelings akin to those that we call instincts

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The Return from Work.

Windmill at Dixmude.

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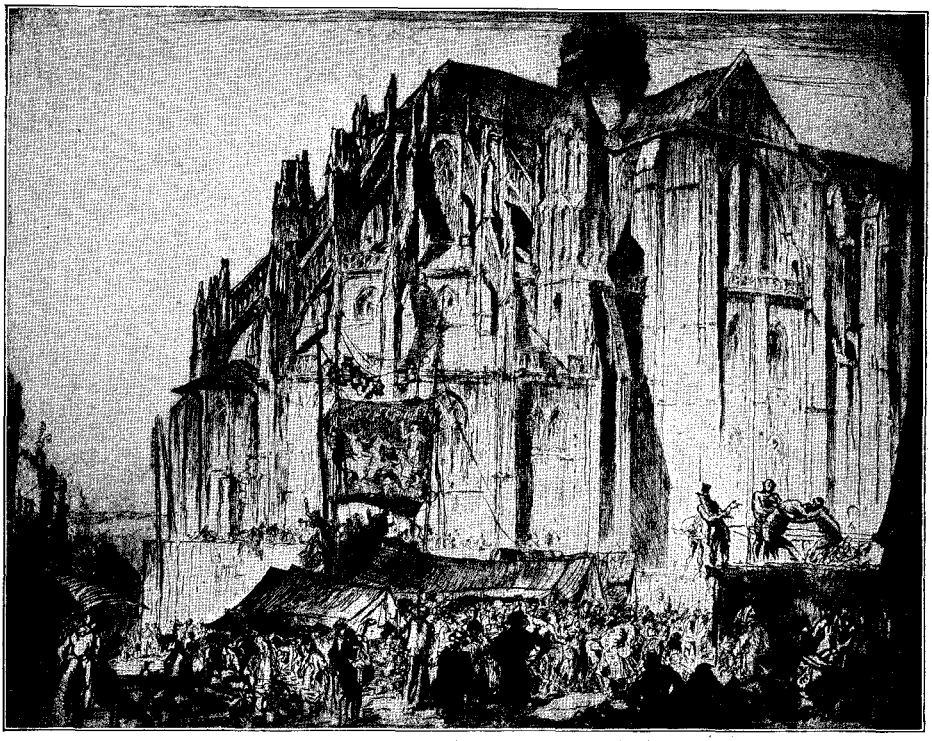

The Cathedral Church of Eu.

among animals; they were verbal directions, clear-cut and definite, and ready to be spoken to a pupil like Wainwright or written to his friend Sensier. Now Brangwyn differs from Millet in all these points. Impulse governs him. His emotions are very strong, often vehement, and he loses himself entirely during his creative hours. Very seldom has he thought it worth his while to reply to his detractors or to waste his inventive energy on explanations of his own aims and convictions. He expresses himself in paint or in etching, and if you fail to understand them there he does not help you with a literary interpretation of his purpose. When he talks it is not about himself but about other artists, and he perceives good wherever he sees life and sincerity.

This being his nature, you will not find in a Brangwyn etching any parade of that old and acquired knowledge that gives a Grecian air to the peasants in the finest etched plates by Millet. Jean François was himself *plus* several others, and the others are often quite easy to recognize. The antique swayed his mind, so did Mantegna and Michael Angelo; and of these influences he was not only conscious, but conscious in that literary fashion that takes a pride in the making of sentences. He seldom knew the joy that Brangwyn feels when a subject possesses the mind entirely and the day's work is like a happy dream with a pleasant awakening.

It is my belief, then, that ingenuousness and a sort of rapt concentration hold a high place among the natural characteristics of Frank Brangwyn. And another natural trait is what I may call a dramatic vision; that is to say, his compositions have action of a dramatic kind. Enemies say that his effects are stage-managed, but this little sneer is aimed also at Victor Hugo, and at other great men who impart the significance of an ordered action and growth to the presentation of a chosen subject. Brangwyn's themes are taken from the great human drama and from the strife of nature; his poetry is a battle, now between trees and the winds, as in the lofty realism of "The Storm," now between men and the circumstances of their lot, as in "Old Hammersmith," and "The Return from Work," and "Beggars."

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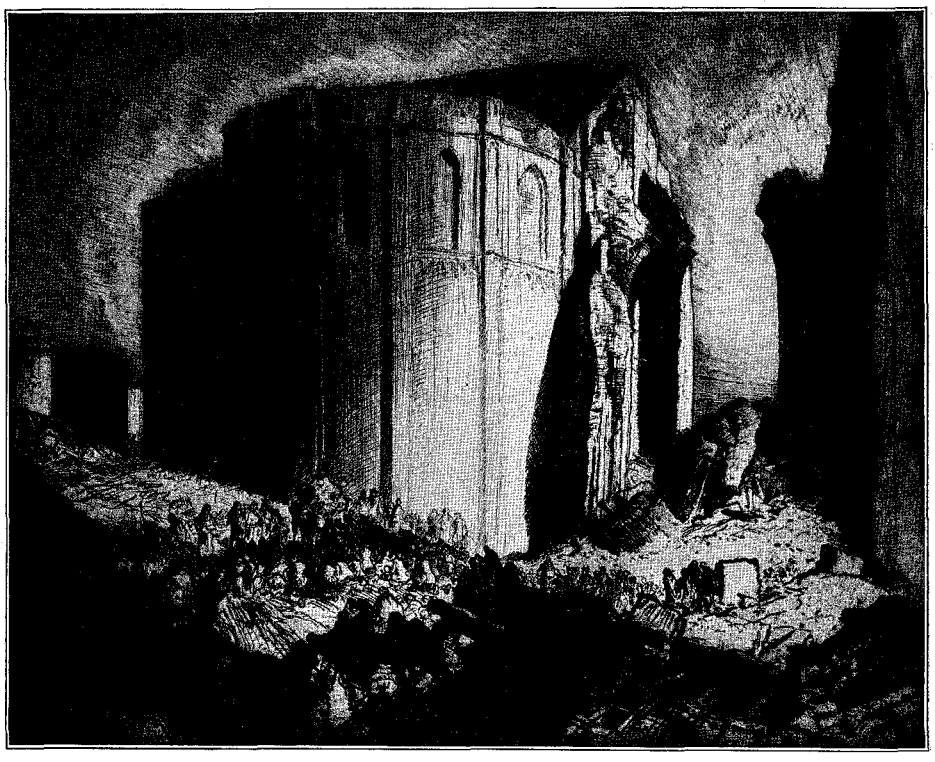
The illustrations in this article show variously the truth of this analysis. There is not among them the slightest trace of virtuosity. And however humble the scene may be, as in "A Boat-Yard, Venice," or in "A Butcher's Shop," there is magic in the massed light and shade, and there is also a peculiar romance in the forthright treatment of common familiar things. Note the architectural short-hand in the sunny old houses of "A Boat-Yard, Venice," and see how the warm air stirs gently around the newly washed clothes hanging outside the shuttered windows. The dark foreground, splashed here and there with sunlight, and animated with men at work, is constructed with nervous vigor and ease, right accents distributed ably, and a firm and varied rhythm giving life to the linear composition. These qualities are seen again, with a higher distinction, in "Old Hammersmith," where the houses silhouetted against the smoke-laden sky have a rare charm, showing that humble factories in the sunlight may vie with cathedral architecture when a true artist looks up at them and sees them with imaginative sympathy. Then, as to the "Butcher's Shop," a subject found in Wormwood Scrubbs, London, I cannot improve the description which I have given of it in my book on Brangwyn. In this etching a low shed is flanked by two immense tree trunks upon which the sunlight plays, so that their age and decrepitude look spectral. One tree is leafless, while the other still keeps a mass of foliage that hangs over the timber shed. From trunk to trunk stretches a pole with two pigs' heads fastened to it as a trade sign. Under them, dressed in a smock, the butcher stands, in sunlight, looking toward his right with expectation; and behind him, dimly, from a chaos of transparent dark shadows flecked with sunny patches, several things emerge —a sheep's carcase hanging from the pole, and some human figures. What does he expect, that butcher? For whom does he wait? Is he to be met with on Wormwood Scrubbs? If Edgar Poe had seen this etching, could he have failed to write a story about its peculiar loneliness? As one looks, the sunlight turns into moonlight, and those



The Duomo—Ruined Messina.

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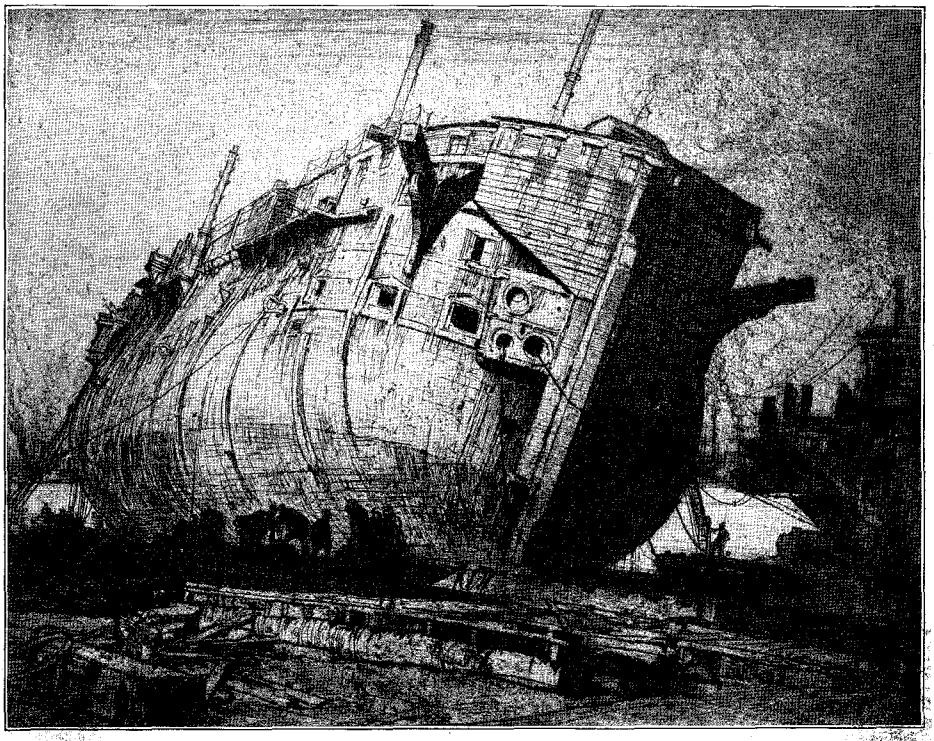
huge old trees—contrasted with the little trivial foolish shed, and suggesting life in hundreds of years—become almost supernatural. One never knows precisely why a great artist chose a given subject; he was moved by something in its aspect, and his emotion did not awaken the brain-centre of speech, it found expression for itself in the pattern-work of light and shade and form. This we know; but I have an idea in my mind that this etching belongs to the superstition that Welshmen, from time immemorial, have nursed in their rugged hills and valleys. For Brangwyn, remember, is not a pure Anglo-Saxon, his mother being a descendant of those dark and short Iberians whose lineage is probably as ancient as the Neolithic inhabitants of Britain.



Breaking up the *Hannibal.*

There is no need for me to linger here over the deep and austere affection that Brangwyn has always shown toward industrial labor and toward the outcasts of society. Mendicants appeal to him strongly, and his realization of their draggled wretchedness has a wide diversity of character, relieved, from time to time, by humor and irony. He portrays the difference between the real down-at-heel and the professional scamp and loafer. Any man who cannot work because he is disabled by disease or by long privation is taken into the hospital of Brangwyn's sympathetic regard; but when a man does the work that he is fit to do, Brangwyn wastes no pity on inevitable hardships. For every form of toil is a form of war, and we must accept without repining the perils or the risks that belong to its daily duties. Millet pitied farm laborers and Meunier gave much commiseration to colliers. Brangwyn does not. The world needs their labor, and if a few of them lose their lives in an occasional disaster, so do foot-ball players and gallant airmen. Pleasures as well as pains have thus their battle-tolls of killed, or wounded, or maimed. And since the ideal we call Peace has never existed either in nature or in human civilizations, Brangwyn faces the hazards of life as a sportsman encounters the dangers of games, expecting fortitude and pluck from

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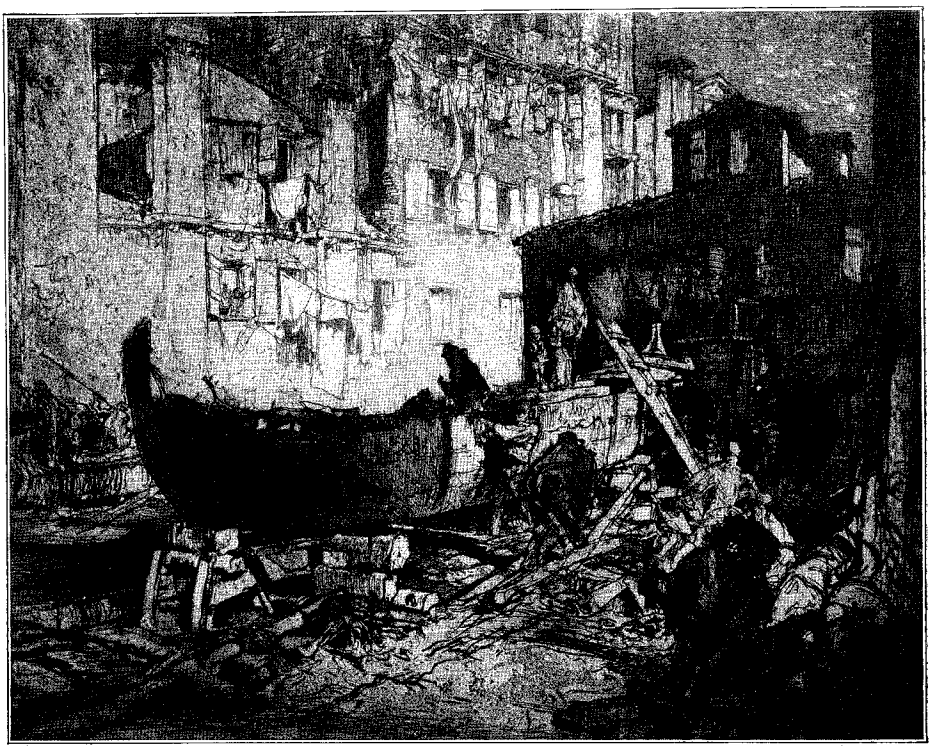
Beggars.



The Boat-Yard, Venice.

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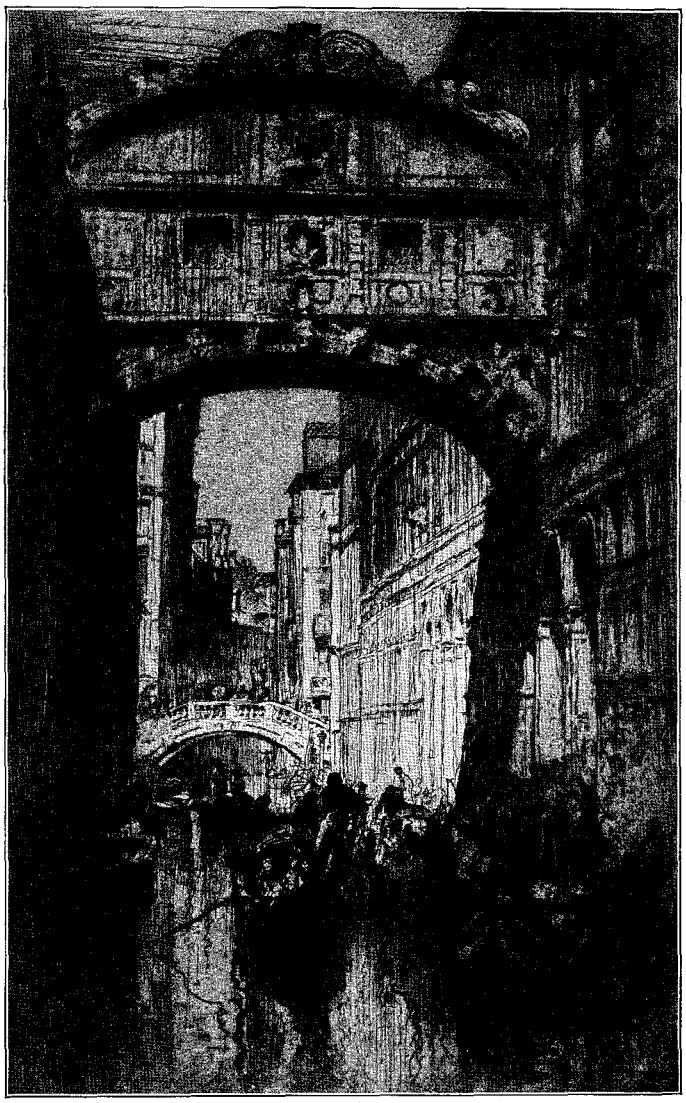

The Bridge of Sighs, Venice.

everybody, because these qualities alone have an abiding hope when hope is most necessary.

This attitude toward the relentless competition between men and between nations gives to the industrial phases of Brangwyn's art a rugged cheerfulness very much at odds with the many discontents which our modern democracy tries to establish as ideals of progress. But there is one point, and that a very important point, where Brangwyn's manly optimism drifts away at times from its downright faith in the value of work and of uncomplaining courage. He is tremendously impressed by the gigantic machines by which men are now dwarfed and enslaved. There is nobility in all handicraft, but when a man is nothing more than a menial servant to a machine, what measure of self-respect can he retain? The machine is the skilled laborer while its human attendant is little more than a mere automatic drudge. Man is becoming a new Gulliver in a new Brobdingnag, a vast civilization of Titanic mechanisms. And Brangwyn is the first artist of genius who has

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called up this fact into pictorial presence. One distinguished critic, M. Henri Marcel, is inclined to find gentle fault with him on this account, saying that while lifeless things, like machines, receive from his needle the most striking color and character, the human figures depicted often lack what is necessary to represent the power of their effort—intensity of accent, expressive synthesis. But art is a commentary on life, and Brangwyn has obtained very impressive poetry by showing the absence of a common scale between man and the immense beauty and strength of modern machinery. Here, for instance, is a great old battle-ship, the *Hannibal*, lying stranded, while workmen—mere pygmies in comparison with her bulk—break up the frame of her body, which has passed through a thousand storms unharmed.

For the rest, this article is a brief study, for the illustrations are so numerous and so excellent that they do not need a long introduction. But I wish to say just a few words on another attribute of the artist's style. It is a just feeling for weight in solid things. We cannot say with truth of Brangwyn's works that the best in this kind are but shadows, and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them. On the contrary, he represents a great variety of substance in the component parts of his etchings. His trees are much heavier than the sky behind them, but they are not weighty like his buildings and his ships. And note the skill with which he suggests the wear and tear of old age in beautiful stone-work, like that in "The Bridge of Sighs," to which the Emperor of Austria granted a gold medal of honor in 1910. From the days when the French Impressionists began their crusade against old customs, and traditions, we have listened to a great deal of talk about values in color, while only an artist here and there, like Brangwyn, has shown a discriminating regard for values of lightness in delicate things and of weight in solidity. This you will be able to study in the etchings, where, amid strong contrasts of light and shade, we find that black and white, nobly orchestrated, are really what Tintoretto pronounced them to be—the most beautiful of all colors.

THE CONVALESCENT

By Louisa Fletcher Tarkington

FROM where I sit and watch, she looks
So feather-light upon her bed.

Her breast so delicate and small,
It scarcely seems to rise and fall
Beneath the lightly woven shawl.

Yet they have brought her back to life,
Almost they brought her from the dead.

Her fingers, slim and fluttering,
Pluck softly at the covering,
Pluck at my heart past uttering.

From where I sit and watch, she looks
So little, gentle, so betrayed.

Will she call out for that wee thing
That slipped into the enshadowing,
That could not stay for mothering?

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LEADERSHIP IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

By George B. McClellan

THE government of the United States is predicated upon the theory that the majority shall rule. This does not mean that the minority shall be reduced to serfdom, that it shall be exploited materially and politically for the profit of the majority, but that the majority shall be charged with the powers of government and with all the duties and responsibilities that such powers may imply. When the framers of the Constitution provided that the Electoral College by a majority vote should elect the President, and that a majority of each House of Congress should constitute a quorum to do business, they not only intended to prevent government by less than a majority, but to give to the majority full power for the administration of public affairs; an administration consistent of course with our racial ideas of justice and fair-play; consistent with the preservation intact of the so-called rights of the minority, carefully enumerated in the Constitution.

The vehicle by means of which the majority expresses its will and by means of which the minority defends its rights, is party. Whatever may be the weaknesses and shortcomings of party government, it is the only method yet devised by human intelligence for the successful administration of a democracy. Where party lines are loosely drawn the tendency is in the direction of the group system, when government can only be carried on by a combination of two or more groups "en bloc," as in France, to the great loss of efficiency. With us third party movements have thus far been ephemeral, the people, almost all of them, arranging themselves in one or other of two great parties.

The business of the party in power is to govern, that of the party out of power to act as a check upon the government by discussion, by criticism, and by opposition.

In the House of Representatives the majority is charged with the responsibility of legislation, and is answerable to the people for the faithful performance of its duty, biennially and directly through the election of its members, and quadrennially and indirectly through the election of the President of the United States.

In discussing the House of Representatives it must never be lost sight of that its management is in the hands of the majority, and that in the eyes of the House and in the eyes of the country the majority is held responsible, not only for carrying out the party programme, but also for the despatch of the ordinary public business, essential to the smooth working of the national government.

In countries where respect for the law is slight and orderly debate unknown, popular government exists, if at all, almost by a miracle. We English-speaking peoples have evolved, as a part of our racial development, a firm adherence to a certain procedure which, while designed to facilitate debate and protect the minority in the exercise of its rights, permits of the transaction of legislative business by the party charged with the responsibility of government. We in this country have inherited our system of parliamentary procedure from the House of Commons, the mother of parliaments, and have developed and adapted it to meet our requirements. It is an excellent example of our racial genius for self-government that we are willing to submit ourselves to the rules of parliamentary law. What in a Latin country might drive the minority into privy conspiracy and rebellion, with us has no other result than to fill the *Congressional Record* with many impassioned speeches directed against King Caucus, the Czar in the Chair, or whatever or whoever, under the practice of the day, is clothed with the power of the majority.

Speaker Reed's suggestion that "the noise made by a small but loud minority in the wrong is too often mistaken for the voice of the people and the voice of God"

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has been even better expressed by Speaker Cannon who said that "Since the days of Jeremiah the lamentations of a minority have touched the hearts of the people more than the hosannas of the majority." Yet despite this fact, whenever the balance of power has shifted and the minority of yesterday has become the majority of to-day, that majority has enforced its will not only quite as arbitrarily, but often by the same means as did its predecessor.

The House of Representatives consists of 391 members besides the territorial delegates and resident commissioners from the Philippines and Porto Rico who by courtesy are given voices but not votes. These 391 members introduced during the Sixtieth Congress 29,394 bills and resolutions. This in addition to the 10,111 bills and resolutions introduced in the Senate, many of which found their way to the House. It is obvious that if even a very small part of this enormous amount of possible business is to be considered by the House, some means must be provided for the separation of the grain from the chaff. This has been accomplished in a way peculiar to our Congress, by means of the standing committees. Of these there are 62, varying in membership from 3 to 20, and furnishing a total of 817 committee places. Every member of the House except the Speaker is a member of one or more committees, while each committee is charged with one or more subjects of legislation.

The Speaker of the House of Representatives is not only the presiding officer of the House but he is the official head of his party. He has been described as "the mouth-piece of the majority, the responsible agent of party government." While his election is for the life of a Congress, it has always been assumed that a motion to declare the Speakership vacant would be in order at any time, and Mr. Cannon has so ruled and entertained such a motion during the last Congress. In other words, the Speaker holds only at the pleasure of the majority, who may by resolution depose him "at any hour on any day."

The management of the majority, and therefore of the House, is not, as often erroneously stated, in the hands of the chairmen of the leading committees, but in those of a little group of men who may or may not be all committee chairmen, and who have found their way to the top by a process of natural selection. This group derives its authority from the expressed or unexpressed support of the party caucus, which speaks officially through the Committee on Rules. Of the House oligarchy the Speaker is of course a member and the most important of all, not necessarily because of his office, but because the Speakership has usually been given to the strongest member of the majority. The Speaker never takes any important political action except after consultation with this unofficial cabinet.

The outcry against the oppression of the Speaker is no new thing. It has endured almost as long as the Speakership itself.

Speaker Cannon once said: "Yes, I know I am a Czar in Democratic platforms and in some of the moral-uplift magazines, but only just so long as I have a majority behind me who like a Czar. There has been much said about Tom Reed and his rules, and he was the first Czar. Tom Reed led, but he would have stood naked before the minority if he hadn't been clothed with a majority. That is what makes a Czar in this House, a majority, and it makes no difference whether it is on the Republican or Democratic side."

The power of the Speaker is primarily based upon the fact that he is the political leader of his party, chosen by his party and holding office only during his party's pleasure. Upon this foundation has been erected a superstructure of rules, customs, and precedents, all designed for the one and only purpose of enabling the majority to have its will.

The Speaker never has been at any time an impartial presiding officer. The debates of the Constitutional Convention contain no discussion whatever upon the clause giving the House of Representatives power to elect its Speaker. The only debate in which the word Speaker occurs was upon a section offered but not agreed to, for the establishment of a Council of State "to consist of the President, the President of the Senate, the Speaker, the Chief Justice, and the heads of departments." There is nothing to show that the inventors of this council intended the Speaker to be other than a political official.

Miss Follett calls attention to the fact that few of the members of the constitu-

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tional convention had ever been in England, and there is no ground for the assumption that their model was the Speaker of the House of Commons. On the contrary, it is a fair statement that they expected the Speaker of the House of Representatives to be a political leader. It may be assumed that the Speaker would be the kind of Speaker with which they were familiar. Nor was this by any means an impartial presiding officer. "They knew a presiding officer of the Continental Congress who was both a political leader and the official head of the State with important administrative functions. They knew a president of the Constitutional Convention who to his power as chairman added all the influence to be expected of one acknowledged as the foremost man of the nation." And lastly, "they knew the Speaker of the Colonial Assemblies who was at the same time a political leader."—("The Speaker" by M. P. Follett.)

As early as in the Third Congress partisanship had begun to develop, while in the Fourth Congress the line of cleavage between Federalists and Democrats was clearly marked.

It was not, however, until 1811 that Henry Clay upon his election began the development of the force of the Speakership. During his extraordinarily long service of six terms Clay accomplished three main objects: "he increased the Speaker's parliamentary power; he strengthened his personal influence; and he established beyond cavil his position as a legislative leader." No man who preceded him, no man who has followed him, was or has been more partisan, more arbitrary, more of a Czar than Henry Clay. He ruled the House not so much by the brute force of the rules as by the force of his personality, and made it possible that the Speaker should possess the power which he now wields.

Since the time of Clay three important modifications have occurred in the method of applying the Speaker's power, modifications which, while all tending toward the expedition of business, have all been hailed as evidences of oppression. In their chronological order they are: 1st, Speaker Carlisle's exploitation of the right of recognition; 2d, Speaker Reed's counting of a quorum, and 3d, Speaker Crisp's exaltation of the Committee on Rules. It will be observed that two of the principal grievances of the Democrats of to-day are inventions of Democratic Speakers.

Up to the Speakership of Mr. Carlisle the constant increase in the Speaker's power was due to the personal force of the individual in the chair, rather than to any change in the method of making that force felt. Mr. Colfax and Mr. Blaine, like Mr. Winthrop twenty years earlier, made the influence of the Speakership felt as that of the second office in the government because they were able to apply a profound knowledge of parliamentary law with a tact that glossed their partisanship and masked their arbitrariness. Mr. Carlisle, who was an intense partisan, conceived it to be his function to force through the House the party programme, without much regard to either the rights of the minority or the forms of law. A well-disciplined majority, ready to come to heel when he whistled, was essential for his purpose.

Speaker Randall in 1881 was the first to deny the right of appeal on the question of recognition, holding that the Chair had the final decision as to who should have the floor. This ruling Mr. Carlisle extended and amplified in its scope. He openly and as a matter of course declined to recognize a member for any purpose unless that member had first called upon him in the Speaker's room and obtained his permission to address the Chair.

The second great change in the expression of the Speaker's power was due to Mr. Reed, one of the ablest parliamentarians who has ever occupied the Chair and one of the greatest men our country has produced.

During Mr. Carlisle's last term as Speaker in the Fiftieth Congress, despite his arbitrary use of the power of recognition and of the other powers of his office, a minority, sometimes large, more often extremely small, by a misuse of the rules, brought public business almost to a standstill.

It had always been the practice in the House to require a quorum to vote on every proposition, and this practice presented one of the most effective and at the same time one of the easiest means of blocking public business, for, as Mr. Reed put it, "men by simply sitting still could produce more effect on the legislation of the country than by any amount of effort."

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Both parties were responsible for the reduction of legislative obstruction to a fine art. Speakers Colfax, Blaine, and Carlisle had considered and rejected the suggestion of ruling that if a quorum is present, even though it does not vote, it nevertheless by its silence consents to the passage of the bill.

"Speaker Reed took the Chair on December 2, 1889, with the determination that neither unnecessary delays in formal proceedings, individual claims, nor the obstruction of an organzied minority should prevent a majority of the House from transacting business." "His two important parliamentary decisions were: first, that a vote is valid if a quorum be actually present, though the quorum may not vote; and secondly, that motions obviously and purely dilatory, designed only to block the doing of business, need not be entertained."—(Follett.)

For his first decision he had the precedent of the British House of Commons where the rule has been practically always in force, and in this country the decisions of Speaker John E. Sanford in the Massachusetts House of Representatives in 1874, of Lieutenant-Governor David B. Hill in the Senate of New York in 1883, and of the Speaker of the House of Representatives of Tennessee in 1885; in other words, of two Democratic and one Republican presiding officers.

For his refusal to entertain dilatory motions he was supported not only by the precedent of the House of Commons, but also by the rulings of Speakers Colfax, Blaine, Randall, and Kiefer. Both of these rulings were incorporated in the rules, and the quorum counting decision was subsequently sustained by the Supreme Court of the United States.

The so-called Reed Rules were merely the rules as they had been developed gradually from the beginning, finally revised under Speaker Randall in 1880, with four modifications: 1, the prevention of dilatory motions; 2, the counting of a quorum; 3, making one hundred the quorum in Committee of the Whole, and 4, revising the daily order of business.

The Democratic outcry against "Czar Reed and his rules" was directed chiefly against the prevention of dilatory motions and the counting of a quorum. The Democratic party being in the minority and being human, sought to pose before the country as the victims of oppression and ill usage.

As Mr. Crisp had been one of the loudest in denouncing the "tyranny" of the Reed rules, he was obliged on taking the Chair, if he wished to preserve even the semblance of consistency, to find some other method of asserting his power. Accordingly the rule that no dilatory motion should be entertained was omitted, but Mr. Crisp in conferring upon the Committee on Rules the power to prevent obstruction, endorsed the course followed by his predecessor.

While the Fifty-second Congress had no quorum rule, the Fifty-third Congress, because of Republican obstruction, was obliged to provide that before every roll-call the Speaker should appoint two members, "one from each of the pending question, who should take their places at the Clerk's desk and note those members present not responding to their names in order to make a quorum."

In other words Speaker Crisp indirectly endorsed Speaker Reed's most criticised decision. Both parties are therefore on record in their rules as favoring the counting of a quorum, and being opposed to the use of dilatory motions.

When the Fifty-fourth Congress met, the House having again elected Mr. Reed Speaker, readopted the rules which bear his name. These rules have been in force ever since, modified during the last two years by the addition of clauses creating Calendar Wednesday and the Unanimous Consent Calendar, both changes designed to facilitate the consideration of bills in which individual members are interested.

If Democratic platform utterances on the subject of the House rules mean anything they mean that the Democratic party not only denounces the last eight Republican Congresses, but includes in its denunciations the last two Democratic Congresses as well.

There is, however, a widely diffused sentiment that Speaker Cannon has so misused his powers that he has governed the House in defiance of the majority, in that he has prevented the majority from enacting legislation which it has desired. The charge is not that Mr. Cannon has forced the House to do what it has not wanted to

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do, but that he has prevented it doing its will. In other words, the charge against Mr. Cannon is that he has curtailed the activity of the House and silenced its members, despite the fact that the last Congress enacted some seven thousand bills and the members of the House filled some fifteen thousand pages of the *Record* with debate.

Speaker Cannon has been charged with two principal offences; first, with refusing to recognize members for Unanimous Consent, so that they might pass their bills, and second, with misusing the Committee on Rules by constantly bringing in reports, intended to thwart the wishes of the majority.

Although nearly five thousand private bills were passed during the Sixtieth Congress, many of them under recognition by unanimous consent, the first charge continued until the invention of the Unanimous Consent Calendar and the creation of Calendar Wednesday took from the Speaker his power of recognizing for unanimous consent. There then remained only one against Cannonism—the misuse of the Committee on Rules.

The Committee on Rules is the creature of the majority. It merely recommends to the House, its recommendations to be effective requiring confirmation by a majority, for its orders are only an indirect method of applying the caucus rule.

During the first session of the Sixtieth Congress the Committee on Rules made thirteen reports, of which five were in reference to investigations by committees or commissions, one was to admit the Philippine commissioners to the floor, six were in reference to parliamentary procedure, and one was for the consideration of a bill for the codification of the penal laws. During the second session the committee reported five times only; twice in reference to the salary of Secretary of State so as to make Mr. Knox eligible to the office, and once each in reference to the Brownsville soldiers, Calendar Wednesday, and the suspension of the rules by a majority vote, during the last six days of the session.

Despite the fact that the Committee on Rules reported only eighteen times during the entire life of the Sixtieth Congress, the sentiment continued that it was the active engine of the Speaker's oppression and ought to be abolished. Accordingly a majority, composed of the Democrats and a score or more of so-called insurgents or Republicans who for one reason or another had bolted the Republican caucus, took from the Speaker his power to appoint the Committee on Rules, excluded him from membership on that committee, and lodged its appointment in the House itself, the committee consisting of ten members, six from the majority and four from the minority, chosen by the respective caucuses.

Immediately after the creation of the new committee the members of the coalition that had brought about the victory, proudly announced that Cannonism had been killed past hope of resurrection. Yet as soon as the congressional campaign had begun Cannonism was once more brought forward as an issue.

Whether Cannonism is dead or not, it is perfectly safe to assume that as long as our country retains its freedom any bill that a majority of the members wishes to pass will be passed, and that it will receive just as much or as little consideration, and will be debated for just as long or as short a time as the majority may wish. The majority always has had its will and always will have its will. No man nor set of men, no Speaker nor Committee on Rules has ever succeeded in thwarting it.

As able and as resourceful a man as Speaker Reed, for a moment stood in its way and was swept aside, while the majority marched triumphantly to its goal. Mr. Reed, with all the sincerity and earnestness of his great nature, believed that the then new doctrine of Imperialism meant the ruin of our institutions and the end of our liberties. He fought the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands as the first step toward destruction. He labored unceasingly, he opposed, he struggled, he pleaded, and yet he scarcely delayed the will of the majority a day. Hawaii was annexed despite his efforts, and at the end of the Congress the one time so-called Czar, disheartened and dispirited, retired into private life. Mr. Reed was just as strong and as able and far greater in defeat than at the summit of his glory, but he had ceased to be a possible servant of the majority, and so the majority turned from him to a much smaller man who, because he was in sympathy with his party, was ready to obey its will.

So far as Cannonism means the personal influence of Mr. Cannon as Speaker, it has

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probably passed forever. Mr. Cannon is nearly seventy-five years of age, it is improbable that he will ever again occupy the Chair, and gallant fearless old fighter that he is, his fighting days must be nearly over. Yet he has left his mark upon the Speakership and his impress upon the House, and neither his enemies nor his calumniators can detract from what he has accomplished. He will leave behind him the record of an honest and a brave man who, believing in party government and charged with great power, used that power to work his party's will, who strove unceasingly with resource and ability and courage to do what he deemed to be his duty.

But if Cannonism means the power of the Speakership, it is a very rash man who will say that it has gone.

It is perfectly possible that the House may shift its leadership from the Chair to the floor, by depriving the Speaker of the political powers now connected with the office. If the House shall so decree, the impartial presiding officer, so much desired by many, may come to life, but the powers once centred in the Chair will naturally focus in the floor leader. Were the House to be led from the floor the same outcry that is made to-day against the Speaker would be raised against the tyrant at the head of rules or whatever chairmanship might carry the leadership, and were the leadership to be in commission, the steering committee would be abused with equal fervor. Those who object to any leadership whatever, and they are many, would only be satisfied under a condition of legislative lawlessness horrible of contemplation and impossible of realization.

The power of the Speakership has weathered so many storms in the past that it will doubtless survive that which now threatens it. Almost every extension of the Speaker's influence that has taken place has been greeted with loud cries by the minority. Judging the future by the past, it is altogether probable that the next Speaker, deprived of his control of the Committee on Rules and his right of making appointments to the other committees, will nevertheless find some new way of increasing his power and making that power felt. But whether he does or not, whether he continues to lead the House or whether the leadership is transferred to the floor, one thing is certain, and that is that the majority will continue to govern and will continue to express its will through its chosen mouthpiece, be he Speaker, or be he floor leader.

The rule of the House is the rule of the majority. Its procedure, its rules, its customs, all have that one end in view. One party may come, and another may go, Speakers may preside feebly or with a hand of iron, minorities may grow strong and violent, denouncing King Caucus to-day, the Committee on Rules to-morrow, and the Speaker the day after, but as long as our institutions remain as they are, as long as we remain a self-governing Democratic Republic, the majority will continue to govern, and no thoughtful or patriotic American would have it otherwise.

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THINGS THAT ARE CÆSAR'S

By Elizabeth Moorhead

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. EVERETT JOHNSON

LUCY BIRCHFIELD took her stand before the massive chimney-piece with a determined air of possession. As the new mistress of the house entered she turned sharply, not caring to conceal the assertive spark in her eye. Electa let fall the out-stretched hand that offered a timid hospitality.

"Please be seated," she said. "You must be tired. It's a long trip out from town."

"A trip I'm used to, thank you!" Lucy replied, the glow of ownership deepening as she settled herself in a chair which was not the one Electa had softly pushed forward. "You seem to forget that my people lived at Thorndale long before you ever saw or heard of it."

"Oh, I understand how dear the old place must be to you, and I do hope you will always feel——"

"Dear to me! Why, it's *home!* My father was born here, and my grandfather left it to Aunt Rachel because she loved it and had always lived here. How could she let it go out of the family? How could she?" Lucy's voice shook as she threw a loyal glance around the dim wainscoted room lined with books collected by generations of Thornburys.

Electa paused. She wanted to be patient with this irritated soul who knew nothing of the peace that made the present atmosphere of the old house.

"It *is* hard," she said at last. "But there's a larger view. We don't feel as you do about property. In our work there's no mine and thine."

"That's easy, after you've got it all! I'd like to know how long this 'work,' as you call it, would go on, or what you'd be doing with yourself, if it weren't for Thornbury money!"

"I'm not helpless," flashed the girl, with sudden spirit, her calm beauty kindling in so unexpected a way that Mrs. Birchfield felt her self-erected pedestal tremble beneath her.

"Surely you know," Electa went on, "that I'll never use the money for personal ends. I will use it as she used it. I mean to carry out all her wishes. I am bound by the most sacred obligation—her trust in me."

"Her trust in you! It's incredible—putting a fortune into your hands like that, away from her natural heirs forever!"

"Why not? The house where she carried on a great work——"

"Pauperizing a set of lazy men and women who ought to be out in the world making a living!"

Electa's faith in her work made her careless of the sneer, but she longed to justify the dear old friend who had trusted her. "You know," she said, "how strongly Miss Thornbury felt about the right and wrong use of money."

"Oh, I suppose she told you that my husband was a gambler," the other interrupted harshly, "because he took risks and lost money on the Stock Exchange! Well, it's true. But that was only her point of view. *I* don't blame him—not a bit."

"She thought that he should have been content. You had enough——"

"What did she know about enough, or you either? Does one ever have enough when there are five children? Oh, it's too much; I can't bear it!" Lucy sprang up, passionately striking her little hands together. "You shut yourselves away from the world, you see nothing as it really is, and then you attempt to judge the rest of us; to decide what we need or don't need. *I'm* not afraid to tell you what I believe! I believe a family is the best thing on God's earth, and family claims come first, every time. I want my children to take the place my father and grandfather had before them, I want them to be well-educated, well-dressed, well-established, to live with their own sort, to be proper figures in the world they belong to. That's their birthright, and

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you've robbed them of it; you've schemed to get it away from them. It takes money, and lots of it too, to keep one's place in the world; there's no use pretending anything different. *I'm* not a hypocrite; I say what I think. I want my children to have

"They may be small, they may be worthless—the things I want. But, such as they are, *I mean to get them!*"

Six months later the case of Birchfield versus Cragin was under way.

"Don't worry, mother; it'll come out all right sure," he said, as he threw his arm about her shoulders.—Page 606.

their place. That's my duty, and it's my religion too!"

Electa had risen and stood looking down at the little hard, hot face and trembling hands. How could she feel anything but love and pity for this blind, striving soul? Her arms went out in a movement of tenderness.

"Oh, my dear, how unhappy you must be! Don't you see how small they are, how worthless, these things that you are living for, that you want for your children?"

Lucy drew back, ignoring the reaching hands. Perhaps beneath the tenderness she felt a touch of that unconscious spiritual arrogance that can see no way but its own. She faced Electa with an unflinching eye.

"Single women aren't fit to handle property," declared Mr. Sheldon, of the law firm of Sheldon and Hollister, as he and his young partner went up the courthouse steps together. "They're the natural prey of the fakir, and the better they are the quicker they get fooled. Women seem to lose all their common-sense unless they are tied down by a husband and babies of their own. Now this Miss Rachel Thornbury, she was the salt of the earth——"

"Oh, it's a perfectly clear case," John Hollister assented; "the sort of thing that happens all the time. But I confess I'm puzzled by the other woman, this Miss Cragin. I can't quite make her out. A fanatic, of course——"

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"Fanatic fiddlesticks! An adventuress—after the money from the start. Don't be fooled by her Fra Angelico face and skimpy dress."

"Not an adventuress," said Hollister. "I can't believe that."

"Well, wait till we get her on the stand. We'll find out what she's made of when you begin to cross-examine her, my boy. Don't be afraid of pricking her heart. She hasn't any. A heart means fire, and if it's there a flicker will get up to the face occasionally. These cold people who sit on the snow-bank side of life—they are the schemers, John, who get away with the goods. But we'll pull up this one all right."

It was the second day of the trial. After calling as witnesses the family physician, and a few relatives and friends who had been frequent visitors at Thorndale, the plaintiff had rested her case. She had alleged that Electa Cragin, a beneficiary and dependent of Miss Thornbury, had taken advantage of her situation by exercising undue influence upon the testatrix at a time when she was not of sound and disposing mind by reason of advanced age and failing health, thereby inducing her to destroy an earlier will in favor of her niece and heir-at-law, Lucy Birchfield, and to devise and bequeath her entire estate to the said Electa Cragin.

Mrs. Birchfield's witnesses had produced a marked effect by their distinction and straightforward testimony. Electa had listened with a failing heart, cut by every word—for it was all true, yet true in a way that made the words themselves seem false. True that she had never left Miss Thornbury alone, even with the physician. How should she leave one who was so touchingly dependent upon her, who clung to her even more wistfully when others were present? And true that she had assumed control at Thorndale as the work dropped from her friend's weakened hands. She had thrown herself wholly into the cause of her benefactress, sure of her own motive, oblivious to possible imputations. And now! It was an outrage that these worldly, goods-burdened people should think her bent on personal gain—she who, with all the Thornbury estate in her name, felt no sense of possession. She had gone from court in dismay. Could she ever explain? Could she make them see?

"No," she told herself. "My own words will be used against me. They can not understand."

So on this second day she walked into court as to an ordeal of which she alone guessed. Lucy Birchfield—very trig in a black cloth suit, calculated to delight the eye of the most exacting tailor, and touched with youth and prettiness by the unfailing cosmetic, excitement—dropped her eyes as Electa took her place at the other side of the counsel table. The two women had not met since their interview six months before.

Visitors were gathering expectantly, and Electa, with a chill of apprehension, suddenly realized that it was she whom their curious eyes were seeking. But she gave no sign of disquiet, and when her name was called moved forward to the witness stand with the usual modest composure that made part of her quaint charm. The nun-like brown dress which she wore failed to obscure the youth of her figure, and the little round hat which rested on the coils of her copper-gleaming hair seemed innocently to disavow its own primness.

"It is very effective to be different," Mrs. Birchfield cynically whispered to Hollister; then flushed with annoyance at the warmth of his assent.

But calm as Electa appeared, she found it hard to breathe in this atmosphere of antagonism and resentment. Yet she had never once doubted her right to fight for her inheritance. All her life she had flamed with a longing to help and save, and she accepted the fortune as a mysterious fulfilment. She had the martyr's ardent moments when she felt herself chosen to uphold the life of faith before a mocking world, to fling the divine challenge to the forces of evil, and her eager imagination transformed even her attorney to an appointed instrument in this high warfare,—though to the uninitiated he would seem but imperfectly adapted to spiritual ends. This ramble-jointed personage now walked back and forth in front of his client as he questioned her, his hands in his pockets, his manner a mingling of jocularity and assurance.

But he soon proved his adroitness. Quickly and easily he drew forth Electa's story. The girl told how, some six years earlier, she had given up teaching in a public school that she might devote herself to evangelistic work. She had always meant

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to be a missionary. Her very name, bestowed upon her by a Scotch father who had brought the deep religion of his rugged hills to a Pennsylvania farm, had set her apart for a life of service. She spoke very simply; one could see that she was too inexperienced to realize what her own courage had been in throwing aside a bread-winning occupation for the sake of a conviction and facing the world with faith as her only asset. She told of her meeting with Miss Thornbury, who had immediately urged her to help in the establishment of a mission at Thorndale. At first she had hesitated. "I had to wait for a leading," she said, and on her lips the worn phrase had no flavor of cant. Pollock, the lawyer, dexterously showed her throughout as the trusted adviser of her old friend, careful never to abuse this confidence, never to take the initiative. Intent only upon the truth of her answers, she was scarcely aware of the court-room and of the favorable impression made by her testimony. Once she began an eager explanation in reply to a question concerning the nature of her teaching when a sudden "I object" from the counsel for the plaintiff cut sharply across her eloquence.

"Oh, don't you know that I'm in the right? Please say you believe in me!"—Page 606.

"Irrelevant and immaterial," said John Hollister.

Electa fell back, her cheeks helplessly aflame.

"There's fire there — and a heart," thought Hollister in an unprofessional instant.

Electa finally testified as to the clearness of Miss Thornbury's mind when her last will was drawn, stating that she had not been present and had been told nothing whatever in regard to it. Mr. Pollock then yielded to the counsel for the plaintiff. Electa had a wild impulse to run. She felt that a relentless machine was opening to entrap her.

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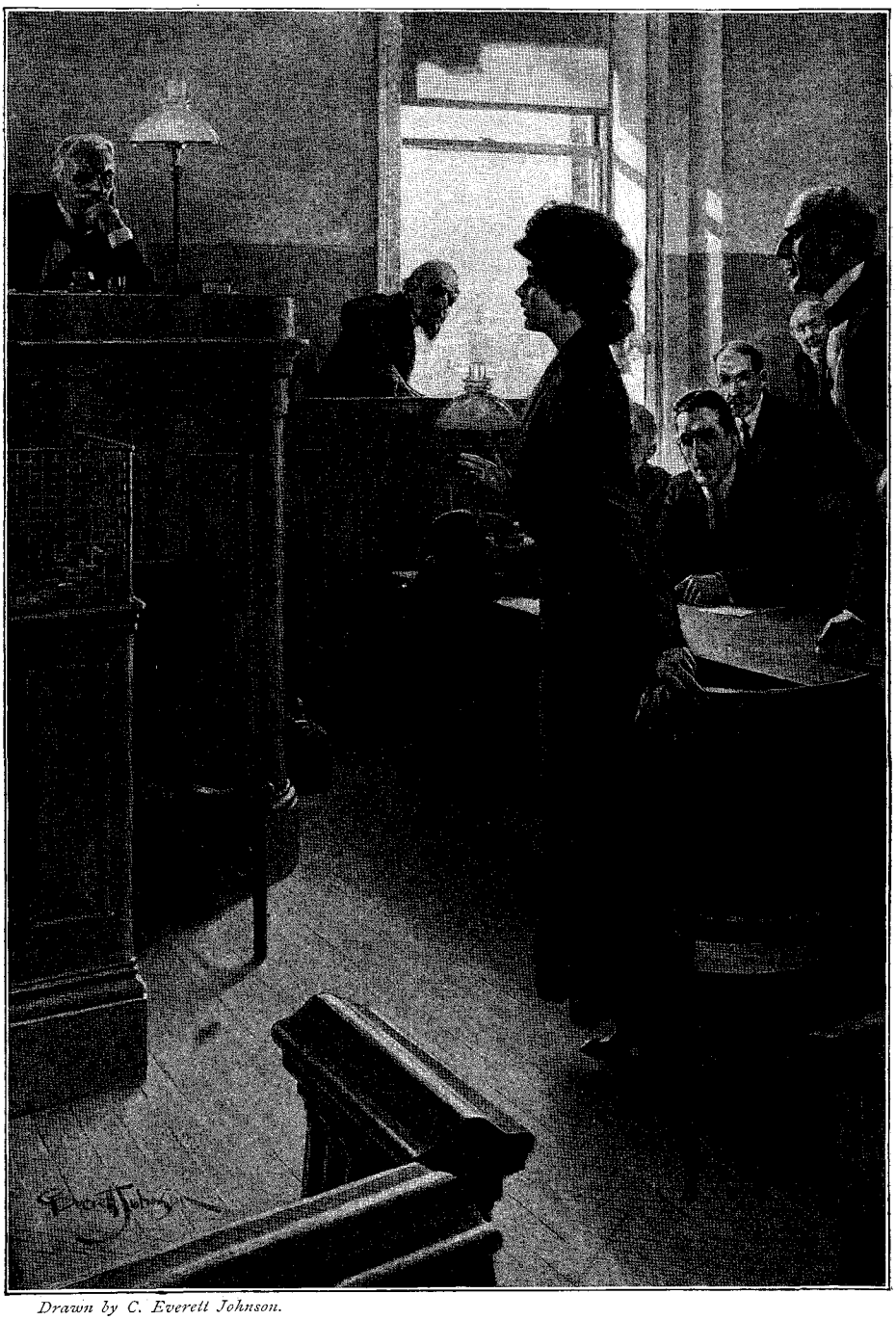

Drawn by C. Everett Johnson.

"Your honor, please, I must be heard."—Page 607.

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John Hollister drew his chair forward for the cross-examination. Their eyes met, and his were as steady and candid as her own. Instantly she felt a soul in the machine. This man cared for something more than the winning or losing of a case. The spirit of justice in her sprang to meet the spirit of justice in him.

He was very unlike the men she had known—the missionaries, itinerant preachers, and reformed drunkards of her little sphere. His strong figure and well-made clothes implied attention to corporeal things, but there was a clear hint of idealism in the face, marked as it was with early lines of decision and purpose.

There was nothing terrifying in his deliberate manner, but the pertinence of his queries and his intimate knowledge of her life astonished Electa. Gradually she began to see that she was again revealing herself, but how differently! It was *not* herself! Or was it? The tone and wording of each question determined the significance of the answer. The same story—but so different! She sat tingling, pilloried, blindly awaiting the questions. Again and again her lawyer thrust an objection to the rescue. Arguing, wrangling, the opposing attorneys seemed to be playing a game in which she was only a passive pawn. She had thought it so easy to speak the truth. Now she saw truth as double-faced, elusive, fleeing before her.

But this grave, clear-eyed young man pursued his tactics unruffled.

"You knew that there had been an earlier will in favor of Miss Thornbury's relative, Mrs. Birchfield?"

"Yes."

"You knew also that she had made a later will?"

"N-no, I didn't know," she answered very low.

"You did not know? You had no suspicion that you were the beneficiary under a new will?"

"I did not *know* it. No one ever told me." Electa's face whitened. "But"—she stopped a moment, then broke out suddenly—"yes, I did suspect, I *did* know, I was sure!"

The court-room rippled with surprise.

"You knew and you did not know. Please be more definite."

"No one told me," she repeated.

"You mean then that you were morally certain?"

"Yes."

"And why had you this moral certainty?"

"I knew her feeling about the work—about money—that her money was not her own to spend or bequeath—it was dedicated."

"Giving this money to you she was, so to speak, carrying out her purposes?"

"She believed so—yes!" Electa lifted her head.

"You shared her feeling about the use of money?"

"I shared it."

"Was her conviction on this point fully settled before you went to live with her?"

"I don't know—how can I tell?" she faltered. "Her convictions grew—we talked things over——"

"Her religious convictions were partly the result of her association and conversations with you?"

"She would always ask me what I thought and believed—yes!"

"And your thought and belief always had weight with her?"

She hardly heard her own answer, given blindly, stammeringly, for she was very tired. The air of the sunny court-room had grown stifling, steamy with needless heat, and she seemed to be trying to push her way through a substance invisible and baffling. A window had been opened, letting in clanging, jerky sounds from the street which hurt her like blows. The white-haired, quizzy-eyed judge rocked in his chair with singular indifference. On her left sat the jury, their faces like twelve plates in a row; the court stenographer wrote scratchily, and she felt every stroke of his imperturbable pen; out of the assembly, which swam before her, she could detach Lucy Birchfield's face alone, looking back at her with narrowed eyes and remote smile.

People began to move. It was the noon recess and the room emptied quickly. Electa stumbled a little as she stepped down from the witness stand and Pollock put out a steadying hand.

"Good, Miss Cragin, good!" he said in a loud whisper. "You held your own; you're a first-rate witness." And Lucy Birchfield's smile became less sure as she

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overheard. Her son, a lad of seventeen, was standing beside her. "Don't worry, mother; it'll come out all right sure," he said as he threw his arm about her shoulders and led her from the room.

Electa suddenly felt alone. No sympathy was to be expected just then from her disciples, that was plain. Having brought lunch baskets to court, they were actively concerned with hard-boiled eggs and piles of thick sandwiches. Electa turned from their homely banquet with a shiver of distaste.

Struggling in the swirl of new impressions, she crossed to the open window and stood gazing out over the roofs at the ragged crest of hills beyond the river. Then earth and sky grew black and she dropped to a chair, her eyes closed.

Instantly some one was at her side, holding a glass of water to her lips.

"Drink this," said the voice that had pilloried her, and she obeyed. The giddiness over, she looked up at John Hollister, and flung a quick little cry.

"Oh, don't you know that I'm in the right? Please say you believe in me!"

He set the glass carefully down on the window-sill before he replied.

"I can't discuss the case with you—you must see that it isn't possible. And I can't say that you are in the right. But I do believe in you."

Electa lay awake that night. Something was happening, something that she didn't understand. Never before had she experienced this creeping, chilly self-distrust. She had always been sure. And what did this other thing mean? This aching sense of the common life of the world with its warmth of human ties? Strong, real, compelling, the things she had always denied rose before her, and the traditions of her past, the pieties, austerities—yes, even the sacrifices and services—shrank back and dwindled like the Goode Deedes in the morality play she had once seen. She tossed until the November dawn began to glimmer through the bare apple boughs outside her window. Then, as she lay quiet, at last an answer seemed to shape itself out of the stillness in old familiar words: "Forego desire, and thou shalt find rest."

On the third day the pensioners of Thorndale were called to the stand, and one after another they offered the same testimony: the mental competence and independence of Miss Thornbury up to the day of her death. The accumulation of evidence brought no comfort to Electa. For the first time she found herself trying to realize the event from Lucy Birchfield's point of view. What did it prove, this examination of witnesses? Gradually she lost consciousness of the progress of the case in her tense inward effort to find the soul of truth in the confusing array of facts.

An old negress, for years in the service of Miss Thornbury and now doggedly attached to Electa, was called to the stand. At sight of her Electa tried to arouse herself to outer things. "What can Aunty have to tell?" she wondered. "Why should Mr. Pollock summon her?"

Aunty smoothed out the folds of her best black dress and played consequentially with her bonnet strings. Her high cheekbones shone from the scrubbing they had received; cunning lurked in her lean, brown face, and her beady eyes suggested some primeval creature intent on self-preservation.

She was eager to speak, and Mr. Pollock's question, "Did you have any talk with Miss Thornbury after she was confined to her bed?" brought a ready answer:

"Oh, yas, sir!"

The lawyer seemed amused. "Well, tell us what conversation you had."

"It was this way. She was speakin' 'bout the home, yo' know, sir, an' she says to me lak this, 'Aunty, in case I die I want,' she says, 'to say this to yo',—yo' stay here right along, don' yo' never on no 'count go away fur to leave Miss 'Lecta.' After she talk that-a-way, I says, 'I never heerd nothin' 'bout the way the home work when yo' pass over Jordan, Miss Rachel,' an' she says, 'Why I thought yo' all knowed 'bout that. Ever'thing mus' go on jes the same lak it is now.' "

Electa listened in amazement. Was it possible that old Aunty, the gossip of Thorndale, should have heard such significant words from her benefactress and yet have kept silence? There had been much uneasy speculation in the little community during Miss Thornbury's illness, though Electa had honestly done her best to suppress it. Frightened, suspicious, she dared not raise her eyes during Aunty's cross-examination. The old woman showed a

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guarded shrewdness in her grasp of the main issue. Bland and unconfused, never wavering, never contradicting herself, she stuck persistently to her statements. Even Hollister couldn't help joining in the general laugh when she foiled him two or three times by her blank reiterations. She had been thoroughly drilled. She left the stand, feeling her triumph, and halted for Electa's approval, but the girl sat drooping.

Humiliation wrapped her as in a flame. How could the lawyer think that she would descend to dodging and quibbling? And did Aunty know her so little after all these years of her teaching? A crumbling tremor shook the foundations of her life. Somewhere there had been a fatal flaw. The court adjourned, bustling. John Hollister was at her elbow gathering up some books from the counsel table, but she did not look at him. He made a movement as if to speak, then, respecting the silence of misery, he left the room with only a backward glance.

A hand fell familiarly on her shoulder, insensible to her recoil

"Come, Miss Cragin," said Pollock, "don't be downhearted." He bent over her. She felt his breath on her cheek and sickened. "It's all going our way. The jury is with you to a man. I'm keeping back the best witnesses for the last."

At that she found words. "No more witnesses!" she cried. "This case must not go on. I don't know how to stop it, I don't know the legal method, but it must not go on!"

"You didn't like calling the old darky? Oh, I see! Well, perhaps that was a mistake. We didn't really need her. Our case is strong enough."

Her hands wrung a protest. "You don't understand. It's more than that. I'm wrong—I won't take the money! Now do you see?"

"Good God, girl, you are clean crazy—that's what I see! You won't take the money! I like that! What about *me?* Do you s'pose I've gone into this thing for charity?" He pounded his meaning into the table. "Why, we *can't* stop! Juggle with the law like that? Make a fool of the court? Besides, the other side's got no case. It's you who are in the right!" He ignored the dumb shake of her head. "Of course you are right. Undue influence! They've proved nothing! It was kindness, care, attention—nothing that can invalidate a will. She meant you to have her property. You know it!"

"Because down in my heart *I* meant to have it!"

He shifted roughly. "S'pose you did? That's legitimate. We all get what we can. She wanted you to have it; that's the point that concerns us. It was her free will."

"My will was hers. She thought what I thought, believed as I believed. And the secret wish of my heart— Oh, God help me!" Her hands went up to hide her face.

He scowled down upon her, then tried persuasion.

"Come, come, you mustn't give way. We'll talk it over after you've had a bit of lunch. You're all tired out now. That's what's the matter—you're nervous!" And he believed he had the clew to all feminine caprice.

When the case was resumed at one o'clock there was a general impression that the defendant had vindicated her position. It was apparent, however, that Miss Cragin was not in triumphant mood. The contest had wearied her. But her attorney's swagger betrayed his exultance. The Birchfields were losing hope. Tom whispered disgustedly to his wife: "Take a pretty red-headed girl with a go-to-the-spot voice and put her on the stand before twelve men, and you can bet on the verdict every time."

"Oh, you men! That's the worst of it." Lucy dejectedly admitted the perversities that sometimes control human affairs, but she was plucky and meant that no one should suspect what the loss of the suit would cost her in disappointment and actual financial worry.

"You're game, Lucy," murmured Tom with an appreciative eye for her brave front and deceptive vivacity.

Electa sat in a trance-like stillness while the remaining witnesses were called. A black-bearded apostle from Thorndale offered some conclusive evidence, and the case became so one-sided that it ceased to be interesting. People began to wonder why it had ever occurred to the Birchfields to try to set aside so unequivocal a document. The apostle acquitted himself neatly and was leaving the stand when Electa rose.

"Your honor, please, I must be heard." Her voice rang out through the court-room.

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Every eye was turned toward her. Pollock was on his feet, interposing quickly.

"Your honor, I ask indulgence for my client. She is not well. May I have your permission to take her to the consultation room?"

"Your honor," said Electa, "can see that I am perfectly well. My attorney has refused to speak for me. I ask your leave to speak for myself."

The judge looked at her searchingly, then bowed assent.

"We will allow the defendant to be heard."

In the quivering, expectant hush of the court-room she spoke. It seemed quite simple. She had only to tell of what had passed in her own mind. Now that she knew her way and could speak in utter sincerity, not a presence embarrassed her—not the judge, preoccupied with the difficulties in legal procedure she had thrust upon him; not Pollock, balked and nonplussed; not the plaintiff, dumb in bewilderment, nor the jury straining forward; nor the spectators, assured at last of their full meed of sensation. In swift, sure words she laid bare her conflict of motive.

At the end she spoke more slowly. "Everything would have been different if I had been different," she said. "I can see that now. I'm not so sure that I've always been right. I don't know! I only know that I can never touch that money!"

Pollock cut in with apologies to the court for her conduct. "This is what comes, your honor, from dealing with religious cranks!"

Then old Mr. Sheldon arose and addressed the court.

"While compelled to admire this young woman for her candor and generosity, I suggest that we make sure she realizes the import of what she is saying and doing before we go further. I speak for my client, and in all equity, when I say that the defendant must not be permitted to yield her claim to a fortune on an impulse. She should let the law take its natural course, and should the verdict be in her favor she must be made to see that she has a legal right to every penny. She has, it appears to me, a misconception of the legal significance of the word 'undue.'"

Electa faced the old lawyer unmoved from her purpose, though her clasped hands strained at each other. Her eyes had the large full look of one absorbed by the inner vision.

"That's only the letter of the law," she said softly.

John Hollister, sitting at the other side of the counsel table, lifted his head for the first time. His eyes met hers in a long clear look that was like the scattering of mists. The inner light seemed to come to her face in color, and with new courage she spoke in the voice that admits of no question:

"I am in the full possession of every faculty. I know what I am doing. I have thought and prayed. And I beg your honor, in the interest of justice, to instruct the jury to bring a verdict in favor of the plaintiff."

After the case had been dismissed Lucy Birchfield came swiftly across the room, her face broken and softened, and the two women clasped hands without a word. Mr. Sheldon held open the court-room door to let them pass out together. Then he turned to John Hollister.

"Well," he said, clearing his throat of an unusual obstacle, "I was wrong. But who would expect a *woman* to give up a fortune for an abstract principle of justice?"

"You'd have expected it of a man?" asked John.

"Oh, you know it's quixotic," bluffed Sheldon.

"I suppose it is—living up to one's principles—it's so seldom done."

"That girl's as clear as crystal," pursued Mr. Sheldon. "It's enough for her to see what's right, she does it. Well, she sha'n't suffer. We must keep an eye on her till she gets started at something; we must make it our business to look after her, eh, John?"

"Yes," said Hollister; "I really think we must."

He tried to speak carelessly, but even Sheldon knew that he was making a vow.

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KENNEDY SQUARE

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH

XVIII

AND their reception at Wesley, the ancestral home of the Costons, although it was late at night when they arrived, was none the less joyous. Peggy was the first to welcome the invalid, and Tom was not far behind.

"Give her to me, St. George," bubbled Peggy, enfolding the girl in her arms. "You blessed thing!—Oh, how glad I am to get hold of you! They told me you were ill, child—not a word of truth in it! No, Mr. Coston, you shan't even have one of her little fingers until I get through loving her. What's your mammy's name—Henny? Well, Henny, you take Miss Kate's things into her room—that one at the top of the stairs."

And then the Honorable Tom Coston said he'd be doggoned if he was going to wait another minute, and he didn't—for Kate kissed him on both cheeks and gave him her father's message, congratulating him on his appointment as judge, and thanking him in advance for all the kindness he would show his daughter.

But it was not until she woke next morning and looked out between the posts of her high bedstead through the small, wide-open window overlooking the bay, that her heart gave the first bound of real gladness. She loved the open and the dash of salt air, laden now with the perfume of budding fruit trees, that blew straight in from the sea. She loved, too, the stir and sough of the creaking pines and the cheery calls from the barnyard. Here she could get her mind settled; here too, she could forget all the little things that had bothered her—there would be no more invitations to accept or decline; no promises she must keep. She and her Uncle George would have one long holiday—she needed it and goodness knows—he needed it after all his troubles—and they would begin as soon as breakfast was over—and they did—the dogs plunging ahead, the two hand in hand, St. George, guide and philosopher, pointing out this and that characteristic of the once famous estate and dilating on its past glory.

"Even in my father's day," he continued, his face lighting up, "it was one of the great show places of the county. The stables held twenty horses and a coach, besides no end of gigs and carryalls. This broad road on which we walk, was lined with flower-beds and shaded by live-oaks. Over there, near that little grove, were three great barns and lesser outbuildings, besides the negro quarters, smoke-houses, and hay-ricks. Really—a wonderful place in its day, Kate."

Then he went on to tell of how the verandas were shaded with honeysuckles—and the halls, drawing-rooms, and dining-room crowded with furniture; how there were yellow damask curtains, and screens, and haircloth sofas and a harmonicon of musical glasses which was played by wetting one's fingers in a bowl of water and passing them over the rims—he had played on it himself when a boy: and slaves galore—nearly one hundred of them, not to mention a thousand acres of tillable land to plough and harrow, as well as sheep, oxen, pigs, chickens, ducks—everything that a man of wealth and position might have had in the old days, and about every one of which St. George had a memory.

Then when Tom's father, who was the sole heir, took charge, dissolution proceedings set in—and more's the pity—here his voice dropped to a whisper—Tom finished them! and St. George sighed heavily as he pointed out the changes:—the quarters in ruins, the stables falling to pieces, the gates tied up with strings or swinging loose; and the flocks, herds, and live-stock things of the past. Nor had a negro been left—none Tom really owned: one by one they had been sold or hired out, or gone off nobody knew where, he being too lazy, or too indifferent, or too good-natured, to hunt them up. The house, as Kate had seen, was

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equally neglected. Even what remained of the old furniture was on its last legs—the curtains patched, or in shreds—the carpets worn into holes.

Kate listened eagerly, but she did not sigh. It was all charming to her in the soft spring sunshine, the air a perfume, the birds singing, the blossoms bursting, the peach trees anthems of praise—and best of all her dear Uncle George strolling at her side. And then everything was so clean and fresh and sweet in every nook and corner of the tumble-down house. Peggy, as she soon discovered, looked after that—in fact Peggy looked after everything that required looking after—and everything did—including the judge. Mr. Coston was tired, Peggy would say or Mr. Coston had not been very well, so she just did it herself instead of bothering him. Since his promotion it was generally "the judge" who was too tired, being absorbed in his court duties, etc., etc. But it always came with a laugh, and it was always genuine, for to wait upon him and look after him and minister to him, was her highest happiness.

Good-for-nothing as her Tom would have been to some women—unpractical, lazy—a man few wives would have put up with—Peggy adored him; and so did his children adore him, and so, for that matter, did his neighbors, many of whom, although they ridiculed him behind his back, could never escape the charm of his personality whenever they sat beside his rocking chair.

This wide-armed, cane-bottomed comfort—the only comfortable chair in the house, by the way—had, in his less distinguished days, been his throne. In it he would sit all day long, cutting and whittling, filing and polishing curious trinkets of tortoise-shell for watchguards and tiny baskets made of cherry stones, cunningly wrought and finished. This was to be busy indeed! He was an expert too in corncob pipes, which he carved for all his friends; and pin-wheels for everybody's children. When it came, however, to such matters as a missing hinge to the front door, a brick under a tottering chimney, the straightening of a falling fence, the repairing of a loose lock on the smoke-house—or even the care of the family carryall, which despite its great age and infirmities was often left out in the rain to rust and ruin—these things must, of course, wait until the overworked father of the house found time to look after them.

The children loved him the most. They asked for nothing better than to fix him in his big chair by the fender, throw upon the fire a basket of bark chips from the wood-yard, and enough light-wood knots to wake them up, and after filling his pipe and lighting it, snuggle close, every bend and curve of the easy comfort packed full, all waiting to hear him tell one of his stories. Sometimes it was the tale of the fish and the cuff-button—how he once dropped his sleeve-link overboard, and how a year afterward he was in a shallop on the Broadwater fishing for rockfish when he caught a splendid fellow, which when Aunt Patience cleaned—(here his voice would drop to a whisper)—"What do you think!—why out popped the sleeve-link that was in his cuff this minute!" And then for the hundredth time the bit of gold was examined by each child in turn. Or it was the witch story—about the Yahoo wild man with great horns and a lashing tail, who lived in the swamp and went howling and prowling about for plunder and prey. (This was always given with a low, prolonged growl, like a dog in pain—all the children shuddering.) And then followed the oft-told tale of how this same terrible Yahoo once came up with Hagar, who was riding a witch pony to get to the witches' dance in the cane-brake, and how he made off with her to the swamp where she had had to cook for him—ever—ever—ever since. (Long drawn breath, showing that all was over for that day at least.)

Todd got the true inwardness of the situation before he had been many days at Wesley: for the scene with the children was often repeated when court was not in session.

"Fo' Gawd, Marse George, hab you had time to watch dat gemman, de jedge? Dey do say he's sumpin great, but I tell ye he's dat lazy a fly stuck in 'lasses 'd pass him on de road."

St. George laughed heartily in reply, but he did not reprimand him.

"What makes you think so, Todd?"

"Can't help thinkin' so. I wuz standin' by de po'ch yisterday holdin' Miss Kate's mare, when I yere de mistis ask de jedge ter go out an' git 'er some kindlin' f'om de

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wood-pile. He sot a-rockin' hisse'f in dat big cheer ob his'n an' I yered him say—'yes, in a minute,' but he didn't move. Den she holler agin at him an' still he rock hisse'f, sayin' he's comin'. Den, fust I knowed out she come to de wood-pile an' git it herse'f, an' den when she pass him wid 'er arms full o' wood he look up an' say—'Peggy come yere an' kiss me—I dunno what we would do widout ye—you'se de Lawd's anointed, sho'.'"

Kate got no end of amusement out of him, and would often walk with him to court that she might listen to his drolleries—especially his queer views of life—the simplest and most unaffected to which she had ever listened. Now and then, as time went on, despite her good-natured toleration of his want of independence—he being always dominated by his wife—she chanced, to her great surprise, upon some nuggets of hard common-sense of so high an assay that they might really be graded as wisdom—his analysis of men and women being particularly surprising. Those little twinkling, and sometimes sleepy, eyes of his, now that she began to study him the closer, reminded her of the unreadable eyes of an elephant she had once seen—eyes that presaged nothing but inertia, until whack went the trunk and over toppled the boy who had teased him.

And with this new discovery there developed at last a certain respect for the lazy, good-natured, droll old man. Opinions which she had heretofore laughed at suddenly became of value; criticisms which she had passed over in silence, seemed worthy of further consideration.

Peggy, however, fitted into all the tender places of her heart. She had never known her own mother; all she remembered was a face bending close and a soft hand that tucked in the coverlet one night when she couldn't sleep. The memory had haunted her from the days of her childhood—clear and distinct, with every detail in place. Had there been light enough in her mother's bed-room, she was sure she could have added the dear face itself to her recollection. The plump, full-bosomed, rosy-cheeked Peggy (fifteen years younger than Tom)—supplied the touch and voice, and all the tenderness as well, that these memories recalled, and all that the motherless girl had yearned for.

And the simple, uneventful life—one without restraints of any kind, greatly satisfied her: so different from her own at home with Prim as Chief Regulator. Everybody to her delight did as they pleased; each one following the bent of his or her inclination. St. George was out at daybreak in the duck blinds, or, breakfast over, roaming the fields with his dogs, Todd a close attendant. The judge would stroll over to court an hour or more late, only to find an equally careless and contented group blocking up the door—"po' white trash" most of them, each one with a grievance. Whenever St. George accompanied him, and he often did, his Honor would spend even less time on the bench—cutting short both ends of the session, his guest laughing himself sore over the judge's decisions.

"And he stole yo' shoat and never paid for him?" Temple heard him say one day in a hog case, where two farmers who had been waiting hours for Tom's coming, were plaintiff and defendant. "How did you know it was yo' shoat—did you mark him?"

"No, suh."

"Tie a tag around his neck?"

"No, suh."

"Well, you just keep yo' hogs inside yo' lot. Too many loose hogs runnin' 'round. Case is dismissed, and co't is adjourned for the day," which, while very poor law was good common-sense, stray hogs on the public highway having become a nuisance.

With these kindly examples before her, Kate soon fell into the ways of the house. If she did not wish to get up she lay abed and Peggy brought her breakfast with her own hands.

If, when she did leave her bed she went about in pussy-slippers and a loose gown of lace and frills without her stays, Peggy's only protest was against her wearing anything else—so adorable was she. When, however, this happy dreamy indolence began to pall upon her—and she could not stand it for long—she would be up at sunrise helping Peggy dress her frolicsome children or get them off to school, and this done would assist in the housework—even rolling the pastry with her own delicate palms, or sitting beside the bubbling, spontaneous woman, needle in hand, aiding with the family mending—while Peggy, glad of the companionship, would sit with

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ears open, her mind alert, probing—probing—trying to read the heart of the girl whom she loved the better every day. And so there had crept into Kate's heart a new peace that was as fresh sap to a dying plant, bringing the blossoms to her cheeks and the spring of wind-blown branches to her step.

Then one fine morning, to the astonishment of every one, and greatly to Todd's disgust, no less a person than Mr. Langdon Willits of "Oak Hill" (distant three miles away) dismounted at Coston's front porch, and throwing the reins to the waiting darky, stretched his convalescent, but still shaky, legs in the direction of the living room, there to await the arrival of "Miss Seymour of Kennedy Square," who, so he told Todd, "expected him."

Todd scraped a foot respectfully in answer, touched his cocoanut of a head with his monkey claw of a finger, waited until the broad back of the red-headed gentleman had been swallowed up by the open door, and then indulged in this soliloquy:

"Funny de way dem bullets hab o 'missin' folks. Des a leetle furder down an' dere wouldn't a-been none o' dis yere foolishness. Pity Marse Harry hadn't practised some mo'. Ef he had ter do it agin I reckon he'd pink him so he neber be cavortin' 'roun' like he is now."

Willits's sudden appearance filled St. George with ill-concealed anxiety. He did not believe in this parade of invalidism, nor did he like Kate's encouraging smile when she met him—and there was no question that she did smile—and, more portentous still, that she enjoyed it. Other things too, she grew to enjoy, especially the long rides in the woods and over to the broad water. For Willits's health after a few days of the sunshine of Kate's companionship had undergone so renovating a process that the sorrel horse now arrived at the porch almost every day, whereupon Kate's Joan would be led out, and the smiled-upon gentleman in English riding boots and brown velvet jacket, and our gracious lady in Lincoln green habit with wide hat and sweeping plume, would mount their steeds and be lost among the pines.

Indeed, to be exact, half of Kate's time was now spent in the saddle, Willits riding beside her. And with each day's outing a new and, to St. George, a more disturbing intimacy appeared to be growing between them. Now it was Willits's sister who had to be considered and especially invited to Wesley—a thin wisp of a woman with tortoise-shell sidecombs and bunches of dry curls, who always dressed in shiny black silk and whose only ornament was her mother's hair set in a breastpin; or it was his father by whom she must sit when he came over in his gig—a bluff, hearty man who generally wore a red waistcoat with big bone buttons and high boots with tassels in front.

This last confidential relation when the manners and bearing of the elder man came under his notice, seemed to St. George the most unaccountable of all. Departures from the established code always jarred upon him and the gentleman in the red waistcoat and tasselled boots often wandered so far afield that he invariably set St. George's teeth on edge. Although he had never met Kate before he called her by her first name after the first ten minutes of their acquaintance—his son, he explained, having done nothing but sound her praises for the past two years, an excuse which carried no weight in the thoroughbred's mind because of its additional familiarity. He had never dared, St. George knew, to extend that familiarity to Peggy—it had always been "Mrs. Coston" to her, and it had always been "Mr. Coston" to Tom, and was now "your Honor," or "judge" to the dispenser of justice. For though the owner of Oak Hill lived within a few miles of the tumble-down remnant that sheltered the Costons; and though he had fifty servants to their one, or half a one—and broad acres in proportion, to say nothing of flocks and herds, St. George had always been aware that he seldom crossed their porch steps, or they his. That little affair of some fifty or more years ago was still remembered, and the children of people who did that sort of thing, must, of course, pay the penalty. Even Peggy never failed to draw the line: "Very nice people, my dear," he had heard her say to Kate one day when the subject of the younger man's family had come up. "Mr. Willits senior is a fine, open-hearted man, and does a great deal of good in the county with his money—quite a politician, and they do say has a fair chance of sometime being governor of the State. But very few of us about

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here would want to marry into the family, all the same. Oh no, my dear Kate—I do not mean— No, *of course* there was nothing against his grandmother. She was a very nice woman, I believe, and I've often heard my own mother speak of her. Her father came from Albemarle Sound, if I am right, and was old John Willits's overseer. The girl, of course, was his daughter."

Kate had made no answer. Who Langdon Willits's grandmother was; or whether he had any grandmother at all, did not concern her in the least. She rather admired the young Albemarle Sound girl for walking boldly into the Willits family—lowborn as she was—and making them respect her.

But none of Peggy's outspoken warnings nor any of St. George's silent acceptances of the several situations—always a mark of his disapproval—checked the game of love-making which was going on—the give and take stage of it, with the odds varying with each new shifting of the cards, and both Peggy and St. George grew the more nervous.

"She's going to accept him, St. George," she had said to him one morning as he stood behind her chair while she was shelling the peas for dinner. "I didn't think so when he first came, but I believe it now. I have said all I could to her. She has cuddled up in my arms and cried herself sick over it, but she won't hold out much longer. Young Rutter left her heart all torn and bleeding and this man has bound up the wounds. She will never love anybody that way again—and maybe it is just as well. He'd have kept her guessing all her life as to what he'd do next. I wish Willits's blood was better, for she's a dear, sweet child and proud as she can be, only she's proud over different things from what I would be. But you can make up your mind to it. She'll keep him dangling for a while yet, as she did last summer at the Red Sulphur, but she'll be his wife in a year or less—you mark my words. You haven't yet heard from the first one, have you?—as to when he's coming home?"

St. George hadn't heard—he sighed back in return—a habit of his lately. No, not for two months or more—not since the letter in which Harry said he had left the ship and had gone up into the interior. He had, he told her, mentioned the boy's silence to Kate in a casual way, watching the effect the news produced upon her—but after the remark that the mails were always irregular from those far-away countries, she had turned the conversation into other channels, she having caught sight of Willits who had just dismounted from his horse.

As to St. George's own position in the affair he felt that his hands were firmly tied; he could do nothing one way or the other. His personal intercourse with Willits had been such as he would always have with a man with whom he was on speaking terms, but it never passed that border. He was courteous, careful of his speech, and mindful of the young man's devotion to Kate, whose guardian for the time being he was, but he neither encouraged nor thwarted his suit. Kate was of age and was fully competent to decide for herself—extremely competent for that matter.

How little this clear reader of women's hearts—and scores had been spread out before him—knew of Kate's, no one but the girl herself could have told. Not only was she adrift on an open sea of doubt without a rudder, but she had already begun to lose confidence both in her seamanship and in her compass. Nor was she even certain of her port. She had been sailing before the wind for some weeks past with everything flying loose and the time had now come for her either to "go about" or keep on her course. She had trimmed sails as best she could gaining time for delay, but even this must end.

Having looked the family over, and having studied as well her suitor's environment and the impression he made upon those who had known him longest and best, she must now focus her mental lenses on the man himself. He had, she knew, graduated with honors, being the valedictorian of his class; had risen rapidly in his profession, and from what her father said would soon reach a high place among his brother lawyers. There was even talk of sending him to the legislature, where her own father, the Honorable Prim, had achieved his title. She wished, of course, that Mr. Willits's hair was not quite so red and that the knuckles on his hands were not so large and bony—and that he was not always at her beck and call; but these were trifles, really, in the make-up of a fine man. There was, she was convinced, a sane mind under the carrot-colored hair and a warm palm inside the knotted knuckles, and that was infinitely more important than little physical peculiarities which one would forget as life went

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on. Then again, she herself was partly responsible for his periods of ill health, all of which she could have prevented had she told him the whole truth that night on the stairs, or the day before when she had parried his direct proposal of marriage—a piece of stupidity for which she never failed to blame herself.

As to his future conduct that did not trouble her in the least. She had long since become convinced that Willits would never again become intemperate. He had kept his promise, and this meant more to her than his having given way to past temptations. The lesson he had learned at the ball had had, too, its full effect. He had never forgotten it. He had apologized over and over again to her for his brutal insolence in laying his profane hands on her dancing card and tearing it to bits before her eyes. He had, moreover, deeply regretted the duel and had sworn to her on his honor as a gentleman that he would never fight another.

She had listened quietly each time and had told him how much she was pleased and how grateful she was for his confidence and how such fine resolutions redounded to his credit, and yet in thinking it over the next day she could not help comparing his confession with Harry's blunt statement made to her the last time she saw him in the park, when, instead of expressing any regret for having shot Willits, he had boldly declared that he would do it again if any such insult were repeated. And strange to say—and this she could not understand in herself—in the comparison Harry came out best.

But!—and here she had to hold on to her rudder with all her might—she had already made one mistake, tumbling head over heels in love with a young fellow who had mortified her before the world when their engagement was less than a few months old; making her name and affections a by-word, and she could not and would not repeat the blunder. This had shattered her customary self-reliance, leaving her well-nigh helpless. Perhaps, after all—an unheard of thing in her experience—she had better seek advice of some older and wiser pilot. Two heads, or even three—(here her canny Scotch blood asserted itself)—were better than one in deciding so important a matter as the choosing of a mate for life. And yet —now she came to think it over—it was not so much a question of heads as it was a question of shoulders on which the heads rested. To turn to St. George, or any of the Willits kin, was impossible. Peggy's views she understood: Counsel, however she must have, and at once.

Suddenly an inspiration came—one that went through her like an electric shock—tingling to the very roots of her hair. Of course! Why had she not thought of it—before! And it must be in the most casual way—quite as a matter of general conversation, he doing all the talking and she doing all the listening, for on no account must he suspect her purpose.

Within the hour she had tied the ribbons of her wide leghorn hat under her dimpled chin, picked up her shawl, and started off alone, following the lane to the main road. If the judge, by any chance, had adjourned court he would come straight home and she would meet him on the way. If he was still engaged in the dispensation of justice, she would wait for him outside.

She was not long in doubt. His Honor had already left the bench and was at the moment slowly making his way toward where she stood, hugging the sidewalk trees the better to shade him from the increasing heat. As the day had promised to be unusually warm, he had attired himself in a full suit of yellow nankeen, with palm-leaf fan and wide straw hat—a combination which so matched the color and texture of his placid, kindly face, that Kate could hardly keep from laughing outright. Instead she quickened her steps until she stood demurely beside him: she might have waited for days for some moment when he was neither on top of the bench nor underneath half a dozen children, and not found so favorable an opportunity.

"You are lookin' mighty cute, my Lady Kate, in yo' Paisley shawl and sarsanet pelisse," he called out in his hearty, cheery way. "Has Peggy seen 'em? I've been tryin' to get her some just like 'em, only my co't duties are so pressin'. Goodness, gracious me!—but it's gettin' hot!" Here he stopped and mopped his face, then his eyes fell upon her again: "Bless my soul, child!—you do look pretty this mornin'—jest like yo' mother! Where did you get all those pink and white apple blossoms in yo' cheeks?"

"Do you remember her, Mr. Coston?" she rejoined, ignoring his compliment.

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"Do I remember her! The belle of fo' counties, my dear—eve'ybody at her feet; five or six gentlemen co'tin' her at once; old Captain Barkeley cross as a bear—wouldn't let her marry this one or that one—kep' her guessin' night and day, till one of 'em blew his brains out, and then she fainted dead away. Pretty soon yo' father co'ted her, and bein' Scotch, like the old captain and sober as an owl and about as cunnin', it wasn't long befo' everything was settled. Very nice man, yo' father—got to have things mighty particular; we young bucks used to say he slept in a bag of lavender and powdered his cheeks every mornin' to make him look fresh, while most of us were soakin' wet in the duck-blinds—but that was only our joke. That's long befo' you were born, child. But yo' mother didn't live long—they said her heart was broken' bout the other fellow, but there wasn't a word of truth in that foolishness—couldn't be. I used to see her and yo' father together long after that, and she was mighty good to him, and he was to her. Yes—all comes back to me. Stand still, child, and let me look at you—yes—you're plumper than yo' mother and a good deal rosier, and you don't look so slender and white, as she did, like one of those pale Indian pipes she used to hunt in the woods. It's the Seymour in you that's done that I reckon."

Kate walked on in silence. It was not the first time that some of her mother's old friends had told her practically the same story—not so clearly, perhaps, because few had the simple, outspoken candor of the old fellow, but enough to let her know that her father was not her mother's first love.

"Don't be in a hurry, child, and don't let anybody choose for you," he ran on. "Peggy and I didn't make any mistakes—and don't you. Now this young son of Parker Willits's," here his wrinkled face tightened up into a pucker as if he had just bitten into an unripe persimmon—"good enough young man, maybe; goin' to be something great, I reckon—in Mr. Taney's office, I hear, or will be next winter. I 'spect he'll keep out of jail—most Willitses do—but keep an eye on him and watch him, and watch yo'self too. That's more important still. The cemetery is a long ways off when you marry the wrong man, child. And that other fellow that Peggy tells me has been courtin' you—Talbot Rutter's boy— He's a wild one, isn't he—drunk half the time and fightin' everybody who don't agree with him. Come pretty nigh endin' young Willits, so they say. Now I hear he's run away to sea and left all his debts behind. Talbot turned him neck and heels out of doors when he found it out, so they tell me—and served the scapegrace right. Don't be in a hurry, child. Right man will come bime-by. Just the same with Peggy till I come along—there she is now, bless her sweet heart! Peggy, you darlin'—I got so lonely for you I just had to 'journ co't. I've been telling Lady Kate that she mustn't be in a hurry to get married till she finds somebody that will make her as happy as you and me." Here the judge slipped his arm around Peggy's capacious waist and the two crossed the pasture as the nearest way to the house.

Kate kept on her way alone. Her only reply to the garrulous judge had been one of her rippling laughs, but it was the laughter of bubbles with the sediment lying deep in the bottom of the glass.

XIX

But all outings must come to an end. And so when the marsh grass on the lowlands lay in serried waves of dappled satin, and the corn on the uplands was waist high and the roses a mob of beauty, Kate threw her arms around Peggy and kissed her over and over again, her whole heart flowing through her lips; and then the judge got his good-by on his wrinkled cheek, and the children on any clean spot which she found on their molasses-covered faces; and then the cavalcade took up its line of march for the boat landing, Willits going as far as the wharf, where he and Kate had a long talk in low tones, in which he seemed to be doing all the talking and she all the listening—"But nuthin' mo'n jes' a han'shake (so Todd told St. George) he lookin' like he wanter eat her up an' she kinder sayin' dat de cake ain't brown' nough yit fur tastin'—but one thing I know fo' sho'—an' dat is she didn't let 'im kiss 'er. I wuz leadin' his horse pas' whar dey wuz standin', an' de sorrel varmint got cuttin' up an' I kep' him prancin' till Mister Willits couldn't stay wid her no longer. Drat dat red-haided——"

"Stop, Todd—be careful—you mustn't speak that way of Mr. Willits."

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"Well, Marse George, I won't—but I ain't neber like him f'om de fust. He ain't quality an' he neber kin be. How Miss Kate don' stan' him is mo'n I kin tell."

Kate drove up to her father's house in state, with Ben as special envoy to see that she and her belongings were properly cared for. St. George with Todd and the four dogs—six in all, arrived if the truth must be told, on foot.

Pawson met him at the door. He had given up his boarding-house and had transferred his traps and parcels to the floor above—into Harry's old room, really—in order that the additional rent—(he had now taken entire charge of Temple's finances)—might help in the payment of the interest on the mortgage. He had thought this all out while St. George was at Wesley and had moved in without notifying him, that being the best way to solve the problem—St. George still retaining his bedroom and dining-room and the use of the front door. Jemima, too, had gone. She wanted, so she had told her master the day he left, to take a holiday and visit some of her people who lived down by the Marsh Market in an old rookery near the Falls, and would come back when he sent for her; but Todd had settled all that the morning of his arrival.

"Ain't no use yo' comin' back," the darky blurted out. "I'm gwinter do de cookin' and de chamber wo'k. Dere ain't 'nough to eat fo' mo'n two. When dem white-livered, no-count, ornery gemmens dat stole Marse George's money git in de chain-gang whar dey b'longs den maybe we'll hab sumpin to go to market on, but dat ain't yit; an' don't ye tell Marse George I tol' yer or I'll ha'nt ye like dat witch I done heared 'bout down to Wesley—ha'nt ye so ye'll think de debble's got ye."

If St. George knew anything of the common talk going on around him no one was ever the wiser. He continued the even tenor of his life: visiting and receiving his friends—once Poe had spent an evening with him when he made a manly straightforward apology for his conduct the night of the dinner, and on another occasion Mr. Kennedy had made an especial point of missing a train to Washington to have an hour's chat with him. In the afternoons he would have a rubber of whist with the archdeacon who lived across the Square—a broad-minded ecclesiastic, who believed in relaxation, although, of course, he was never seen at the club; or he might drop into the Chesapeake for a talk with Richard or sit beside him in his curious laboratory at the rear of his house where he worked out many of the problems that absorbed his mind and inspired his hopes. At night, however late or early—whenever he reached home—there was always a romp with his dogs. This last he rarely omitted. The click of the front door latch, followed by his firm step overhead, was their signal and up they would come, tumbling over each other in their eagerness to reach his cheeks—straight up, their paws scraping his clothes; then a swoop into the dining-room, when they would be "downed" to the floor, their eyes following his every movement.

Nor had his own financial situation begun as yet to trouble him. Todd, as excuse for Jemima's absence, had concocted a yarn about her being needed to look after her sister who was "took bad wid a mis-ry in her back," after which the darky and Pawson had put their heads together for some plan by which sufficient money could be raised for current expenses. In this praiseworthy effort to Todd's unbounded astonishment the greatly feared and much despised Gadgem was to hold first place. Indeed the very morning succeeding the receipt of Pawson's summons, and within a few minutes of the appointed hour,—a time when St. George would be absent at the club—there had come a brisk rat-a-tat on the front door awaking all the echoes of the bare hall, and Gadgem had sidled in, a furtive, anxious expression on his face that betokened both his surprise at being sent for and his curiosity to learn the cause.

Todd had not seen the collector since that eventful morning when he stood by ready to pick up the pieces when his master was about to throw him into the street for doubting his word, and after his customary polite good-morning followed close behind Gadgem the better to take him in. The first thing that struck the darky was the collector's clothes. As the summer was approaching he had changed his customary winter suit for a combination of brown linen bound with black—one size too small for him—(second hand, of course, its former owner having gone out of mourning) and at the moment was sporting a moth-eaten crape-encircled white beaver with a floppy,

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two-inch brim, a rusty black stock that grabbed him close under the chin, completely submerging his collar, and a pair of congress gaiters very much run down at the heel. He was evidently master of himself and the situation, for he stood looking from Todd to the young lawyer, various interrogation marks stencilled on his face, although no word of inquiry passed his lips.

Pawson's opening remark calmed his fears—or suspicions—Gadgem's business making him subject to both sensations.

"*Ex*actly," he answered in a relieved tone, dragging a mate of the red bandanna—a blue one—from his pocket and blowing his nose in an impressive manner. "*Ex*actly—quite right—quite right—difficult perhaps—*enor*mously difficult but—yes—quite right."

Whereupon there was a hurried consultation, during which the bullet-headed darky absorbed every word, his eyes rolling about in his head, his breath ending somewhere near his jugular vein. These details duly agreed upon, Gadgem bowed himself out of the dining-room, carrying with him a note-book filled with such data as:

2 fowling pieces made by Purdey, 1838.
3 heavy duck guns.
2 English saddles.
1 silver loving cup.
2 silver coasters, etc., etc.

the very list which Todd the night before had prompted and which Pawson, in his clear round hand, had transferred to a sheet of foolscap.

On reaching the front door the collector stopped and looked furtively up the stairs. He was wondering with professional caution whether St. George had returned, and was within hearing distance. Still in doubt he called out in his sharpest business voice:

"Yes, Mr. Pawson, please say to Mr. Temple that it is Gadgem, of Gadgem & Coombs—and say that I will be here at ten o'clock to-morrow—sharp—on the minute; I am always on the minute in matters of this kind. Only five minutes of his time—five minutes, remember—" and he passed out of hearing.

Todd opened the ball the next morning at breakfast. St. George had slept late, and the hands of the marble clock marked but a few minutes of the hour of Gadgem's expected arrival, and not a moment could be lost.

"Dat Gadgem man done come yere yisterday," he began, drawing out his master's chair with an extra flourish to hide his nervousness, "an' he say he's comin' agin dis mornin' at ten o'clock. Clar to goodness it's dat now! I done forgot to tell ye."

"What does he want, Todd?" asked St. George dropping into his seat.

"I dunno, sah—said he was lookin' fo' sumpin fo' a frien' ob his—I think it was a gun—an' he wanted to know what kind to buy fer him— Yes, sah, dem waffles 's jes, off de fire. He 'lowed he didn't know nuffin' 'bout guns—butter, sah?—an' den Mister Pawson spoke up an' said he'd better ask you. He's tame dis time—leastways he 'peared so."

"A fine gun is rather a difficult thing to get in these days, Todd," replied St. George opening his napkin. "I don't know but one good maker, and he has orders to last him five years, I hear. No, Todd—I'd rather have the toast."

"Yes, sah—I knowed ye couldn't do nuffin fer him— Take de top piece—dat's de brownest—but he seemed so cut up 'bout it dat I tol' him he might see ye fur a minute if he come long 'bout ten o'clock when you was fru' yo' brek'fus' fo' ye got tangled up wid yo' letters and de papers. Dat's him now, I spec's— Shall I show him in?"

"Yes, show him in, Todd. Gadgem isn't a bad sort of fellow after all. He only wants his pound of flesh like the others. Ah, good-morning, Mr. Gadgem." The front door had been purposely left open, and though the bill collector had knocked by way of warning, he had paused for no answer and was already in the room. The little man laid his battered hat silently on a chair near the door, pulled down his tight linen sleeves with the funereal binding, adjusted his high black stock, and with a half-creeping, half-cringing movement, advanced to where St. George sat.

"I said good-morning, Mr. Gadgem," repeated St. George in his most captivating tone of voice. He had been greatly amused at Gadgem's antics.

"I heard you, sir—I heard you *dis*tinctly, sir—I was only seeking a place on which to rest my hat, sir—not a very inspiring hat—quite the contrary—but all I have. Yes, sir—you are quite right—it is a *very* good morning—a most de*light*ful morning. I

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was convinced of that when I crossed the park, sir. The trees——"

"Never mind the trees, Gadgem. We will take those up later on. Tell me what I can do for you—what do you want?"

"A *gun*, sir—a plain, straightforward *gun* —one that can be relied upon. Not for my*self*, sir—I am not murderously inclined, but for a friend who has commissioned me —the exact word, sir—although the percentage is small—com*mis*sioned me to acquire for him a fowling piece of the pattern, weight, and build of those belonging to St. George W. Temple, Esquire, of Kennedy Square—and so I made bold, sir, to——"

"You won't find it, Gadgem," replied St. George, buttering the toast. "I have two that I have shot with for years that haven't their match in the state. Todd, bring me one of those small bird guns—there, behind the door in the rack. Hand it to Mr. Gadgem— Now you can see by the shape of—take hold of it—but do you know anything about guns?"

"Only enough to keep away from their muzzles, sir." He had it in his hand now —holding it by the end of the barrel, Todd instinctively dodging out of the way, although he knew it was not loaded. "No, sir, I don't know anything—not the very *small*est thing about guns. There is nothing, in fact, I know so little about as a gun —that is why I have come to you."

St. George recovered the piece and laid it as gently on the table beside his plate, as if it had been a newly laid egg.

"No, I don't think you do," he laughed, "or you wouldn't hold it upside down. Now go on and give me the rest."

Gadgem emitted a chuckle—the nearest he ever came to a laugh: "To have it go *on*, sir, is infinitely preferable than to have it go *off*, sir. He-he! And you have, I believe you said, two of these highly valuable implements of death?"

"Yes, five altogether—two of this kind. Here, Todd—" and he picked up the gun, "put it back behind the door."

Gadgem felt in his inside pocket, produced and consulted a memorandum with the air of a man who wanted to be entirely sure, and in a bland voice, said:

"I should think at your time of life—if you will permit me, sir—that one less gun would not seriously inconvenience you—would you permit me sir, to hope that——"

St. George looked up from his plate and a peculiar expression flitted across his face.

"You mean you want to buy it?"

The bill collector made a little movement forward and scrutinized St. George's face with the eye of a hawk. For a man of Temple's kidney to be without a fowling piece was like a king being without a crown. This was the crucial moment. Gadgem knew Temple's class, and knew just how delicately he must be handled. If St. George's pride, or his love for his favorite chattels—things personal to himself—should overcome him, the whole scheme would fall to the ground. That any gentleman of his standing had ever seen the inside of a pawn-shop in his life was unthinkable. This was what Gadgem faced. As for Todd, he had not drawn a full breath since Gadgem opened his case.

"Not *ex*actly buy it, sir," purred Gadgem, twisting his body into an obsequious spiral. "Men of your position do not traffic in such things—but if you would be persuaded, sir, for a money consideration which you would fix yourself—say the *orig*inal cost of the gun—to spare one of your five—you would greatly delight—in fact, you would over*whelm* with gratitude, a friend of mine."

St. George hesitated, looked out of the window, and a brand-new thought forced its way into his mind—as if a closet had been suddenly opened, revealing a skeleton he had either forgotten or had put permanently out of sight. There *was* need of this "original cost"—instant need—something he had entirely forgotten. Jemima would soon need it—maybe needed it now. That he had often kept her waiting—as he had Todd's master—was no excuse: that was when he could pay at his pleasure; now, perhaps, he couldn't pay at all.

"All right, Gadgem," he said slowly, a far-away, thoughtful look on his face—"come to think of it I don't need two guns of this calibre, and I am quite willing to let this one go, if it will oblige your friend." Here Todd breathed a sigh of relief so loud and deep that his master turned his head in inquiry. "As to the price—I'll look that up. Come and see me again in a day or two. Better take the gun with you now."

The fight had been won but the risk had been great. Even Pawson could hardly believe his ears when Gadgem five minutes later related the outcome of the interview.

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"Well, then, it will be plain sailing so long as the rest of the things last," said Pawson, handling the piece with a covetous touch—he too liked a day off when he could get it. "Who will you sell the gun to, Gadgem?"

"God knows—I don't! I'll borrow the money on it somehow—but I can't see him suffer—no, sir—can't see him *suf*fer. It's a pleasure to serve him—real gentleman—*real*—do you hear, Pawson? No veneer—no sham—no lies! Damn few such men, I tell you. Never met one before—never will meet one again. Gave up everything he had for a rattle-brain young scamp—*beg*gared himself to pay his debts—not a drop of the fellow's blood in his veins either—incredible—in*cred*ible! Got to handle him like gunpowder, or he'll blow everything into matchsticks. Find out the price and I'll bring the money to-morrow. Do you pay it to him—I can't. I'd feel too damn mean after lying to him the way I have. Feel that way now. Good-day."

The same scene was practically repeated the following month. It was an English saddle this time, St. George having two. And it was the same unknown gentleman who figured as "the much-obliged friend," Pawson conducting the negotiations and securing the owner's consent. On this occasion Gadgem sold the saddle outright to the keeper of a livery stable, whose bills he collected, paying the difference between the asking and the selling price out of his own pocket.

Gradually, however, St. George awoke to certain unsuspected features of what was going on around him. The discovery was made one morning when the go-between was closeted in Pawson's lower office, Pawson conducting the negotiations in St. George's dining-room. The young attorney, with Gadgem's assistance, had staved off some accounts until a legal ultimatum had been reached, and, having but few resources of his own left, had, with Todd's help, decided that the silver loving cup presented to his client's father by the Marquis de Castullux, could alone save the situation—a decision which brought an emphatic refusal from the owner. This and the discovery of Pawson's and Gadgem's treachery had greatly incensed him.

"And you tell me, Pawson, that that scoundrel, Gadgem, has—Todd go down and bring him up here immediately—has had the audacity to run a pawn-shop for my benefit without so much as asking my leave?—peddling my things?—lying to me straight through?" Here the door opened and Gadgem's face peered in. He had as was his custom crept upstairs so as to be within instant call when wanted.

"Yes—I am speaking of you, sir. Come inside and shut that door behind you. You too, Todd. What the devil do you mean, Gadgem, by deceiving me in this way? Don't you know I would rather have starved to death than——"

Gadgem raised his hand in protest:

"*Ex*actly so, sir. That's what we were afraid of, sir—such an uncomfortable thing to starve to death, sir—I couldn't permit it, sir—I'd rather walk my feet off than permit it. I did walk them off——"

"But who asked you to tramp the streets with my things under your arm? And you lied to me about it—you said you wanted to oblige a friend. There wasn't a word of truth in it, and you know it."

Again Gadgem's hand went out with a pleading—"Please don't," gesture. "More than a word, sir—a whole dictionary, sir, and *un*abridged at that, if I might be permitted to say it. My friend still has the implement of death, and not only does he still possess it, but he is *enor*mously obliged. Indeed, I have never *seen* him so happy."

"You mean to tell me, Gadgem," St. George burst out, "that the money you paid me for the gun really came from a friend of yours?"

"I do, sir." Gadgem's gimlet eye was now boring into Temple's.

"What's his name?"

"Gadgem, sir—John Gadgem, of Gadgem & Coombs—Gadgem sole survivor, since Coombs is with the angels; the foreclosure having taken place last month: hence these weeds." And he lifted the tails of his black coat in evidence.

"Out of your own money?"

"Yes, sir—some I had laid away."

St. George wheeled suddenly and stood looking first at Gadgem, then at Pawson, and last at Todd, as if for confirmation. Then a light broke in upon him—one that played over his face in uncertain flashes.

"And you did this for me?" he asked thoughtfully, fixing his gaze on Gadgem.

"I did, sir," came the answer in a meek voice, as if he had been detected in filching an apple from a stand—"and I would do it again; do it over and over again. And it has been a great pleasure for me to do

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it. I might say, sir, that it has been a kind of ex*treme* bliss to do it."

"Why?" There was a tremor now in Temple's voice that even Todd had never noticed before.

Gadgem turned his head away: "I don't know, sir," he replied in a lower tone. "I couldn't explain it on oath; I don't care to explain it, sir." No lie could serve him now—better make a clean breast of the villainy.

"And you still own it?" Todd had never seen his master so gentle before—not under a provocation such as this.

"I do, sir." Gadgem's voice was barely audible.

"Then it means that you have locked up just that much of your own money for a thing you can never use yourself and can't sell. Am I right?"

Gadgem lowered his head and for a moment studied the carpet. His activities, now that the cat was out of the bag, were fair subjects for discussion, but not his charities.

"I prefer not to answer, sir, and—" the last words died in his throat.

"But it's true, isn't it?" persisted St. George—he had never once taken his eyes from Gadgem.

"Yes—it's true."

St. George turned on his heel, walked to the mantel, stood for an instant gazing into the empty fireplace, and then, with that same straightening of his shoulders and lift of his head which his friends knew so well when he was deeply stirred, confronted the collector again:

"Gadgem!" He stopped and caught his breath. For a moment it seemed as if something in his throat choked his utterance. "Gadgem—give me your hand! Do you know you are a gentleman and a thoroughbred! No—don't speak—don't explain. We understand each other. Todd, bring three glasses and hand me what is left of the old Port. And do you join us, Pawson."

Todd, whose eyes had been popping from his head during the entire interview and who was still amazed at the outcome, suddenly woke to the merits of the situation: on no account must his master's straits be further revealed. He raised his hand as a signal to St. George who was still looking into Gadgem's eyes, screwed his face into a tangle of puckers and in a husky whisper muttered, so low that only his master could hear:

"Dat Port, Marse George"—one eye now went entirely out in a wink—"is gittin' a leetle mite low—" (there hadn't been a drop of it in the house for six months)—"an' if——"

"Well, then, that Brown Sherry—get a fresh bottle, Todd—" St. George was quite honest, and so, for that matter, was Todd: the Brown Sherry had also seen its day.

"Yes, sah—but how would dat fine ol' peach brandy de jedge gin ye, do? It's spilin' to be tasted, sah—" both eyes were now in eclipse in the effort to apprise his master that with the exception of some badly corked Madeira, Tom Coston's peach brandy was about the only beverage left in the cellar.

"Well, the old peach brandy, then—get it at once and serve it in the large glasses."

XX

St. George had now reached the last stage of his poverty. The selling or pawning of the few valuables left him had been consummated and with the greatest delicacy, so as best to spare his feelings, and that he had been assisted by hitherto unknown friends, who had sacrificed their own balances in his behalf—did not lessen the gravity of the present situation. The fact remained that with the exception of a few possible assets he was practically penniless. Every old debt that could be collected—and Gadgem had been a scourge and a flaming sword as the weeks went on in their gathering—had been rounded up. Even his minor interests in two small ground rents had—thanks to Pawson, been cashed some years in advance. His available resources were now represented by some guns, old books, bridles, another saddle, his rare Chinese punch bowl and its teakwood stand, and a few remaining odds and ends.

He could hope for no payment from the Patapsco—certainly not for some years; nor could he raise money even on these hopes, the general opinion being that despite the efforts of John Gorsuch, Rutter, and Harding to punish the guilty and resuscitate the innocent, the bank would finally collapse without a cent being paid the depositors. As for that old family suit, it had been in the courts for forty odd years and it was likely to be there forty odd years more.

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Had he been differently constructed—he a man with scores and scores of friends, many of whom would gladly have helped him—he might have made his wants known—but such was not his make-up. The men to whom he could apply—men like the archdeacon, Murdoch, and one or two others—had no money of their own to spare—and as for wealthier men—men like Rutter and Harding, starvation itself would be preferable to an indebtedness of that kind. Then again, he did not want his poverty known. He had defied Talbot Rutter, and had practically shown him the door when the colonel doubted his ability to pay Harry's debts and still live, and no humiliation would be greater than to see Rutter's satisfaction over his abject surrender. No—if the worst came to the worst, he could slip back to Wesley where he was always welcome and take up the practice of the law which he had abandoned since his father's death, and thus earn money enough not to be a burden to Peggy. In the meantime something might turn up. Perhaps another of Gadgem's thumb-screws could be fastened on some delinquent and thus extort a drop or two; or the bank might begin paying ten per cent.—or another prepayment might be squeezed out of a ground rent. If none of these things turned out to his advantage, then Gadgem and Pawson must continue their search for customers who would have the rare opportunity of purchasing direct "from the private collection of a gentleman," etc., etc., "one first-class English saddle," etc., etc.

"The meantime," however, brought no relief. Indeed so acute had the financial strain become that another and a greater sacrifice—one that fairly cut his heart in two faced him—the parting with his dogs. That four mouths besides his own and Todd's were too many to feed had of late become painfully evident. He might send them to Wesley of course but then he remembered that no one at Tom Coston's ever had a gun in their hands, and they would only be a charge and a nuisance to Peggy. Or he might send them up into Carroll County to a farmer friend, but in that case he would have to pay their keep and he needed the money for those at home. And so he waited and pondered.

A coachman from across the park solved the difficulty a day or two later with a whispered word in Todd's ear, which set the boy's temper ablaze—for he dearly loved the dogs himself—until he had talked it over with Pawson and Gadgem, and had then broken the news to his master as best he could.

"Dem dogs is eatin' dere haids off," he began, fidgeting about the table, brushing the crumbs on to a tray only to spill half of them on the floor—"an' Mister Floyd's coachman done say dat his young marster's jes' adyin' for 'em an' don't cyar what he pay for 'em, dat is if ye—" but St. George cut him short.

"What did you say, Todd?"

"Why dat young marster dat's jes' come up f'om Ann'rundel—got mo' money den he kin th'ow 'way I yere."

"And they are eating their heads off, are they—and he wants to swap his dirty money for my— Yes—I know. Don't say another word. Send the dogs up one at a time—Floe first!"

The scene that followed always lingered in his mind. For days thereafter he could not mention their names—even to Todd—without the tears springing to his eyes.

Up the kitchen flight they tumbled—not one at a time, but all in a scramble, bounding straight at him, slobbering all over his face and hands, their paws scraping his clothes—each trying to climb into his lap—big Gordon setters, all four. He swept them off and ranged them in a row before his arm-chair with their noses flat to the carpet, their brown agate eyes following his every movement.

"Todd says you eat too much, you damned rascals!" he cried in enforced gayety, leaning forward, shaking his finger in their faces. "What the devil do you mean, coming into a gentleman's private apartments and eating him out of house and home—and that's what you're doing. I'm going to sell you!—do you hear that?—sell you to some stingy curmudgeon who'll starve you to death, and that's what you deserve! Come here, Floe—you dear old doggie, you—nice Floe! Here, Dandy—Rupert—Sue!" They were all in his arms again, their cold noses snuggled under his warm chin. But this time he didn't care what they did to his clothes—nor what he did to them. He was alone; Todd had gone down to the kitchen—only he and the four companions so dear to his heart. "Come here, you imp of the devil," he con-

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tinued, rubbing Floe's ears—he loved her best—pinching her nose until her teeth showed; patting her flanks, crooning over her as a woman would over a child—talking to himself all the time—"I wonder if Floyd will be good to them, if I thought he wouldn't I'd rather starve than— No—I reckon it's all right—he's got plenty of room and plenty of people to look after them." Then he rose and drew his hand across his forehead. "Got to sell my dogs, eh? Turned traitor, have you, Mr. Temple, and gone back on your best friends? By God!—I wonder what will come next?" He strode across the room, rang for Todd, and bending down loosened a collar from Dandy's neck, on which his own name was engraved, "St. George Wilmot Temple, Esquire. Esquire, eh? What a damned lie! Property of a pauper living on pawn-shops and a bill collector! Nice piece of business, St. George—fine record for your blood and breeding! Ah, Todd—that you? Well, take them downstairs and send word to Mr. Floyd's man to call for them to-night, and when you come back I'll have a letter ready for you. Come here, you rascals, and let me hug one or two of you. Good Floe—good doggie." Then the long-fought choke in his throat strangled him. "Take them away, Todd," he said in a husky voice, straightening his shoulders as if the better to get his breath, and with a deep indrawn sigh, bolted into his bedroom.

Half an hour later there followed a short note written on one of his few remaining sheets of English paper, addressed to the new owner, in which he informed that gentleman that he bespoke for his late companions the same care and attention which he had always given them himself, and which they so richly deserved, and which he felt sure they would continue to receive while in the service of his esteemed and honored correspondent. This he sealed in wax and stamped with his crest; and this was duly delivered by Todd—and so the painful incident had come to an end.

The dogs disposed of there still remained to him another issue to meet—the wages he owed Jemima. Although she had not allowed the subject to pass her lips—not even to Todd—St. George knew that she needed the money—she being a free woman and her earnings her own—not a master's. He had twice before determined to set aside enough money from former cash receipts to liquidate Jemima's debt, once from the proceeds of Gadgem's gun and again from what Floyd paid him for the dogs, but Todd had insisted with such vehemence that he needed it for the marketing, that he had let it go over.

The one remaining object of real value was the famous loving cup. With this turned into money he would be able to pay Jemima in full. For days he debated the matter with himself putting the question in a dozen different lights: it was not really his cup, but belonged to the family—he being only its custodian; it would reflect on his personal honor if he traded so distinguished a gift—one marking the esteem in which his dead father had been held, etc. Then the round good-natured face and bent figure of his old stand-by and comfort—who had worked for him and for his father, almost all her life, rose before him—she bending over her tubs earning the bread to keep her alive, and with this picture in his mind all his fine-spun theories vanished into thin air. Todd was summoned and thus the last connecting link between the past and present was broken and the precious heirloom turned over to Kirk the silversmith who the next day found a purchaser with one of the French secretaries in Washington, a descendant of the marquis.

With the whole of the purchase money in his hands and his mind firmly made up he rang for his servant:

"Come along, Todd—show me where Aunt Jemima lives—it's somewhere down by the market, I hear—I'm going now."

The darky's face got as near white as his skin would allow: this was the last thing he had expected.

"Dat ain't no fit place for ye, Marse George," he stammered. "I'll go an' git her an' bring her up; she tol' me when I carried dat las' washin' down she wuz a-comin' dis week."

"No, her sister is sick and she is needed where she is—get your basket and come along—you can do your marketing down there. Bring me my hat and cane. What's the matter with her sister, do you know?"

Again the darky hedged: 'Dunno, sah—some kin' o' mis'ry in her back I reckon. Las' time Aunt Jemima was yere she say de doctor 'lowed her kittens was 'fected." (It was another invalid limping past the front steps who had put that in his head.)

St. George roared: "Well, whatever she's

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got I'm going to pay my respects to her; I've neglected Aunt Jemima too long. No —my best hat—don't forget that I'm going to call on a very distinguished colored lady. Come, out with it—how far does she live from the market?"

"Jes' 'bout's far's from yere to de church. Is you gwine now? I got a heap o' cleanin' ter do—dem steps is all gormed up dey's dat dirty—maybe we better go when——"

"Not another word out of you! I'm going now." He could feel the money in his pocket and he would not wait. "Get your basket."

Todd led the way and the two crossed the park and struck out for the lower part of the city near Jones Falls, into a district surrounded by one and two story houses inhabited by the poorer class of whites and the more well-to-do free negroes. Here the streets, especially those which ran to the wharves, were narrow and ill-paved, their rough cobbles being often obstructed by idle drays, heavy anchors, and rusting anchor chains; all on free storage. Up one of these crooked streets, screened from the brick sidewalk by a measly wooden fence, stood a two-story wooden house, its front yard decorated with clothes lines running criss-cross from thumbs of fence-posts to fingers of shutters—a sort of cats-cradle along whose meshes Aunt Jemima hung her wet clothes.

On this particular day what was left of St. George Temple's wardrobe and bed linen, with the exception of what that gentleman had on his back, was either waving in the cool air of the morning, or being clothes-pinned so that it might wave later on.

Todd's anxious face was the first to thrust itself from around the corner of a sagging, sloppy sheet—the two had entered the gate in the fence at the same moment, but St. George had been lost in the maze of dripping linen.

"Go way f'om dar, you fool nigger, mussin' up my wash!—keep yo' haid off'er dem sheets I tell ye, fo' I smack ye! An' ye needn't come down yere a-sassin' me 'bout Marse George's clo'es, 'cause dey ain't done—" (here Temple's head came into view, his face in a broad smile)—"Well, fer de lan's sakes, Marse George. What ye come down yere fer? Here—lemme git dat basket outer yo' way— No, dem hands ain't fit fer nobody to shake— My!—but I's mighty glad to see ye! Don't tell me ye come fer dat wash—I been so pestered wid de weather—nothin' don't dry."

He had dodged a wet sheet and had the old woman by the hand now, his face wreathed in smiles at sight of her.

"No, aunty—I came down to pay you some money."

"You don't owe me no money," she cried indignantly, "leastwise you doan' owe me nothin' till ye kin pay it," and she darted an annihilating glance at Todd.

"Yes I do—but let me see where you live," and he looked about him. "What a fine place—plenty of room except on wash-days," and he smiled meaningly. "All those mine—I didn't know I had that many clothes left. Pick up that basket, Todd, and bring it in for aunty." The two made their way between the wet linen and found themselves in front of the dwelling. "And is this all yours?"

"De fust flo' front an' back is mine an' de top flo' I rents out. Got a white man in dere now dat works in de lumber yard. Jes' come up an' see how I fixed it up."

"And tell me about your sister—is she better?" he continued.

The old woman put her arms akimbo: "Lawd bress ye, Marse George!—who done tol' ye dat fool lie! I ain't got no sister—not yere!"

"Why, I thought you couldn't come back to me because you had to nurse some member of your family who had kittens, or some such misery in her spine—wasn't that it, Todd?" said St. George trying to conceal a smile.

Todd shot a beseeching look at Jemima to confirm his picturesque yarn, but the old woman would have none of it.

"Dere ain't been nobody to tek care of but des me. I come yere 'cause I knowed ye didn't hab no money to keep me, an' I got back de ol' furniture what I had fo' I come to lib wid ye, an' went to washin', an if dat yaller varmint's been tellin' any lies 'bout me I'm gwineter wring his neck."

"No, let Todd alone," laughed St. George, his heart warming to the old woman at this further proof of her love for him. "The Lord has already forgiven him that lie, and so have I. And now what have you got upstairs?"

They had mounted the steps by this time and St. George was peering into a clean, simply furnished room. "First rate, aunty—your lumber-yard man is in luck. And now put that in your pocket," and he handed her the package.

"What's dis?"

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"Nearly half a year's wages."

"I ain't gwineter take it," she snapped back in a positive tone.

St. George laid his hand tenderly on the old woman's shoulder. She had served him faithfully for many years and he was very fond of her.

"Tuck it in your bosom, aunty—it should have been paid long ago."

She looked at him shrewdly: "Did de bank pay ye yit, Marse George?"

"No."

"Den I ain't gwineter tech it—I ain't gwineter tech a fip ob it!" she exploded. "How I know ye ain't a-sufferin' fer it! See dat wash?—an' I got an udder room to rent if I'm min' ter scrunch up a leetle mo'. I kin git 'long."

St. George's hand again tightened on her shoulder:

"Take it when you can get it, aunty," he said in a more serious tone, and turning on his heel joined Todd below, leaving the old woman in tears, the money lying in her limp outspread fingers.

All the way back to his home—they had stopped to replenish the larder at the market—St. George kept up his spirits. Absurd as it was—he a man tottering on the brink of dire poverty—the situation from his stand-point was far from perilous. He had discharged the one debt that had caused him the most anxiety—the money due the faithful old cook; he had a basket full of good things—among them half a dozen quail and three diamond-back terrapin—the cheapest food in the market—and he had funds left for his immediate wants.

With this feeling of contentment permeating his mind something of the old feeling of independence—with its indifference toward the dollar and what it meant and could bring him, welled up in his heart. For a time at least the bugbear of debt lay hidden. A certain old-time happiness began to show itself in his face and bearing. So evident was this that before many days had passed even Todd noticed the return of his old buoyancy, and so felt privileged to discuss his own feelings, now that the secret of their mode of earning a common livelihood was no longer a menace to his master.

"Dem taters what we got outer de sterrups of dat ridin' saddle is mos' gone," he ventured one morning at breakfast, when the balance of the cup money had reached a low ebb. "Shall I tote de udder saddle down to dat Gadgem man"—(he never called him anything else, although of late he had conceived a marked respect for the collector)—"or shall I keep it fer some mo' sugar?"

"What else is short, Todd?" said St. George, good-naturedly, helping himself to another piece of cornbread.

"Well, dere's plenty ob dose decanter crackers and de pair ob andirons is still holdin' out wid de mango pickles and de cheese, but dat pair ob ridin' boots is mos' gone. We got half barrel ob flour and a bag o' coffee, ye 'member wid dem boots. I done seen some smoked herrin' in de market yisterday mawnin' 'd go mighty good wid de buckwheat cakes and sugar-house 'lasses—only we ain't got no 'lasses. I was a-thinkin' dem two ol' cheers in de garret 'd come in handy; ain't nobody sot in 'em since I been yere; de bottoms is outen one o' dem, but de legs and backs is good 'nough fer a quart o' 'lasses. I kin take 'em down to de same place dat Gadgem man tol' me to take de big brass shovel an' tongs——"

"All right, Todd," rejoined St. George, highly amused at the boy's economic resources. "Anything that Mr. Gadgem recommends I agree to. Yes—take him the chairs—both of them."

Even the men at the club had noticed the change and congratulated him on his good spirits. None of them knew of his desperate straits, although many of them had remarked on the differences in his hospitality, while some of the younger gallants—men who made a study of the height and roll of the collars of their coats and the latest cut of waistcoats—especially the increased width of the frogs on the lapels—had whispered to each other that Temple's clothes certainly needed overhauling; more particularly his shirts, which were much the worse for wear: one critic laying his seeming indifference to the carelessness of a man who was growing old; another shaking his head with the remark that it was Poole's bill which was growing old—older by a good deal than the clothes, and that it would have to be patched and darned with one of old George Brown's—(the banker's) scraps of paper before the wearer could regain his reputation of being the best dressed man in or out of the club.

None of these lapses from his former well-to-do estate made any difference, however, to St. George's intimates when it came

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to the selection of important guests for places at table or to assist in the success of some unusual function. Almost every one in and around Kennedy Square had been crippled in their finances by the failure, not only of the Patapsco, but by kindred institutions during the preceding few years. Why then, they argued, should any one criticise such economies as Temple was practising—he was still living in his house with his servants—one or two less, perhaps—but still in comfort, and if he did not entertain as heretofore what of it? His old love of sport, as was shown by his frequent visits to his estates on the Eastern Shore, might account for some of the changes in his hospitable habits, there not being money enough to keep up establishments both in country and town. These changes, of course, could only be temporary. His properties on the peninsula—(almost everybody had "properties" in those days, whether imaginary or real)—would come up some day, and then all would be well again.

The House of Seymour was particularly in the dark. The Honorable Prim, in his dense ignorance, had even asked St. George to join in one of his commercial enterprises—the building of a new clipper ship—while Kate, who had never waited five minutes in all her life for anything that a dollar could buy, had begged a subscription for a charity she was managing, and which she received with a kiss and a laugh, and without a moment's hesitation from a purse shrinking steadily by the hour.

Only when some idle jest or well-meant inquiry diverted his mind to the chain of events leading up to Harry's exile was his insistent cheerfulness under his fast accumulating misfortunes ever disturbed.

Todd was the cruel disturber on this particular day, with a bit of information which, by reason of its source, St. George judged must be true, and which because of its import brought him infinite pain. "Purty soon we won't hab 'nough spoons to stir a toddy wid," Todd had begun. "I tell ye, Marse George, day ain't none o' dem gwine in dere pockets till de constable gits arter 'em. I jes' wish Marse Harry was yere—he'd fix 'em. Fo' dey knowed whar dey wuz he'd hab 'em full o' holes; dat red-haided, no'-count gemman what's a-makin' up to Miss Kate is gwineter git her fo' sho——"

It was here that St. George had raised his head, his heart in his mouth.

"How do you know, Todd?" he asked in a serious tone. He had long since ceased correcting Todd for his outspoken reflections on Kate's suitor as a useless expenditure of time.

"'Cause Mammy Henny done tol' Aunt Jemima so—an' she purty nigh cried her eyes out when she said it. Ye ain't heared nothin' 'bout Marse Harry comin' home, is ye?"

"No—not a word—not for many months, Todd. He's up in the mountains, so his mother tells me."

Whereupon Todd had gulped down an imprecation expressive of his feelings and had gone about his duties, while St. George had buried himself in his easy-chair, his eyes fixed on vacancy, his soul all the more a-hungered for the boy he loved. He wondered where the lad was—why he hadn't written. Whether the fever had overtaken him and he laid up in some filthy hospital? Almost every week his mother had either come herself or sent in for news, accompanied by messages expressing some new phase of her anxiety. Or had he grown and broadened out and become big and strong?—whom had he met, and how had they treated him?—and would he want to leave home again when once he came back? Then, as always, there came a feeling of intense relief. He thanked God that Harry *wasn't* at home; a daily witness of the shrinkage of his resources and the shifts to which he was being put. This would be ten times worse for him to bear than the loss of the boy's companionship. Harry would then upbraid him for the sacrifices he had made for him, as if he would not take every step over again. Take them!—of course he would take them!—so would any other gentleman. Not to have come to Harry's rescue, in that, the most critical hour of his life, when he was disowned by his father, rejected by his sweetheart, and hounded by creditors, not one of whom did he justly owe—was unthinkable—absolutely unthinkable and not worth a moment's consideration.

And so he would sit and muse, his head in his hand, his legs stretched toward the fire, his white shapely fingers tapping the arms of his chair—each click so many telegraphic records of the workings of his mind.

(To be continued.)

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THE CONWAYS' BURGLAR

By James Barnes

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. W. KEMBLE

USUALLY all lights were out in the Conways' house long before the clock struck twelve. But Mr. Conway, the cartoonist, had a drawing to finish, and had promised the art editor of the *Weekly* to have it in on the following day. Just at one in the morning he put the finishing strokes with a sigh of self-appreciation and relief. The art editor had been pleased with the idea and so had Conway when his wife had suggested it. Mrs. Conway was a mine of suggestion; only Conway's intimate friends knew that he was part of a co-operative institution. Singly they were amusing, together they were irresistible.

The door swung slowly open.—Page 627.

Why it is that a well-built wooden house takes upon itself the attitude of an automatic burglar alarm during the small hours has never been explained; but certain it is that stairs, that never creak in the daytime, snap and pop like overstrained ropes when the lights are out, and doors, that generally behave as doors should, squeak interrogatively on their hinges, and groan and rattle for no cause that can be ascertained.

Mr. Conway blew out the "studio" lamp and stole quietly upstairs, intending to see if, for once, it were possible to escape the alert ear of his better half. He tried every device—even pausing for a moment on the top landing—holding his breath until on the point of suffocation. If he had had a guilty conscience he could not have used more precautions.

But they were fruitless—his wife's voice addressed him casually as he entered the bedroom, and she informed him that she had listened to every step of his stealthy approach. It had suggested an idea to her that they might work up some time, she added sleepily. She would remind him of it at breakfast.

Many of the cartoonist's brightest hits had been due to his helpmate's nocturnal inspirations.

It may have been three o'clock in the morning when Conway was awakened by a gentle shake of his shoulder. His wife was sitting bolt upright in the bed; as he roused himself she spoke in a low whisper.

"Hush! Henry," she said softly. "It's a burglar!"

Conway was about to reply that he thought they had about worked that theme threadbare, when Mrs. Conway again admonished him to be silent.

"Listen!" she said, and now he listened —peculiar little sensations gathering back

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of his ears. Surely enough there was some one coming up the front stairs! He recognized the challenging squeak of the next to the last step, and the rattle of a loose post in the banisters. To save his life he could not help a faint chatter of his teeth.

"I'd better get my revolver," he whispered, without moving; but his wife restrained him.

"You will stay just where you are!" she said firmly, "and keep quiet!" then, with no more excitement in her voice than a child would employ in playing a game of hide-and-seek, she whispered: "Keep quiet, now he is coming this way!" and a second later she went on, with almost an exclamation of surprise: "Gracious me! he's got a light! Did you ever?"

The sketch.

The door leading into the hallway had not been completely closed, and a faint ray flashed along the opposite wall. By this time Mr. Conway had been reduced to a state of absolute resignation. Wonderment at his wife's remarkable attitude, and relief that there was nothing heroic expected of him, caused him to grow calmer; but his tongue and mind refused to act. He lay there simply awaiting developments, as one watches the approaching climax of a play.

The light grew brighter, and Mrs. Conway's grasp upon his shoulder tightened a little as the door swung slowly open and a hand holding a candle, followed, with unexpected suddenness, by another holding a very shiny revolver, reached into the room. Wider and wider the door opened, until there stood there in plain sight the figure of a large man with his coat collar turned up round his throat and his derby hat pushed back on his close-cropped head.

The sight of the two people staring at him disconcerted him a little, and he half drew back. There was an awkward silence. The intruder did not seem to be able to make up his mind whether to enter or retire, and then Mrs. Conway spoke.

"Now I want to know," she asked, "how did you get in here?"

The man did not reply for an instant, and then his eyes twinkled.

"Through the cellar door, ma'am," he replied.

"Wasn't it locked?" Mrs. Conway spoke in the voice of a schoolmistress reproving a naughty scholar.

"It wasn't much locked," replied the man quietly. "I don't want to cause you no inconvenience; but you see it's this way—I can't work at a trade on account of my health, and so I got to doin' this. I really don't want to, but I have to."

"You look perfectly well and strong!" returned Mrs. Conway, emphatically, "and you're just an ordinary thief, and that's all there is to it!"

"Well," was the reply, "it isn't my place to contradict a lady; but them's hard words! and now," he added, in a gruffer tone, "if you've got any money I want it!"

"There's some on the bureau," replied Mrs. Conway, pointing to a handful of change her husband had taken out of his waistcoat pocket and placed beside his watch.

"Thanks! madam," said the man, "and I'll take this ticker along with it!"

He placed the candle on the bureau and, slipping the watch and the money into his pocket, opened the top bureau drawer. He pulled out a little trinket case, shook it, and pocketed it also.

"You're a mean man!" said Mrs. Conway vehemently. "There is something in that box I don't want you to take, and if

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"I'll take you at your word, sir."

you'll put it back I'll tell you where there's something much more valuable."

"Well, ma'am, what is it?"

"It's a little ring with a small opal. I will be much obliged if you will leave it, and you will find a gold bangle with two five-dollar gold pieces on it in a pasteboard box under the handkerchiefs—you overlooked it."

"Thank you, ma'am!" returned the burglar, that's very nice of you! and opals is unlucky—won't you pick out what you want?" He extended the trinket case in one hand. The other had never dropped the big revolver.

Mrs. Conway selected the ring and held it up between her thumb and forefinger.

"You see," she said, "it isn't very valuable. Thank you very much!"

"Oh, pray don't mention it! Isn't there something else that you'd like?" returned the big man, not to be outdone in politeness.

"Oh, may I?" asked Mrs. Conway, in the tone of voice that one uses when proffered a second helping of sweets, and with that she picked out a really handsome ring with a diamond, flanked by two small rubies.

The burglar smiled. "You drew a prize that time, madam," he said, in a congratulatory tone, "and I must be taking my leave. But, before I go," he added, "I shall have to relieve you of this little thing, which I presume belongs to the gentleman." This was the first notice that he had taken of Mr. Conway, who in silence watched the proceedings, with the coverlet drawn up to his chin. As the burglar spoke, he picked up a small-calibred revolver from the bureau drawer and put it in his trousers pocket.

"It's dangerous," he added, "to leave fire-arms about the house!" and now he walked slowly over toward the door. An idea seized him, however, as he passed the chair upon which Mr. Conway's clothes were neatly folded. He picked up the trousers and gave them a shake.

Now, for the first time, the master of the house spoke:

"There is nothing in the pockets," he said. "I took everything out and put it on the bureau."

The burglar smiled again. "I'll take you at your word, sir," he said. "Many thanks!"

"Don't you get any candle grease on those pants!" suddenly interposed Mrs. Conway; "you will if you don't take care!"

At this the burglar laughed softly. "You're a great little lady!" he said; "you're all right!" He dropped the clothing back on the chair, and stepping to the door, stood there holding it open. "Now," he said, "I'm going to give a little advice:

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If the gentleman doesn't follow me, I'll get out of the house peaceable and quiet; but if he does, he may spoil the whole thing, so I advise you to stay where you are, sir, for a few minutes, until you hear me slam the kitchen door. I will have to inform you, ma'am," he added, "that, as is customary on such occasions, I have helped myself to some of the cold meat that was in the larder, and also drank most of the pitcher of milk. It was very good, I assure you! And now, good-evening!"

"Don't you get any candlegrease on those pants!"—Page 628.

"Just wait a minute!" called Mrs. Conway, "before you go—don't go down that hallway to the left—it leads to the nursery, and if you wake up the Swedish nurse-girl she'll be sure to have a fit, and probably she'll scream!"

"And probably," also added Mr. Conway, who had now recovered from his fright, and as usual was following his wife's lead, "she will give up her situation and insist upon going back to town. It's all we can do to persuade her to stay as it is!"

The burglar chuckled, but did not reply.

"Now, mind what I tell you," said Mrs. Conway warningly. "Be careful!"

"And take care of the top step," added Mr. Conway.

The burglar closed the door. He left behind him an intemperance-like odor.

As soon as they were left alone the Conways looked at one another. They couldn't see very well, for the room was in utter darkness; but they could feel each other's questioning stare. At last Conway spoke in a whisper.

"Well!" he said, "what are we going to do?" The danger was over, and he was chuckling hysterically.

"Get up quickly!" replied his wife sternly; "hurry into your clothes——"

"But I promised not to follow him! It would hardly be fair, you know, for he really behaved very nicely, didn't he?" Again Conway chuckled; but there was no laughter in his wife's voice as she replied:

"Get into your clothes, Henry, go out the window, climb down the trellis, and go call Mr. Smedburg and get help!" She bounced out of bed—Conway followed her.

"Shall we strike a light?" he asked, completely surrendering the command of things—"shall we?"

"No, don't do that; he might come back again." She walked to the door, slipping on her wrapper.

"Where under the sun are you going?" asked her husband.

"I'm going to telephone to Marshal Peters's house," she replied; "hurry up, don't waste any time talking!"

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"For Heaven's sake, don't be foolish, Madge!" Conway urged; "don't go out there, I beseech you!"

"I'll take care of myself! He won't hurt *me!*"

Before he could prevent her she left the room. The whole affair had changed from the humorous to the semi-tragic. As Conway stumbled around in the darkness, groping on hands and knees for his slippers, he heard the sharp whir of the telephone annunciator, and then a man speaking. His heart stood still! He stepped to the door and listened.

"What are you trying to do?" asked the burglar's deep voice from the foot of the stairs. The telephone was against the wall on the first landing.

"I'm using the telephone," returned Mrs. Conway quietly; "you can see that for yourself! Hello?—hello?" she added interrogatively, "is that you, central? is that you?"

"Madge, come in here," implored Conway in a whisper from the door.

"Hello! hello!" went on Mrs. Conway.

"Hello! hello!" mocked the burglar from the foot of the stairs. "I'm going down that way in a minute, ma'am, and I'll drop in and see what's the matter with 'em—perhaps the wire's down."

"I'm not talking to you," answered Mrs. Conway sharply; "mind your own business!"

"Oh, very well!" said the burglar, "anything to oblige the lady."

At last apparently Mrs. Conway had succeeded in securing the attention of the slumbering central office.

"Well!" she said at last into the receiver, "you've taken a long time! Will you please give me Marshal Peters's house at once?—at once!" she repeated.

There was a pause.

"Ye'd better call up the fire department, madam," suggested the burglar, "ye may find them all ready to go out; it 'll take the marshal some time to get here."

Mrs. Conway paid no attention to this.

"Hello," she said, "is this Marshal Peters?—I'm sorry to get you up this time of night—this is Mrs. Conway—yes!—there's a burglar in our house—no—no—he's here yet——"

"You can tell the marshal he's in a great hurry," put in the burglar, "and can't wait but a few minutes."

"Yes," said Mrs. Conway, answering a question evidently, "he's here now—I'm talking to him."

"That's very polite of you, ma'am," said the burglar, "but you haven't spoken to me for three minutes!—but I forgive you, and now I must be going, and have to thank you for a very delightful time—good-morning!"

He picked up a heavy bag, and an instant later there was a slam of the kitchen door. Mr. Conway emerged into the hallway.

"What! haven't you gone?" exclaimed his wife. "I thought you'd be getting help all this time!"

"No," said Conway angrily. "I wasn't going to leave you alone! and I couldn't go barefooted—me with a sore throat!—and you've got on my slippers."

His wife rushed back into the room and reached the half-open window. "He is climbing the fence," she cried, "and, Henry, he's just ransacked the house." She was now hovering on the point of tears.

In the gray of the dawn they could just make out a figure striding the top rail. It dropped on the other side and disappeared into a patch of evergreens. Conway turned suddenly:

"I have an idea!" he cried, and he ran down the hall to the telephone.

"What are you going to do?" asked Mrs. Conway.

"Telephone to the station. I know what he is up to, he is going to take the five-o'clock train and go back to town. We can have him arrested there as he leaves."

"There's no use trying that," interrupted Mrs. Conway; "central office closed at twelve—they don't open until six-thirty."

"Well, then, who under the sun were you talking to?"

"I wasn't talking to anybody; I just thought it was the best way to get him out of the house."

"Now, I suppose that's what they call tact," said Conway. "Madge, as the gentleman said, 'you're a great little lady!'"

"This is no time for compliments!" Mrs. Conway returned. "What are we going to do now?—what?—" Suddenly she interrupted herself, and grasped her husband by the arm. "Quick!—" she said. "I've got an idea!"

"I never knew you when you hadn't; what is it this time?"

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"Come down to the study," she returned.

Mr. Conway followed her meekly and watched her without a question as she turned up the light.

"Now," she said, "sit down and *draw* him." She picked up a pencil and pushed a pad of paper across the desk.

"My dear," said Mr. Conway, "you are certainly a piece of work! You are Lady Napoleon Bonaparte and Mrs. Sherlock Holmes rolled into one!"

He made a few hasty strokes, his wife leaning over his shoulder.

"No," she said, criticising, "his forehead was higher than that, and he had a slight droop to his left eye—that's it!—that's good—that's his mouth, exactly! He was a good-humored man, wasn't he? I suppose he thought we were crazy."

"Can't blame him, I'm sure!" remarked Conway. "I think your behavior was a little out of the usual."

"He said I was a perfect lady," returned Mrs. Conway—"there! put a deeper line on his chin—don't you remember, he had a scar there?—that's it! you've got him to the life—who said you couldn't catch likenesses?"

"Well," said Conway when he had finished, "now what are we going to do with this?"

"Well"—Mrs. Conway paused thoughtfully—"when you go to town—haven't they got a reference library, or something—where the police look up people like this?"

"The Rogues' Gallery, maybe?—you're a wonder!"

"Of course!—that's it! I couldn't think of the name of it. You take the first train to town and show that to the librarian—or whoever it may be—and then we may be able to get the rest of those things back—he might have left little Clara's silver mug!"

"You'd be robbed some day!"—Page 632.

That morning, as Inspector Titus sat in his office in Centre Street, Mr. Conway's card was brought to him. It took but a few minutes for him to state his business after he had been admitted. He looked at the sketch Mr. Conway placed on the desk, and then gave a few orders to the door man.

"Send Jason and McDougall in at once."

In a few minutes the two detectives stood before them.

The inspector looked up quickly and shoved the sketch over without comment.

"Do you recognize this gun?" he asked. "I think I know him."

Each looked at it carefully and handed it back.

"Do you want him, Chief?" asked the older detective.

"Yes."

"We'll have him here for you at four o'clock. Say! but that's a great picture, isn't it, Tom?"

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"Great!" was the reply—"better'n the one we've got in the gallery."

"Well, have him here at four o'clock," said the chief, "and don't fail—better start out at once. The job was done last night—just a few miles up the New Haven road. You'll probably find him around Sandy's."

"Sure! We'll have him all right," was the reply, and the two men left the room.

"Well, Mr. Conway," said the inspector with a laugh, "I wish we had everything as dead to rights as this is. This is just open and shut. Come here at four o'clock and pick him out."

"Who is he," asked Conway, wondering.

"'Smiling Bill Dunn,'" was the return—"an old-timer. Say! will you give me this picture? Just sign your name here. I'll appreciate it very much."

At four o'clock that afternoon Mr. Conway was on hand. There was a line of men standing outside the cell doors in the basement corridor—there may have been ten or twelve of them—and about the middle stood Mr. Dunn. Conway's eye lit on him in a moment; but before he had said a word the burglar had stepped out.

"How d' ye do, Mr. Conway?" he said; "you've caught me with the goods on—you've got me for fair!—how did you do it?"

Conway hesitated. "It wasn't hard to do," he said.

"Oh, come now," said the man, "I'll bet your wife put you up to it—say! she's a piece of work! Say! if I'd a wife like that I'd be giving money to hospitals—what would you do without her, eh?"

"I don't know, really," returned Mr. Conway.

"Well, I do," answered "Smiling Bill"—"you'd be robbed some day!"

THEY KNOW NOT HARBORS WHO KNOW NOT THE DEEP

By Christian Gauss

THE ships now in the harbor lie asleep
And have forgot how sea-wind puffs the sails
There cast upon the decks. Yonder the deep
Lies brooding and the lost gull weakly flails

The calm with listless wing, that fain would be
Wet with the spindrift of a scudding prow.
He sickens, pale Odysseus of the sea
Shaped for the storm, o'er windless waters now.

So have I fallen in thine arms asleep,
And my soul sickens and I restless lie
Adventure-struck, and hungry for the sweep
Of rhythmic oars and islands drifting by.

I waken, let me go! It is not pride:
Bright Lucifer into the darkness hurled
Was happier than angels quiet-eyed.
God in me urges: yonder glooms the world.

The sailor seeks the haven but a day,
His life spills on the sea; then sweeter sleep,
And dearer thou for yearnings far away;
They know not harbors who know not the deep.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

ACCORDING to Sir Henry Maine's famous generalization, "the movement of the progressive societies has hitherto been a movement from status to contract." That is a statement, no doubt, of the essential difference between mediæval feudalism and modern commercialism. African slavery in this country was the last important survival of "status," though no traveller in rural England, for example, can fail to see that there is an essential though not legal or formal survival of it there. In mediæval times the laborer was a servant of his master, or an "adscript" of the soil. In modern times he renders certain specified services for certain specified compensation. Employer and employed are strangers out of business hours, and wash their hands of one another after every pay-day.

"Commercialism" in the Kitchen

This does not, to the sentimental mind, seem the most desirable basis for human society. Almost seventy years ago, Carlyle uttered, in "Past and Present," a passionate and eloquent protest against it, which won for him the sympathy of all the generous young enthusiasm of the time. It must be owned that "the time gives it proof." For nobody can hold that our chronic state of industrial war, with its almost daily acute manifestations in actual violence, is a healthy or a normal condition. A large employer of labor was overheard to remark, the other day, that, in American politics, the workmen habitually voted on the other side from the boss. That he was so odious to the people who worked with and for him that they would hail an opportunity, "out of business hours," to favor what he opposed and oppose what he favored is a confession which one would not expect a man to make without some shamefacedness; of which this confessor, however, made no sign.

But if in the industrial world, "contract" does not invariably appear to advantage in comparison with "status," still less in the domestic circle. More and more there, according to all observers, "contract" is prevailing over "status," and the only contract affected with a sentimental interest is coming to be that of matrimony itself. And what a pity it is. In great establishments, where the "staff" is managed by a housekeeper, the commercial or contractual view of domestic service is more tenable than in the great majority of households. In these latter, with the necessary intimacy of all the inmates, the commercial view is not tenable. The sentimental view simply must be taken. You must either positively like or positively dislike your housemate. And the signs multiply that active animosity is coming to be the rule. "Money cannot buy service in America," remarks Mr. Kipling. For that matter, it cannot buy it anywhere. There must be sympathy or there will be antipathy. The letters of Mrs. Thomas Carlyle perhaps furnish posterity with its most valuable document concerning domestic service in the Victorian period in England, that is, from the employer's point of view. The employee's, almost necessarily, lacks the sacred poet. Mrs. Carlyle's lord and master, who bewailed in public the decay of feudality in the outdoor work of the world, bewailed in private the passing of the feudal sentiment in its indoor work, and "had often sadly thought" how much better it would be if he had servants who were bound to him, and to whom he was bound, whereas now even the system of apprenticeship in its old signification has been sacrificed to the triumph of "contract" over "status." It is true that the sage's domestics may very plausibly have retorted upon him his own observation upon Daniel Webster: "I guess I should not like to be *your* nigger." But there are few householders who are not prepared to agree that there is one department, and that which has as much to do with the livableness of life as any other, in which everything is not for the best in the best of all possible worlds. Are we drifting to a condition in which our domestic staffs are to be taken from the Union, in which our kitchens are to be "womanned" without our having the royal privilege of rejecting *personæ non gratæ*, and unwomanned at the behest of a walking delegate in pursuance of a general strike? "Applied Christianity" seems to be powerfully indicated.

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Housewives we all know who have tried it, with the result of at least having less than their neighbors of the universal trouble. But even this remedy requires for a fair trial more time than the increasingly migratory habits of the catechumens are likely to allow.

A New French Invasion

IT must be a quarter of a century or more since that delightful old lady, Mrs. General Gilflory—now vanished from the scene of life—used to apologize for her frequent dropping into French with the ingenuous plea, "I've lived so long abroad." Perhaps this excuse might rather be termed disingenuous since Mrs. General Gilflory really preferred the flavor of the foreign tongue. Probably she would be grieved if she had survived to see that the Metropolitan Opera Company, here in this cosmopolitan New York of ours, no longer announces its *répertoire*. It now contents itself with announcing its repertory. Probably it feels that since it presents its many operas, each in the language in which this music drama was originally written, it is logically bound to make its announcements in the language of the country where the operas are presented. Perhaps it might even go so far as to declare that this or that artist—not *artiste*—had studied in this or that conservatory of music—and not *conservatoire*.

But we cannot doubt that Mrs. General Gilflory would have been greatly gratified if she had lived to see the vogue of the automobile and of the aeroplane. The automobile has a *chassis;* it is driven by a *chauffeur*, and it is housed in a *garage*. And the aeroplane has *ailerons* and is housed in a *hangar*. It is difficult to see why the automobile should not be content to shelter itself in a barn and why the aeroplane should not be satisfied to have its resting-place in a shed. But the English language has always been hospitable to aliens; and since the automobile industry and the new sport of flying have been cultivated most assiduously in France, it is perhaps only fair that the terminology of these two developments of human endeavor should testify to French initiative. The French have already supplied us with a large part of the vocabulary of war, of cooking, and of millinery—three other developments of human endeavor in which they are (or were) pioneers or at least leaders. So the terminology of the ship reveals the interesting fact that our seafaring race was originally a pupil of the Dutch. So the terminology of music is evidence of the former supremacy of the Italians; and the terminology of philosophers declares our abiding indebtedness to the Germans who first discovered the useful distinction between the objective and the subjective, which Coleridge introduced into English. So the terminology of sport as it has acclimated itself in France discloses its English origin, the French now taking back in anglicized form not a few words which they had originally lent to the English.

These invasions are peaceable and they arouse no patriotic outbursts of timorous wrath. They take place now when there is an *entente cordiale* between Great Britain and France, just as they took place half a century ago when the laureate was anonymously imploring his fellow-subjects to make ready to repel boarders. No bard has risen to the defence of the invaded mother-tongue, with a linguistic "Form, Riflemen, Form!" And all unseen French is making its insidious approach to our shores. *Chassis* and *chauffeur* and *garage*, *aileron* and *hangar*, these are but the scouts of a serried host of alien invaders. Is *ennui* now good English? Can we say he "ennuied" me? Or must we continue to borrow *ennuyé?* Is *rôle* so naturalized that we can drop its italics and its accent? And how about *genre?* The new co-operative history of English literature which the University of Cambridge is now publishing prints "genre" without italics. And it even permits one contributor—and a contributor who is discussing Shakespeare!—to say that something is delicately "nuanced." Is there now an English verb "to nuance"? It is terrible to think of the bad language the scholars of the venerable English university might have used if "nuanced" had been first discovered in the text of an American author. "Form, Riflemen, Form!" Of course, it makes an obvious difference whether it is John Bull who does the goring or only an unbranded maverick of the Western plains.

But what shall be said to the Parisian shopkeeper who has lately been sending his catalogues broadcast throughout the United States and who has chosen to describe one department of his establishment as that of "brushery"? *Brosserie*, Mrs. General Gilflory would understand at once, of course. But "brushery"? *Où prenez-vous* brushery?

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WHEN I was about seventeen, urged by the bright binding and the name of the author, I decided to read Mr. Howells's then current novel. Was he not a family connection of my own, and did I not know of his delightful comradery? At the second page, however, I discovered his entire unfitness as a guide, however pre-eminent his qualities as a philosopher and friend. So singularly ignorant was he of terms that he introduced his heroine as "a young girl of twenty"—a laughable error, since even I knew that a young girl's age was from six to sixteen, after which young ladyhood began, to develop about twenty into middle life; and soon thereafter, with the first whitening of hairs about the temples, one was undeniably old. Mr. Howells's novel thus precipitated my first definite excursion in ageology.

Across the Sill of Middle Age

The second memorable experience came a decade later. I mentioned to a friend that I was that day twenty-seven. She was only two years my junior, but I recall every shade of expression on her face as she realized my antiquity. Her look was so full of pity that it was tragic, and my usual risibility was subdued, like the dyer's hand, to what it worked in. This was fingering the reverse of the shield.

After another decade a third person presented the matter from an impersonal angle. A man, my contemporary, was to marry my friend some years younger. "A young girl of twenty" learning the fact from my lips, exclaimed incontinently: "Marry! But Cousin Lucy they have one foot in the grave now!"

My peal of laughter, in contrast with my tragic comedy of twenty-seven, was the best assurance to myself that the gathering years bring sanity; that when we actresses on the stage of life grow too old to play Juliet ourselves we get immense satisfaction out of having learned just how the part ought to be played; and that though four is an angular and commonplace figure it wabbles less on its base than the more graceful three or even two which marks the decades following our salad teens.

Middle age is as roomy as an old shoe and extraordinarily elastic. I have known it to begin at twenty in mature, sedate girls, pressed by inheritance or circumstances into positions of responsibility—girls who grow steadily younger with the years; and I have known it to be a still continuing process after seventy. Middle life in this century is three times as long as it was in the eighteenth. The old moulds in which it was fashioned having all been broken, we are no longer prisoners of the past. Some notable exceptions to the brevity of the hyphen existed, however, a century ago. Mrs. Inchbald wrote in her diary: "I dined, drank wine, and supped with Mrs. Whitfield. At dark she and I and her son William walked out and rapped at the doors in New Street and ran away." The narrator of this fact was then middle aged and a very successful author, but she knew the trick of footing it gaily with Time himself, just as those of us addicted to the use of trains learn the knack of saving our eyes by overlooking the fast flying fences and telegraph poles near the track and watching the middle distance, which hour after hour keeps pace with us.

I protest with Gibbon against the trite and lavish praise of the happiness of youth. When the conversation around me turns upon childhood reminiscences, I like to ask who would care to go back and live it over. Here and there an occasional one cries yes! but the majority are emphatic with their no! "I blush to think how green I was." "With what complacency did I deduce false conclusions from misunderstood facts." "As I get older the anxiety to prove myself right if I quarrel dies out." "Who cares if the other fellow gets the credit so one's point is carried." "Poor ignorant youth hankering for gear." "What, endure again all one's lessons, all one's sorrows, all one's laceration of the affections for the sake of a few larks and thrills? That would be in Kim's proverbial philosophy to lose Delhi for the sake of a fish." Such were the protests, which the gentle reader will amplify with variations to suit his own case.

I BELIEVE that the practice of the sublimation of middle age is a scientific fact. The phrase is clumsy, but conveys a suggestion of result from exertion and experience. Young people cannot feel the full influence of constant, patient effort to wrest the good from the great middle section of our individual life. For twenty years, more or less, life surges, and beats, and hammers against us, and then the tough sheath sloughs off and in varying degree we are sensitive to outside humanity, feel a strange new sympathy for its smallest affairs, toleration of its errors; and we pass from the strange, the far, the mysterious, to the homely, the local and familiar. Now we catch glimpses of middle age as an art to be studied, practised, per-

The Insidious Hour

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fected. What Burke styled the "soft green of the soul" begins to bourgeon. I do not say that flowers are better than leaves, but they are different, and the change is the manifestation of vitality. These changes are less apparent outwardly than inwardly. The bee has to shape the comb before it can fill it with honey. Like the old royalists who spread the base lines of their mansions on the initial letter of the king's name, the H or the E, but followed their individual fancy upward, so circumstances of birth, and education, and environment have charted our youth, but in middle life we proceed to correlate what we have got and what we have learned, and rear the superstructure much as we will.

We middle aged need the heretical lesson which Shorthouse pressed in his great novel: that the good of existence is not the good of one's neighbor, but one's own culture. Humboldt preached it strenuously, declaring that "nothing on earth is so important as the highest power and most varied cultivation of the individual, and therefore the primary law is to educate yourself; and the second is to influence others by what you are." In terms of everyday, our business in middle life is self-culture and self-conduct: the betterment of our manners, the cultivation of the so-called minor virtues, the acquirement of new graces, and the pondering of mysteries which we can never hope to solve. Like the youthful Emerson we must not quench our flambeau in the dust of "Easy live and quiet die." I know two sisters who when their children were well grown used their new leisure to read aloud together. A colored picture in their book spurred one to say, "Let's paint." Gleefully they bought paints and brushes, and with no teaching whatever, "painted." Their attempts encouraged them to join a sketch class and later take up lessons at the art school. Last summer the elder of the two, a woman of past seventy, made nearly a hundred lovely water colors in Venice, some of which have been purchased by our best art galleries.

It is disheartening how soon we forget what it took so long to learn. Well for us that in earlier middle life there are generally children in the house to be corrected and reminded, and before whom we try to be on our good behavior. Spinsters, and bachelors, and childless couples suffer from this lack of pupilage in manners, and speech, and daily habitudes. From children too we learn to "borrow life and not grow old." It is a great mistake for adults to give up sports, and games, and the nimble wit which repartee engenders; to exact too much deference; to indulge in "reminuisances"; to settle and stiffen. We ought to get more new-fashioned as we get older. I always liked that tale of the half French lady who, when expostulated with for marrying after she was sixty, replied: "*Dans ces temps de chemin de fer, il faut absolument un mari.*" She had a reason for the grace that was within her! Even Mrs. Malaprop may have had middle-age method in her madness, and looked back with a kind of impersonal amusement upon the impeccable perspicacity of her youthful diction which stirred no joyous laughter, no arch glances leading to flirtatious notes, no food for table talk for generations to come.

An assertion of Mr. Howells is to the effect that in youth we believe, in age we trust. Some little prigs with whom I recently came in contact informed me as to the exact relativity of half a dozen sins. Being but a "substitute" I refrained from throwing sand in the wheels of their ethical education; but middle age has convinced me that to hurt feelings is often the worst kind of lying, that the "politics" of many a woman's club are theft and murder, and that our different temperaments make a literal following of the golden rule stark selfishness instead of that beneficent healing which flows from doing unto others as they would like to have us do unto them.

De Gourmont calls middle age the insidious hour. It is that: for we are tempted to preach much and practise little, to use our accumulated years as an excuse to spare ourselves, to decline accomplishments which require hard work. And yet, to the honor of our commonplace humanity, middle life is everywhere realizing its possibilities, practising the sublimation of it, keeping it fluid, dealing with it scientifically, not asking more of it than it can give nor consuming what remains in vain regrets; perceiving that admiration, and place, and power are but spangled robes without warmth or quality of wear, and that new life may be wrested from engulfing change.

We chatter much of the naturalness of youth; but naturalness is not always attractive. It depends, as some one has said, on the nature. So canniness in middle life is not inevitable: it depends on the candidate. Happily for our encouragement we see all about us instances of men and women who having mastered the principles of the insidious hour are applying them lavishly to the game of life, with a beautiful economy in adjusting means to the end sought.

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THE FIELD OF ART

VERONESE'S "MARS AND VENUS" AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM

THE acquisition by the Metropolitan Museum of a first-rate example of Paolo Cagliari, called Veronese, is an event of much greater significance than the mere addition of one more fine picture to the Museum's collections. For this picture of "Mars and Venus bound by Cupid" is not only the single authentic work by that master in any American public collection; it is, so far as I know, the only really representative work, in any of our public collections, by an important master of the high Renaissance in Italy. Our museums are pretty well filled with good modern works, and we have, for some time, had a fair opportunity to study in them the art of Holland and of Flanders. Within certain limits of size and subject, Hals and Rembrandt are well represented. The Metropolitan's Vermeer is a capital example, and its Van Dyck as fine as anything existing. Rubens is less well shown, but his great hunting piece is very characteristic. There are also, in the Metropolitan and other collections, a good many interesting primitive and semi-primitive Italian works, some of them of great beauty and charm. But now, for the first time, a student of painting, unable to cross the ocean, may gather some idea of the power and splendor of the Renaissance triumphant.

It is perhaps fortunate that Veronese should be the particular artist to give us our first introduction to the circle of great Italians of the sixteenth century, for no other master forms so natural a transition from the Northern art we know. He was, in fact, the historical transition, being vastly admired by Rubens and his successors and vastly influential upon them. Indeed, he has always been greatly more admired by the painters than by the critics. The critics have generally placed him in the second rank of masters—the painters have always placed him among the very first of the first rank. His peculiar glory is to have combined the monumental and decorative beauty and the sense of style which characterize Italian art with the sheer painter-like power of representation and manipulation more common in the North, and to have done this in a degree unparalled by any other master. He is the "all around man," the one master who attains nearly, if not quite, to the highest possible standard in every part of his many-sided art.

No one else, then, can so surely lead our young artists to the consideration of the great Italian qualities of design and style, because they will not be put out, in the beginning, by the absence of those qualities of art which their training has better fitted them to understand. Neither Rubens nor Hals ever *painted* better than Veronese, if they ever painted so well. Their ease is sometimes more obvious than his, because they make something of a point of displaying it. The execution of Veronese is so habitually easy that he does not think it worth while to call attention to it. And for sumptuousness and beauty of material scarce any painter has approached him. In these qualities he can compete with any Northerner whatever, and there is no chance of his canvases being rendered dull by theirs. He can be enjoyed, merely for his painting, by those who would find the frescoes of Raphael and Michelangelo antiquated and unpleasing. But he is also an Italian of the great time, a draughtsman, a designer, and a master of style. In his greatest works there is an Olympian majesty and dignity, and even in his slighter productions there is a grasp of composition second only, if second, to that of Raphael. His drawing of the figure is magnificent, grandly simplified rather than anatomically accented, more nearly Greek than Florentine. And always there is that large way of doing things, that indefinable air of race and breeding, that we call style. If he can lead our young artists to feel these things, and no one else can do it so well, the appearance of one of his pictures in our Museum may possibly mark an epoch in American painting.

That the picture is authentic there can be very little doubt. An almost identical picture was, until lately, in the Hermitage collection at St. Petersburg, but has been recently withdrawn from the Catalogue. An

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examination of the available data leaves little room for hesitation in declaring the picture at the Metropolitan the original. What we know of the history of the work is, briefly, as follows:

Veronese painted a "Mars and Venus," which may or may not be the present work, as one of three pictures commissioned by the Emperor Rudolph II. This was about 1575. When Gustavus Adolphus sacked Prague, in 1631, he took a number of valuable paintings as a part of his booty, and these he bequeathed to his daughter, Christina of Sweden. From her the "Mars and Venus bound by Cupid" went to the Duke of Bracciano, a nephew of Pope Innocent XI, and from him it was purchased by the Regent of Orleans in 1720. While in the Orleans collection the picture was engraved by Michel Aubert and by Jacques Couché. The Regent, who seems to have had a voluptuary's scent for indecency, is known to have cut the heads from two pictures by Corregio. It is suspected that he may have had some slight change made in this picture. If he did, one of the two versions now existing must be an eighteenth-century copy made after the change was effected, not an old replica or school piece. The only differences between the versions visible in such reproductions as I have seen are the presence in the Metropolitan Museum picture of the signature, Paulus Veronensis F., and the fact that the St. Petersburg picture is a little wider on the right and a good deal higher than the New York version. On the first point, the evidence of the engraving is nugatory. The engraving I saw is reversed, which would be a natural reason for omitting the signature. On the question of size, however, this engraving is decisive. It not only shows the composition as it appears in the Museum picture, but gives figures for height and breadth which, being translated into English measure, exactly answer to those of our version, while they differ materially from the figures given in the Hermitage Catalogue. If both pictures are old, the Orleans picture may have been cut down, either before or during the Duke's ownership, to fit a particular place. I am inclined to think, however, that the Hermitage version, which cannot, in any case, be the Orleans picture, was made larger for the same reason. The added space is not only useless but harmful to the composition, crowding farther down and to the left, relatively to the whole space, the group of figures which is already almost too low and too far to the left in the Orleans version.

The Orleans Collection was dispersed in 1798–9, when the "Mars and Venus" was bought by a Mr. H. Elwyn. We therefore know that the picture went to London, but from that time its history is uncertain. The present version, after being several times exhibited, was bought at Christie's, at the sale of Lord Wimborne, in 1903, by Mr. Asher Wertheimer, from whom it was purchased by the Museum. All the known facts point to this as the original picture and to the St. Petersburg picture as a copy or replica. But the best proof of the authenticity of the work is the quality of the workmanship itself. The design is, of course, unquestionably Veronese's, but the execution seems to me no less his own. It has all the marks of his school and method, with a power and beauty not always present, to the same degree, in his larger works. In them he must have relied often on pupils and assistants, and the actual painting of details is seldom so perfect as in his smaller pictures. This is a picture of medium size—a light task for one accustomed to canvases thirty feet long—and it looks as if he had painted it almost throughout with his own hand. There is in the Museum a small picture attributed to Carlo Cagliari. Whether or not it is his, it is a work of the school of Veronese, and the difference between the Veronesque manner as understood by a methodical pupil and the real thing as practised by the master himself is striking.

Veronese is so identified in our minds with Venice that we are apt to forget that he was not a Venetian either by birth or training. He belonged to the old Veronese school, which had a longer history than that of Venice, and he was a mature and celebrated master before he ever saw the city of the lagoons. It would therefore seem probable that his manner of painting was different from the Venetian method, and I have never seen in his work anything to convince me that he employed the cold dead-coloring and subsequent glazing of the true Venetians. Boschini's description, received from the younger Cagliari, of his way of working points to an entirely different method. "He painted everything first in middle tint," says Boschini, "and on this he touched both lights

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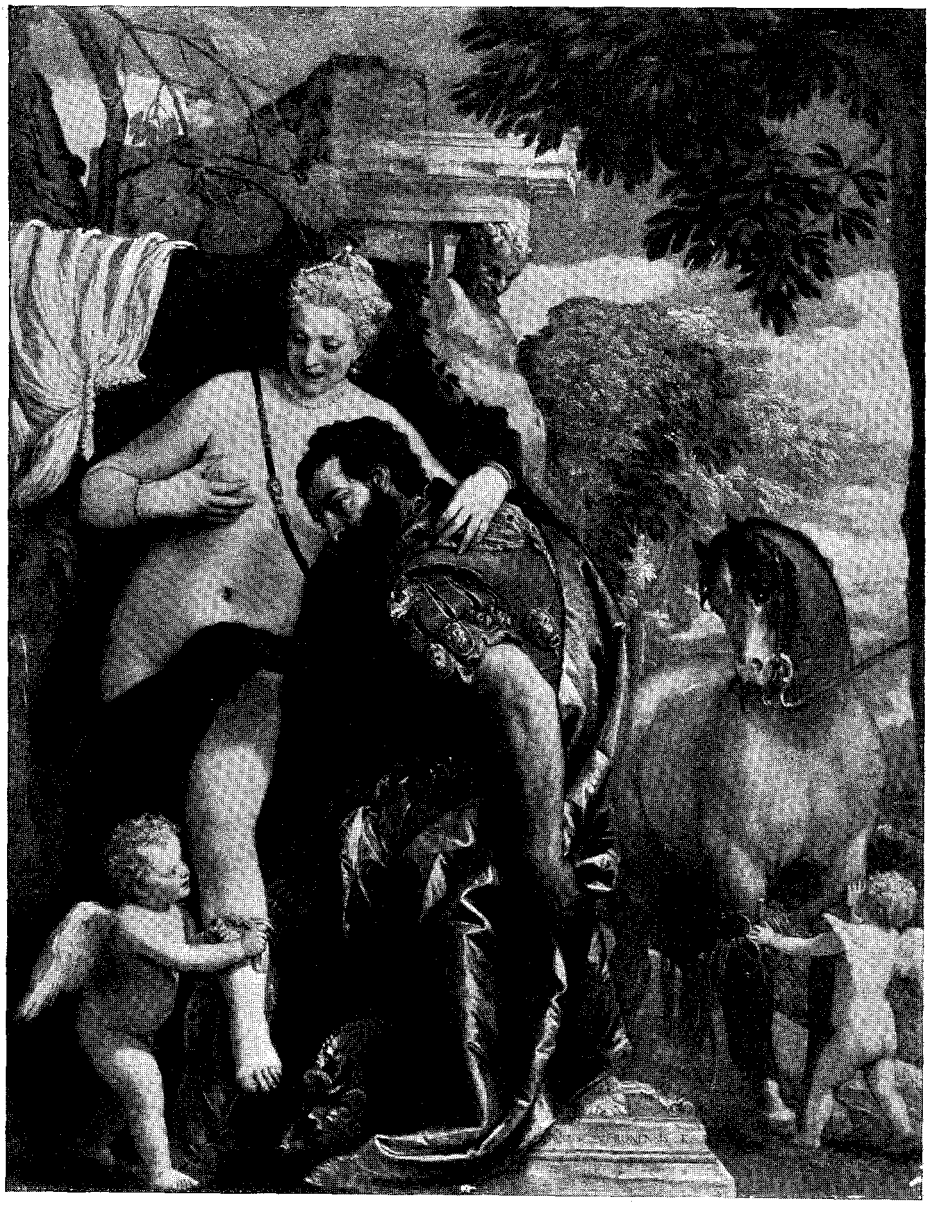

Mars and Venus by Paul Veronese.
Property of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

and darks, leaving the middle tint visible everywhere between them, as it was first prepared." This is very near the modern direct handling, except that there is a much more systematic use of the half-tone, which is never covered over entirely. The Carlo Gagliari, already mentioned, show the process with absolute clearness in the way the high lights of the draperies are struck onto a previously painted local tone. Even in the painting of the flesh, I think, the opaque color is on the surface, not underneath as in true Venetian work. Veronese was above all a decorator, to whom it was necessary to cover great surfaces rapidly, and the true Venetian method was too slow for him, as it was for Rubens, who modified it essentially.

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Whatever the method employed, the material result in the "Mars and Venus" is beyond praise—every inch of the canvas is delicious in quality of color and in texture, and the whole is of a cool richness and glowing luminosity unsurpassable if not unequalled. One knows not whether to admire more the creamy firmness of the blond flesh of Venus, the ruddier carnations of Mars, the brown and gold of the armor, or the reddish violet mantle with its ripple of golden high lights. The depth of light and shade attained without sacrifice of clarity or transparency is astonishing, and the airy grace of the foliage is worthy of a great landscape painter. But the sovereign ease of it all is perhaps its most remarkable quality. Nothing is labored, nothing is difficult. One feels that to paint well is as simple a matter as to eat bread. This quiet mastery, with no parade of virtuosity in the overcoming of difficulties, because difficulties do not exist, is one of the most exhilarating things I know of. It fills one with joy and with pride in our common humanity.

As mere painting, one must go far to find anything comparable to this picture, but how much more than mere painting it is! The master was in sportive humor when he painted it, and it has none of the monumental design of his great decorations. At first sight its capricious irregularity of composition even seems unbalanced and insufficiently constructed. But, little by little, it dawns on one that there are ingenious balances, extraordinary subtleties of design in it. Each accessory fits into its place; each line leads to or echoes another; the whole becomes a pattern, odd, indeed, but entirely complete and satisfying. It is the diversion of a great designer, none the less great because he is playing. And the style of the drawing is superb. Venus is of Cagliari's own favorite type, larger and whiter and blonder than the beauties of Titian, but her torso is truly classic in its clean lines and broad, firm modelling. Not only no other Venetian, but no other painter has done anything that reminds one so much of the Venus of Milo; only it is the Venus translated from marble into pulpy, living flesh; while the head, with its flaxen, pearl-wreathed hair, is simply adorable. The Mars is a favorite type of the painter's also, the black-bearded, crisp-curled type of his military saints. Unless the hypothetical alterer of the picture be responsible, there are negligences in this figure, but it would be difficult to better the muscular left arm. The Cupid is less deliberately stylistic than is common in Italian art, but is deliciously human and infantile. It is only in the drawing of the horse that one must admit a certain weakness, and I confess to liking even him. Blown up, and a trifle absurd, as he is, I find an engaging candor in his expression that fits with the giant-like good humor and leonine playfulness of the whole. For there is always a certain childlikeness about Veronese that amounts almost to naïveté. He is so frankly confident that what amuses him will also amuse you. If a horse or a lion or a dragon is wanted he puts it in, as well as he can, without greatly worrying over the fact that he does not know very much about such beasts, which were not convenient for study in Venice. A dog or a cat or a monkey he could do better, because he saw them oftener.

Such is the picture, genial in both the English and the Latin senses of the word, which has lately been added to the collection of the Metropolitan Museum. It would be a great attraction in any gallery in the world; its acquisition is a long step toward making this collection of paintings the great gallery we all hope it may come to be.

KENYON COX.

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

THEIR FRONT WAS BLANKETED WITH A PALL OF WHITE SMOKE THAT RESEMBLED A FIERCE PRAIRIE FIRE.—Page 656.

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